

PICTURESQUE ENGLAND

ITS LANDMARKS AND
HISTORIC HAUNTS



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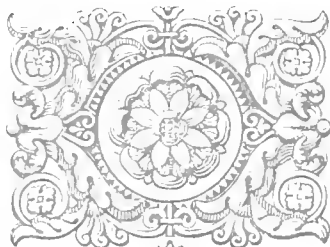
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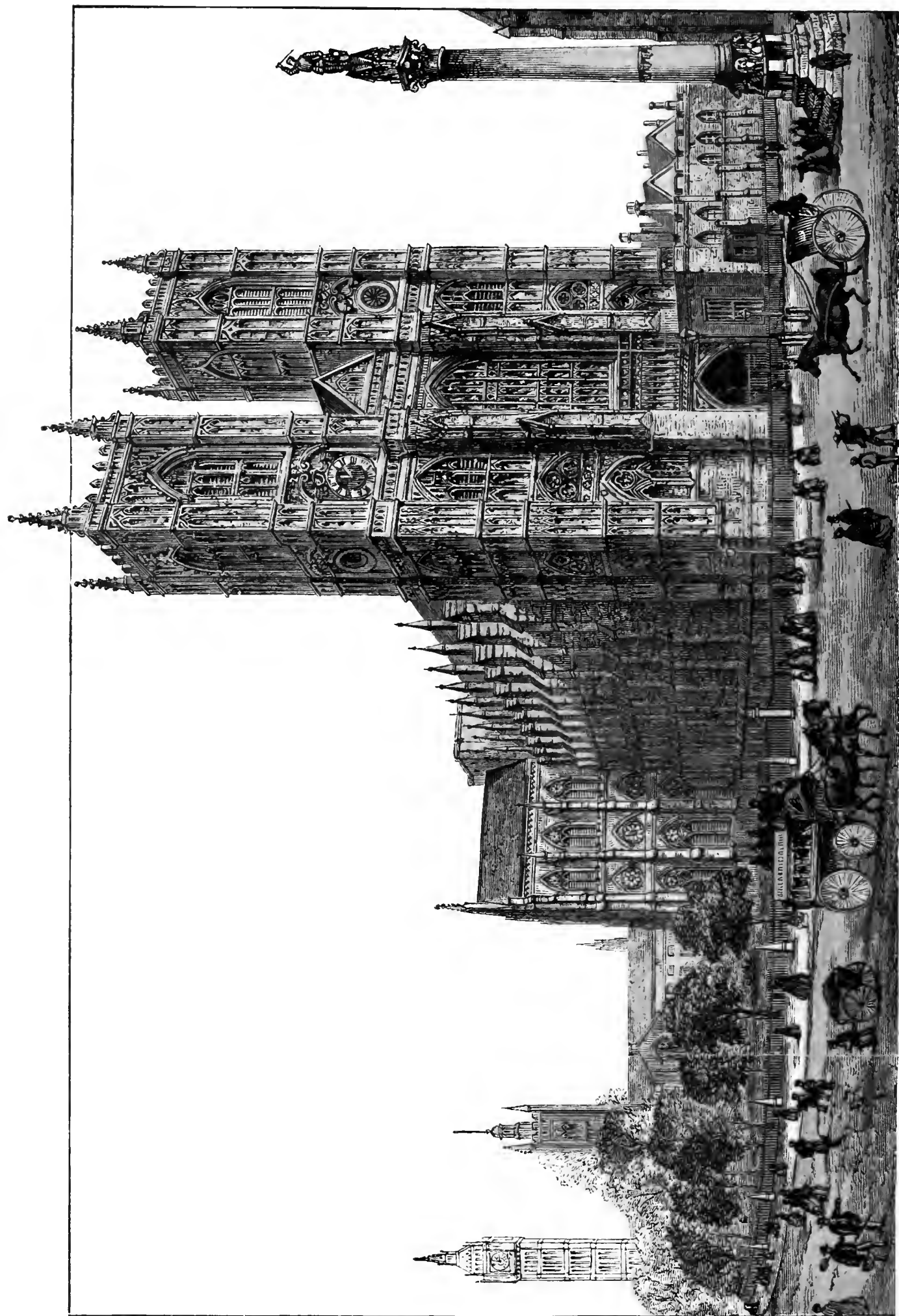
PICTURESQUE ENGLAND:

ITS

Landmarks and Historic Haunts.



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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



PICTURESQUE



ENGLAND

IN

LAY *AND* LEGEND

SONG *AND* STORY



LONDON & NEW YORK.
FREDERICK WARNE & CO

1891.



PICTURESQUE

ENGLAND:

ITS

Landmarks and Historic Haunts,

AS DESCRIBED IN

LAY AND LEGEND, SONG AND STORY.

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

L. VALENTINE.

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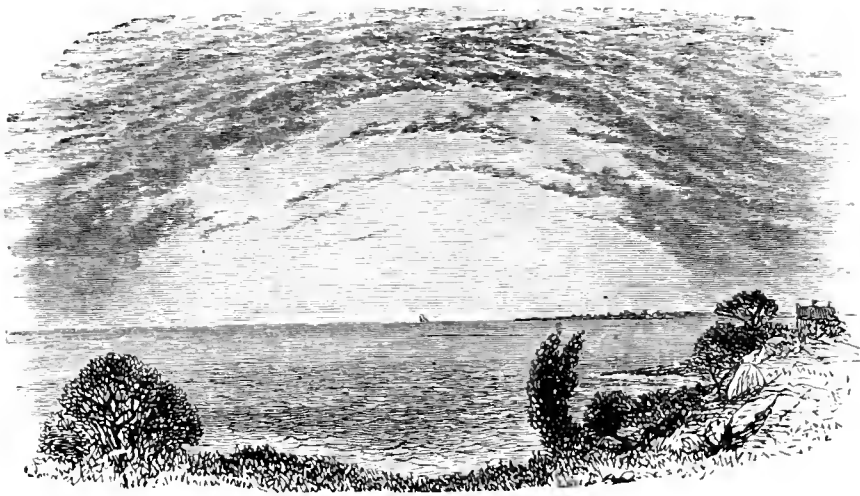
AND A SERIES OF FULL-PAGE COLOURED PLATES.



LONDON AND NEW YORK:

FREDERICK WARNE & CO.

1891



PREFACE



It would require much more than a single volume to describe all the picturesque spots in our native land. But as far as space permitted, we believe we have given descriptions of all those places in England—whether towns, castles, manors, forests, lakes, or mountains—that are especially remarkable, or that have either historical memories or poetic and romantic legend and lay associated with them.

Nearly every rood of ground in our country has some glorious or pathetic memory attached to it; its battlefields, its scenes of tragic events, or of happier associations, unite in giving a subtile charm to the land “set in the silver sea.”

In order to give a fair picture of our country, we have sought for the picturesque in each of its forty counties; devoting generally three articles to each; but of course increasing the number of descriptions in those counties that have the greatest claim on our attention from their scenery or associations.

The southern counties possess many beauties: a charming coastline, and fertile and lovely pastures. In Wiltshire are those unique and ancient memorials of the past—Stonehenge and Abury; Hampshire has its old forest, famed in history, and its adjoining “Isle of beauty,” the Wight; and all possess ruins of fine old castles and abbeys, and two of our finest cathedrals—Canterbury and Winchester.

The shires round London are well called the Home Counties, for there is a great home charm in their quiet pastures and well-wooded lands; while in the very centre of our country our greatest poet was born, in lovely Warwickshire.

The eastern coast (with the exception of Essex) is the Fen country. But many a picture might be made from the Broads and slow shining rivers of Norfolk and Suffolk, such as the great Dutch painters would have loved.

The northern counties, inhabited by a race of different descent from the southern, are very picturesque. Their grand sea coast—with its glorious, castle-crowned headlands—is extremely fine, and their castles are grand ruins or else stately dwellings.

In these northern counties we find some of the most picturesque scenes in England; for here are the mountains and lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The mountains are small compared with the Alps, but their perfect proportion and symmetry make their height very apparent.

We remember our own disappointment at first seeing Mount Atlas from the Straits of Gibraltar. The great mountain that "casts its shadow across the western foam" looked quite low through its immense mass and width. The Cumberland mountains, by comparison, look higher than they really are. Some of them stand alone with peaked summits, as Scafell and Bowfell. Others are rounded, as Skiddaw. In autumn the colouring of these hills is excessively brilliant, for the bracken growing on them take hues of orange, crimson, and brown, in varied tints of great beauty.

The lakes are inferior in size to those of Scotland or the Continent; but they are varied in form, and either extremely beautiful or sternly impressive; some having woods and meadows sloping to their margin, others being overhung by inaccessible precipices.

The Tarns are small lakes, some of which are very picturesque. The waterfalls are not remarkable for any great descent of water, although called by the people "Forces;" but their surroundings of rock and trees make them lovely. The rivers are also picturesque, with fine scenery on their banks, as the Eden.

Yorkshire is full of interest, not only from its delightful dales and wolds, but for its sea-coast, full of charming views; Flamborough Head, Filey Bay, Scarborough, Robin Hood's Bay, and Whitby, are all strikingly picturesque. Even the manufacturing towns of the West Riding are picturesquely situated, though often concealed in smoke; Lancashire has two noble lakes, one is Windermere; and the district of Furness and Morecambe Bay present splendid prospects; Derbyshire has its Peak and its wonderful caves, its hills and dales, and grand old houses; Cheshire, its ancient city and many lordly homes.

Durham is the most picturesque of cities, with its wandering Wear, its banks, its cathedral, and its many historic memories. Of all these the North may be proud; but the counties on the West—those bordering on Wales, and the extreme South-West—Devon and Cornwall—compete strongly for the palm of beauty with the North.

Shropshire, with its ancient capital and grand river, is full of spots worthy of being the haunt of artists; Worcestershire, with its quiet, soft, reposeful beauty; Gloucestershire, with its ruined abbeys and historic castles; Herefordshire, with the exquisite scenery of the Wye, may have some claim; but the real rivalry in beauty occurs when we enter Devonshire and Cornwall.

Devonshire has the highest land south of the Peak; and its whole surface, varied by hill and dale, is wonderfully picturesque.

One of its peculiar features is the great plateau, called Dartmoor, from the river Dart, that rises on it. This great moor covers an area of 130,000 acres. The grand waste, scattered over with rocks called Tors, is unequalled as a moor; it is the highest part of the granite elevation that extends to the Scilly Isles. Surrounding it is a richly wooded and lovely country. Everywhere the most charming verdure decks the soil, and wild roses and honeysuckle overshadow the long, deep lanes in summer.

On Dartmoor are seen still some of those curious circles or alignments of upright stones, of which there are such grand remains on Salisbury Plain. Of the circles the best are the Longstones on Scorhill Down, and the "Grey Wethers," under Sittaford Tor. There is a fine cromlech, three-pillared, called "the Spinster's Rock," at Drewsteignton, and there are numerous maenhirs or single upright stones about the moor. Devonshire has, also, some remarkable bone caverns. One is Kent's Hole, near Torquay—which has yielded bones of bears and hyenas, and the traces of its occupation by primitive man,—another at Chudleigh; one at Oreston, near Plymouth, and another at Brixham.

Cornwall, the last British stronghold—the county of old romance, and of singular superstitions—has a peculiar, though sometimes savage beauty. Its stern and rock-bound coast, washed by a mighty sea, which has carved the rocks into grotesque forms by the beating of the relentless waves, is sublimely picturesque; whilst its moorlands, with their giant boulders and Tors, its waste land, its woody valleys, and its dancing streams, present many varying forms of beauty.

And now we approach the Land's End—that magnificent point of grand rocks that so perfectly completes the fair land of Albion—the White Island. In the far distance we distinguish the Scilly Isles; once, old tradition tells us, united to England by a fair and fertile tract of country—the Arthurian Lyonesse. The inundation that severed them from the mainland happened, according to the "Saxon Chronicle," in 1099. Stow, who wrote his "History of England" in 1580, records a very high tide in that year. "The sea broke in over the banks of the Thames, and other ryvers, drowning many towns and much people," he says, "with innumerable numbers of oxen and sheepe, at which time the lands in Kent that sometime belonged to Duke Godwin, Earl of Kent, were covered with sandes and drowned; which are to this day called the Goodwyne Sandes." Thus we see there must have been an inundation; to what extent it affected the Land's End, we do not authentically know.

We have thus given a general glance over England before offering more perfect pictures to the reader; and we hope that our book may awaken or inspire a greater love for our glorious and beautiful country, and that our hearts may echo the inspiring words:—

"Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"





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ENGLAND.

FROM side to side of her delightful isle
Is she not clothed with a perpetual
smile?

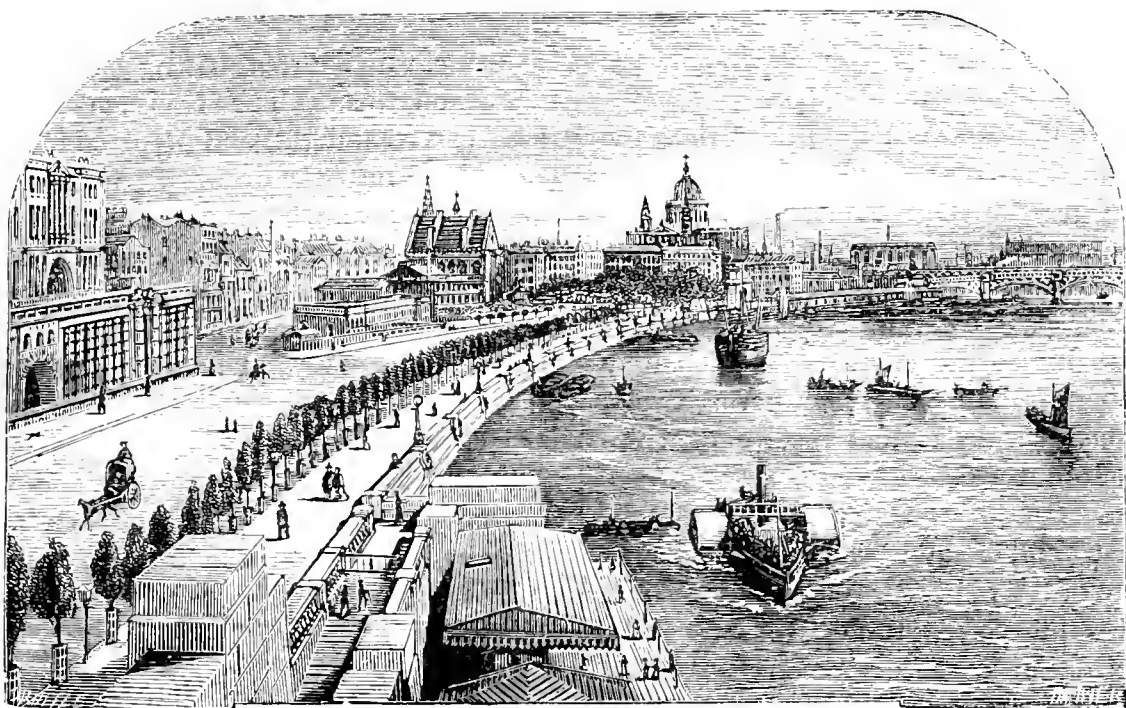


Can Nature add a charm, or Art confer,
A new found luxury not seen in her?

* * * *

Her fields a rich expanse of wavy
corn
Poured out from Plenty's overflowing
horn ;
Ambrosial gardens, in which art sup-
plies
The fervour and the force of Indian
skies ;
Her peaceful shores, where busy Com-
merce waits
To pour his golden tide through all
her gates ;
Whom fiery suns that scorch the rus-
set spice
Of Eastern groves, and oceans floored
with ice,
Forbid in vain to push his daring
way
To darker climes, or climes of brighter
day
Whom the winds waft where'er the
billows roll,
From the world's girdle to the frozen
pole ;
The chariots bounding in her wheel-
worn streets ;
Her vaults below, where every vintage
meets ;
Her theatres, her revels, and her
sports,
The scenes to which not youth alone
resorts,
But age, in spite of weakness and of
pain,
Still haunts in hope to dream of youth
again :
All speak her happy :—let the Muse
look round
From east to west, no sorrow can be
found.

—COWPER.



VIEW OF LONDON FROM THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

PICTURESQUE ENGLAND.

LONDON.



THE wonderful city that is the heart of the world's thought and trade, and from which issue the power and the might of England, has less claim to be called picturesque than many another far less important capital. It is perhaps of too great extent to easily convey the idea of beauty; yet few who gaze upon London from its own imperial river will refuse to acknowledge that it possesses a certain charm and majesty peculiar to itself.

It was certainly more picturesque, in the ordinary sense of the word, in the old days

when London Bridge had a street on it, and the town was full of quaint gabled houses such as Hollar has drawn for us. But it still possesses its ancient and picturesque Tower, its grand old Abbey, its fine Houses of Parliament; and from many parts of the river it will still afford subjects for the artist.

Stand for a few moments in early morning on Charing Cross Bridge, and look eastward, and you will see a noble river decked in the "many twinkling" smiles of summer sunshine; the pathway of busy men still, though no longer, as it once was, the bearer of royal or civic pageants. Before you is the finest of the London bridges, through the arches of which is caught a glimpse of the Temple and of the frontage

of the City of London School, while in the distance is Blackfriars Bridge.

Above the centre of the bridge rises the majestic dome of St. Paul's, and nearer to us the grey walls of Somerset House appear through the foliage of the Embankment gardens.

Perhaps a greater idea of the grandeur and wealth of the city may be gained by steaming up the Thames to Charing Cross, past the great docks that receive the shipping of the world.

They are of vast extent. St. Katharine's, the first built, or rather constructed, occupy the site of the old St. Katharine's Hospital, that was transferred to the Regent's Park. These docks cost £2,000,000 to build. They cover 24 acres, nearly half of which are water. The London Docks, united to the St. Katharine in 1863, contain 90 acres, a third being water, and cost £4,000,000 of money to construct. Here are great warehouses of tobacco, rented by the Crown, immense wine vaults, covering acres of ground; the mixing house, which has a vat in it that will hold over 23,000 gallons; the wool, spices, tea, drugs, sugar, and other warehouses, innumerable and worthy of the great city that is the centre of the world's trade.

From the docks we reach the Tower, which from the Thames is very picturesque, for we have here a view of the Traitor's Gate, the Bloody Tower, where the little princes were murdered, and of a rather confused assemblage of walls and towers encircling the great keep, or White Tower, which rises proudly above them. We proceed up the river, and reach the Custom House Façade, facing the river. Immense sums are levied here yearly. Both this building and the docks are evidences of the enormous wealth of London. After passing Billingsgate Fish Market, we reach London Bridge.

Old London Bridge was picturesque in Elizabeth's reign, and previously, with a gate-house at each end, a beautiful Gothic chapel in the middle, and stately houses on

each side, with flat roofs having gardens and bowers on them. The Nonsuch House, richly carved and gilt, and prepared in Holland, stood near the drawbridge. In 1666 these houses were burnt down in the Great Fire, but they were rebuilt a few years after. In 1757 they were altogether removed; and in 1832 a new bridge replaced this memorable old one. Formerly, passing under the arches was called "Shooting London Bridge," and was not a little dangerous, as the arches were very narrow, and the stream, thus impeded, rushed strongly through them. Now the passage is easy under the fine bridge of five semi-elliptical arches, two of 130 feet, two of 140 feet, and the centre arch 152 feet 6 inches span. The roadway is 52 feet wide.

Old London Bridge was associated with many events in the history of England. Here De Montfort repulsed the royal troops during the Barons' War; here our great Henry V. crossed in triumph after Agincourt; and here, all too soon afterwards, his dead body was borne across in solemn pomp. In 1450 Jack Cade seized London Bridge; in 1554 it was the scene of Wyatt's rebellion.

Not many years ago the dynamitards endeavoured to blow up the present bridge; but in this instance, we believe, the engineer "was hoist with his own petard," and the unhappy man perished in the act of committing a crime that might have destroyed hundreds.

The next picturesque scene is that presented by the Temple and Temple Gardens, the Water-gate of York House, on the Embankment Cleopatra's Needle, the gardens open to the people, and Charing Cross station itself, of the view from which we have already spoken; while during the whole passage up the stream we have seen the glorious dome of St. Paul's towering over the city.

Joanna Baillie has left us a very graphic description of London as seen inland from the heights of Hampstead Heath, and we think our readers will be glad to read her

picture of London seen from a height slightly above it. It is thus she describes it:—

“It is a goodly sight through the clear air,
From Hampstead’s heathy height to see at once
England’s vast capital in fair expanse—
Towers, belfries, lengthened streets, and structures
fair.

St. Paul’s high dome, amidst the vassal bands
Of neighbouring spires a regal chieftain stands,
And over fields of ridgy roofs appear,
With distance softly tinted, side by side,
In kindred grace, like twain of sisters dear,
The towers of Westminster, her abbey’s pride ;
While far beyond the hills of Surrey shine
Through thin soft haze, and show their wavy line.
Viewed thus a goodly sight ! but when surveyed
Through denser air, when moistened winds pre-
vail,

In her grand panoply of smoke arrayed,
While clouds aloft in heavy volumes sail,
She is sublime. She seems a curtained gloom,
Connecting heaven and earth—a threatening sign
of doom. [sky—

With more than natural height, reared to the
’Tis then St. Paul’s arrests the wandering eye ;
The lower parts in swathing mist concealed,
The higher through some half-spent shower re-
vealed,

So far from earth removed, that well, I trow,
Did not its form man’s artful structure show,
It might some lofty Alpine height be deemed.
The eagle’s haunt, with cave and crevice seamed.
Stretched wide on either hand, a rugged screen
In lurid darkness, nearer streets are seen
Like shoreward billows of a troubled main
Arrested in their rage. Through drizzly rain
Cataracts of tawny sheen pour from the skies,
Of furnace smoke black curling columns rise,
And many-tinted vapours slowly pass
O’er the wide draping of that pictured mass.
So shows by day this grand imperial town,
And when o’er all the night’s black stole is
thrown,

The distant traveller doth with wonder mark
Her luminous canopy athwart the dark,
Cast up, from myriads of lamps that shine
Along her streets in many a starry line ;
He wondering looks from his yet distant road,
And thinks the northern streamers are abroad.
‘What hollow sound is that ?’ Approaching near,
The roar of many wheels breaks on his ear ;
It is the flood of human life in motion !
It is the voice of a tempestuous ocean.

With sad but pleasing awe his soul is filled,
Scarce heaves his breast, and all within is stilled,
As many thoughts and feelings cross his mind,—
Thoughts mingled, melancholy, undefined,—
Of restless, reckless man, and years gone by,
And time fast wending to eternity.”

Wordsworth has admirably described another phase of London, that all will recognise. He writes,—

“Before me flow,
Thou endless stream of men and moving things !
Thy everyday appearance, as it strikes—

With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe—
On strangers of all ages ; the quick dance
Of colours, lights, and forms ; the deafening din ;
The comers and the goers, face to face,
Face after face ; the string of dazzling wares,
Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names,
And all the tradesman’s honours overhead.”

But in describing London we must not omit her Houses of Parliament. They are not of any great antiquity, dating from about 1840 to 1857 ; the previous building having been burnt down. But the assembling of the members of both Houses dates from the reign of Henry III., and was owing to De Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and the Barons’ struggle for the people’s freedom. But when first elected, these citizens and burgesses were of an unimportant character, scarcely daring to raise their eyes to the nobles and prelates. “To grant money,” says Mr. Hallam, “was the main object of their meeting ; and if the exigencies of the administration could have been relieved without subsidies, the citizens and burgesses might still have sat at home and obeyed the laws which a council of nobles and prelates enacted for their government. But it is a difficult question whether the king and the peers designed to make room for them, as it were, in legislation, and whether the purse drew after it immediately, or only by degrees, those indispensable rights of consenting to laws which they now possess.”

Their business, however, appears to have been to petition for redress of grievances, as well as provide money for the government.

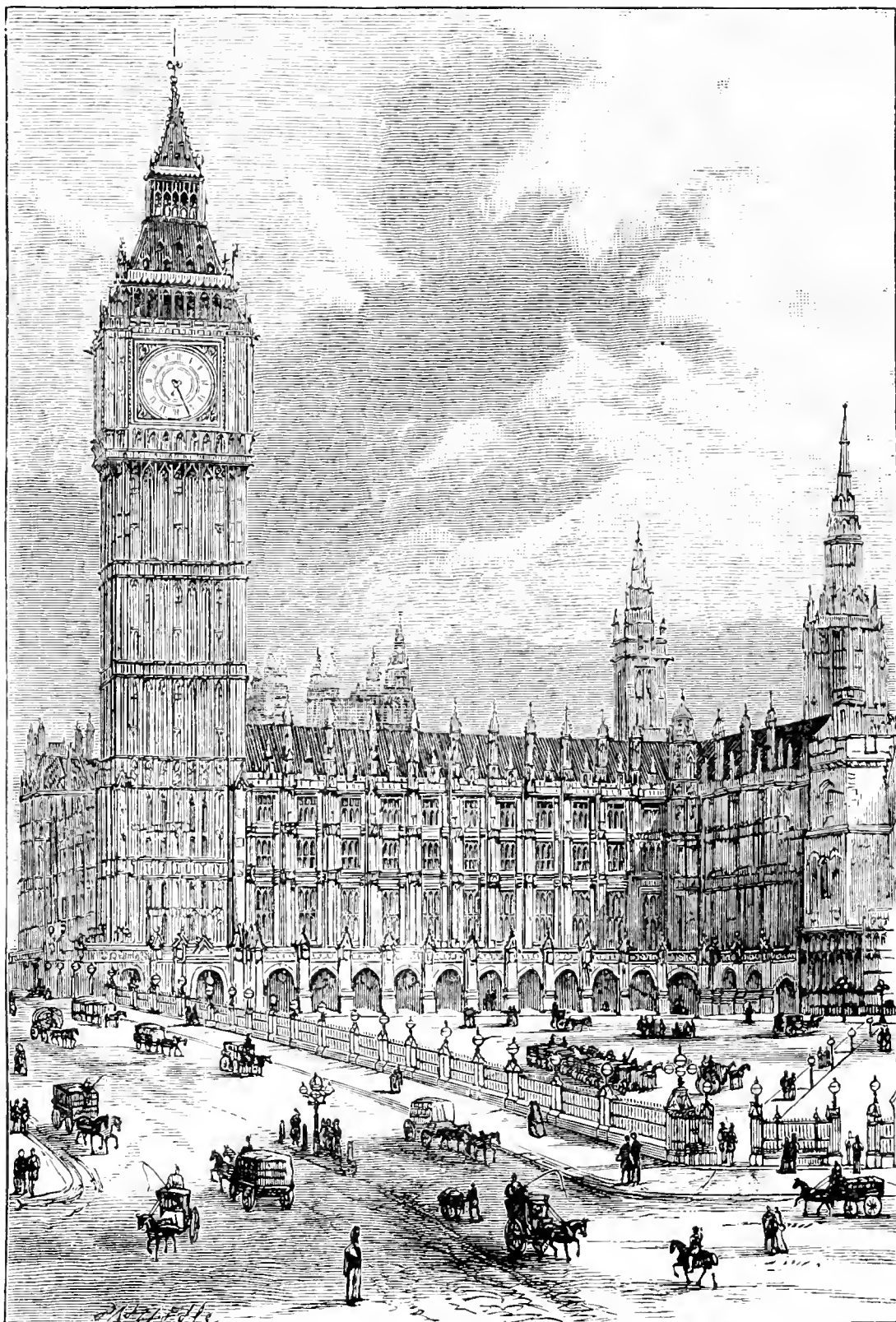
There were not at first two houses ; the Commons probably sat at one end of the hall at Westminster, and the Lords at the other, but they never intermingled their votes. The usual reason for calling a parliament was to raise money by taxation. But they soon had separate houses.

In the eleventh year of Edward I. the Commons sat at Acton Burnell, and the Upper House at Shrewsbury.

The laws made by the early Parliaments are remarkable, especially those of Edward I. He has, in fact, with good reason been called the English Justinian.

But it is not of these laws, or of the struggles of the members at different times,

that we are to speak now, but rather of the Houses themselves.



BIG BEN AND THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

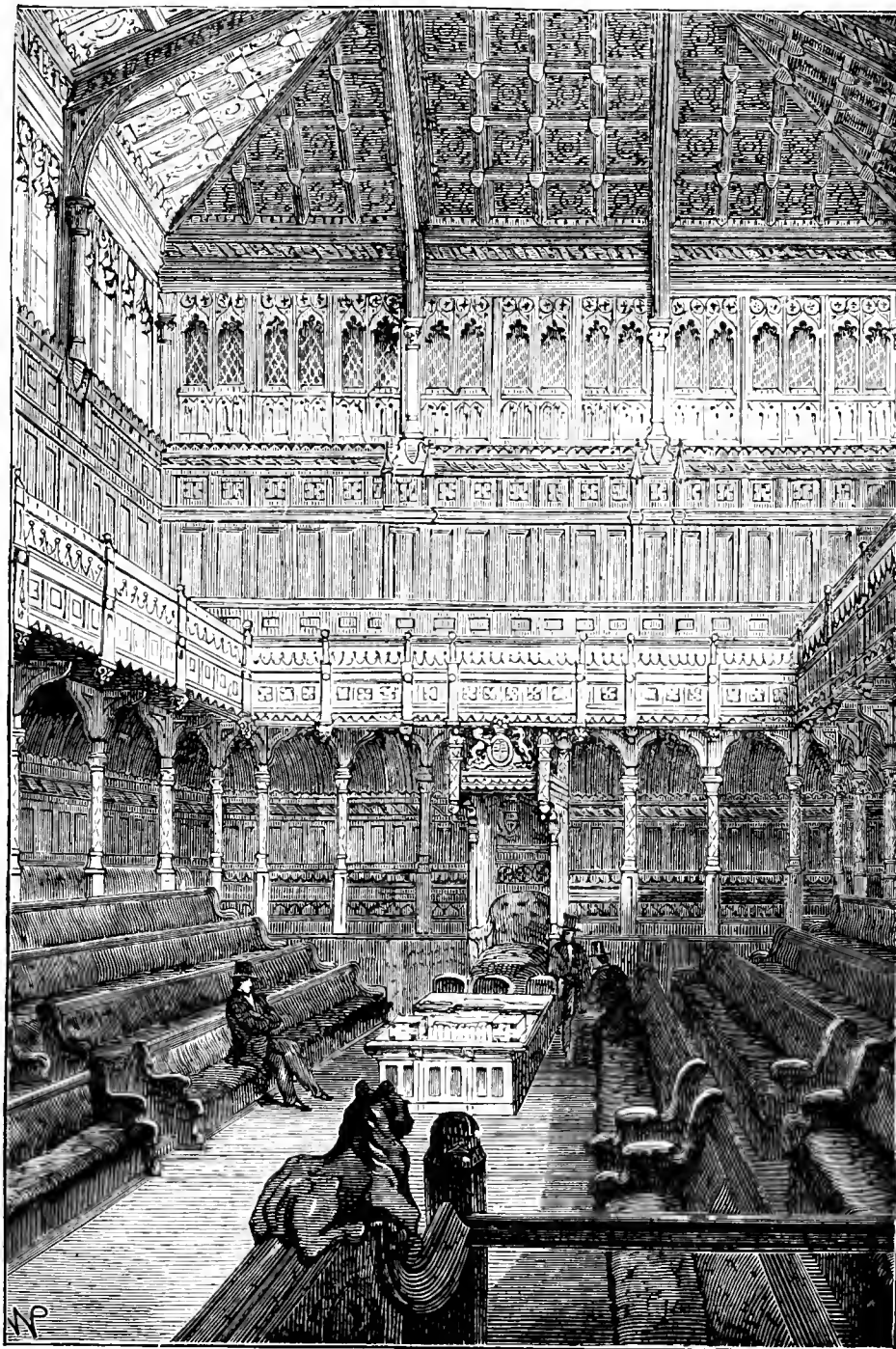
Westminster Hall was the first locality of parliament when held in London, and until

separate houses were built for it.

In James the First's time the famous,

Gunpowder Plot had nearly reduced the House to ashes, with those who were in it. Happily the nation was spared this crime, by the betrayal of the plot to Lord Montague.

But more than two centuries after, a fire broke out in the House of Commons, and both the Houses of Parliament were destroyed. We were shown once a pretty sketch of Guy Faux's cellar, made at the



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

time when access was easy through the ruins. The present noble building was commenced in 1840, and completed 1852.

There has been a Parliament that sat only *one day*; its business was the deposi-

tion of Richard II., for the power of Parliaments had then grown very great: they deposed one king, they went to war with another—it was *not* the Parliament that murdered him;—they restored the mon-

archy; they elected William and Mary to fill the throne vacant by the flight of James II.; they altered the succession and re-arranged it again for Henry VIII.; and twice they have changed the religion of the land. Much indeed was done in the old Houses; much has been done in the new.

The splendid building now in London, the work of Sir Charles Barry, has been threatened with destruction within the last six years by the dynamitards; in fact, the interior of the House of Commons received much injury from an explosion.

The House of Commons is 70 feet long and 45 broad. It is 45 feet in height, and is a noble chamber, though barely large enough to accommodate the present number of members. The Speaker's chair takes the place in this chamber that the throne does in the House of Lords. Over this is the visitors' gallery. There are also galleries for reporters and for the public, and a ladies' gallery, which holds only 38 or 39 persons. The Star Chamber Court occupies the site of the old Star Chamber. The upper waiting hall contains a number of frescoes from British poets: Griselda, from Chaucer; Lear and his daughters, from Shakspeare, etc., etc. A statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, by Marochetti, stands in Palace Yard; and in Parliament Square are statues of Canning, Peel, Palmerston, Derby, and Beaconsfield. On the 19th of April, the date of the great Tory leader's death, his statue is richly decked with primroses, his favourite flower; frequently the pedestal is nearly buried under the sweet heaps of the woodland blossom.

The House of Lords is a very fine chamber, rich in carved work, colour, and gilding; it is 97 feet long, 45 feet broad, and 45 feet high. Here is the throne on a dais, and on a less elevated one a chair for the Prince of Wales, and the personage next in honour. In front of the throne is the Woolsack, covered with crimson cloth, on which the Lord Chancellor sits. The peers' seats are also covered with crimson. Frescoes decorate the walls, and the twelve

painted glass windows are at night lighted from the outside.

The exterior of the Houses is very fine. They cover eight acres of ground, and have four fronts: the one facing the river is 940 feet long. The building contains eleven open courts, five hundred rooms, the official residences, the state apartments, and the Houses of Lords and Commons.

The style of building is Gothic, and the stone is very finely carved; the Houses are very picturesque, the work on them somewhat resembling that on the fine Town Halls of the Netherlands. The clock tower, or campanile, is 320 feet high and 40 feet square. It contains a great bell called Big Ben. There was a bell called Great Tom of Westminster, in the old Houses, till it was removed to St. Paul's in 1699. A strange story is told of this bell. A soldier named John Hatfield, in the reign of William and Mary, was tried by court-martial for being asleep on his post upon the Terrace of Windsor Castle. He pleaded "not guilty," declaring that he was awake, and had heard Great Tom strike thirteen instead of twelve at midnight. His statement was thought absurd; it was said that he could not have heard the bell at that distance, and that it could not have struck thirteen. However, several persons living in the neighbourhood of Great Tom, came forward and swore that they had heard it strike thirteen at twelve o'clock that night; so the sentinel was acquitted. The present clock is not subject to such vagaries, but keeps time admirably.

The Victoria Tower is 75 feet square and 340 high, and it has a very fine entrance to the House of Lords, an archway 65 feet high. The royal entrance is by this tower, and leads to the Norman porch, where are the statues of the Norman sovereigns, then to the Robing Room. The Victoria gallery is decorated with frescoes, and has a gilded ceiling and stained glass windows, and paintings by Maclise, etc., etc. The Queen passes through this gallery to the House of Lords when she opens Parliament.

Westminster Hall is the vestibule of the House of Commons. It was built by William Rufus, and was raised in height by Richard II., whose cognizance, a White Hart, is to be seen on the stone mouldings. The Hall is a very fine building—290 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 92 feet high. It is full of historical memories. In it the coronation feasts were always given; and the High Courts of Justice were held in it for seven centuries and a half. Here Sir William Wallace, the champion of Scotland (basely betrayed to the English), was tried and most unjustly condemned to death. Here were tried and condemned the Protector Somerset, Sir Thomas More, Lord Strafford, and Charles I.; and as the whirligig of time brings its revenges, upon the south gable were afterwards set the heads of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw.

The Hall is now being repaired and restored.

The Courts of Law were transferred, in 1883, to the Royal Courts of Justice, erected by Mr. Street on the north side of the Strand.

London is a town of great antiquity. It was a British city, and was then named *Caer-Ludd*, or the City of Lud; we still retain the name in *Ludgate*.

The Romans called it *Londinium*, from which London is derived. Tacitus spoke of it as frequented by a great many merchants, and having many ships entering its port. The Romans built the old city walls, and fixed the gates, and made Watling Street, a great highway running from London to the north.

London's instincts of civilization appear to have been always strong, so that it became very early friendly to the Romans, who had many zealous partisans both in

London and in St. Albans; or, as the towns were then called, in *Londinium* and *Verulamium*. In consequence, when the more savage Britons revolted, under Boadicea, London and *Verulamium* were attacked with fury by her followers as strongholds of Roman power, and 70,000 of their inhabitants were slain or massacred. But it was not till the Norman times that London gained great importance; since that period, however, every passing century has added to its riches and extent.

Our great city is full of historical memories, and much of it is "haunted ground," bearing names that are associated with some of the chief events in our history and in our literature.

In the Tower nearly all the greatest and best of England's nobles suffered during the ages of tyranny, when the Plantagenets and Tudors ruled the land.

In the Temple were gathered the fatal White and Red roses that deluged England with blood.

In Whitehall and St. James's Palace kings and queens suffered: a king died on the block at the former, the unhappy Queen Anne lived at the latter with a tyrannical favourite. From St. James's also issued and still issue all the declarations of war or peace that have chiefly made our history.

In the Strand dwelt several of Elizabeth's nobles; and in London Shakspeare wrote and acted, Milton lived, Addison and Steele wrote, and Dr. Johnson and Lamb perambulated Fleet Street, and preferred it to the lovely spots that make picturesque England.

In all ages of our history London has taken a foremost place in wealth, literature, and patriotism.

THE TOWER.

ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.



THE Tower of London—at once a palace, a fortress, and a prison—is most closely associated with the events of English history. When we say a palace, we must add, that of the palace of the Tudors that existed within those walls as a splendid building, with a painted hall, spacious galleries and noble courts, not a vestige now remains. Its place has been taken by the Ordnance Offices. The Tower itself has remained as we see it, though the dwelling-place of kings within its walls is gone.

Yet how grand that painted hall must have been! Here King John of France was feasted by King Edward III. Here Henry of Lancaster wore the crown torn from Richard II.'s brow, and Henry VIII. banqueted with his queens, two of whom were destined to die in that fatal fortress.

The Tower is always a weird place, by night especially. The writer spent many days and nights, during childhood, as a guest there, and has often walked in the solemn moonlight round it, on the platform under the old trees, passing the Devil's Battery, the Stone Battery, and the Wooden Battery, and again the White Tower, all clothed in the solemn light—awesome, and full of terrible memories; for the past scenes of three or four hundred years seemed to be absolutely present under the charm of the hour, and one could almost see the victims of the savage Yorkists and Tudors passing in shadowy procession before one. The boy princes; the unhappy

Anne Boleyn clasping her little throat; the saintly Jane Grey; the gallant Raleigh.

Gray has apostrophised the Tower thus:

"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed;"

and Shakspeare asserts the same origin of the Tower in the scene where young Edward V. objects to the Tower as his residence.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. [Aside.] So wise so young, they say, do
ne'er live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters fame lives long.

But in fact Julius Cæsar did not build the Tower. It was built by Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester (who also erected Rochester Castle), in 1078, for William the Conqueror. Rufus added to the keep, Henry I. strengthened it, and Stephen kept his court here.

It is a singular fact that Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, who assisted in completing the Tower, was the first person imprisoned in it. He managed, however, to escape. His friends conveyed a rope to him in a flagon; he made his keepers tipsy (therefore doubtless wine had been sent with the flagon), and then, when they were so intoxicated as to be blind and incapable, he let himself down from a window in the south gallery, taking his pastoral staff with him. The rope broke, and the bishop had a serious fall; but though he was in-

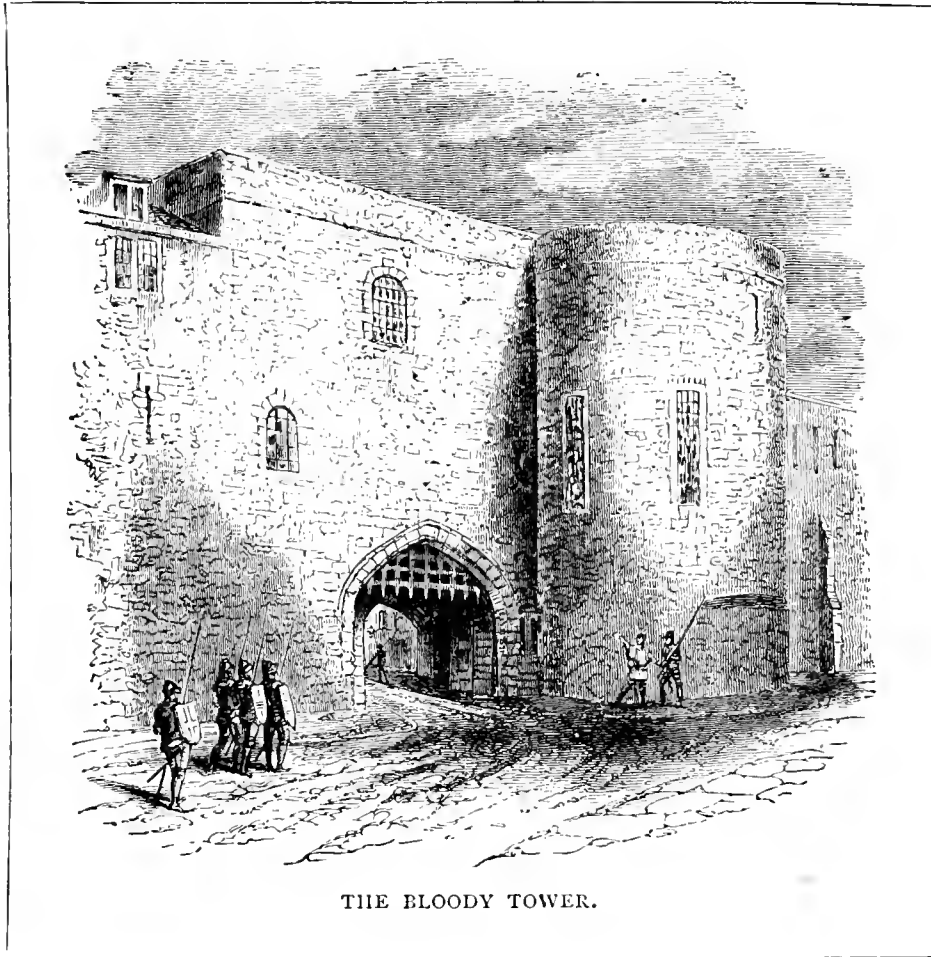
jured by it, he managed to escape to Normandy, and lived to recover his See.

King John held his court here; Edward II. found refuge in the fortress; and here were imprisoned two monarchs—David, king of Scotland, and John, king of France, the captives of our third Edward. Richard II. found safety in the Tower from Jack Cade and his rebels, and was imprisoned

here when first brought to London by usurping Bolingbroke.

Here his grandson, the saintly Henry VI., expiated his grandsire's crime by his death,—murdered, it is said, by Gloucester.

In a strangely small and dark room in the Bloody Tower the two young princes of York are said to have been murdered. The room is not generally shown, as the



THE BLOODY TOWER.

tower is inhabited; but we have seen it, and no spot could have been better adapted for a foul midnight murder. A passage runs between it and the wall of the tower, and the light in it is borrowed from the loophole or window, the side of the room towards the passage being glazed half-way from the top. Through this window tradition says that Tyrrel watched the ruffians execute their deed of blood. The bed is placed sideways to the window.

We cannot resist giving Shakspeare's account of this sad tragedy.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story.
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one
another

*Within their alabaster innocent arms :
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
 Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
 Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my
 mind ;*

*But O, the devil"—there the villain stopp'd :
 When Dighton thus told on,—we smother'd
 The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,
 That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."*
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse
 They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king :
 And here he comes,—

Enter KING RICHARD.

All health, my sov'reign lord !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,
 For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel soon, at after supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
 Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
 And be inheritor of thy desire.
 Farewell, till then.

Grave doubts have at different times existed as to the death of at least one of the princes—York ; but upon the whole the evidence is strongly in favour of the tradition. In Charles II.'s reign a box was found at the bottom of the staircase which leads to the chapel of the White Tower. It contained bones, supposed to be those of the young princes, for Sir Thomas More, who wrote a century and a half before the box was found, says the bodies had been removed from the Bloody Tower by a priest, at the king's request, and buried elsewhere ; but both king and priest dying suddenly, the place of their burial remained a secret, and when Henry VII. would have given anything to exhibit them, in order to disprove Warbeck's claims, he could not find them.

Charles II. caused the skeletons of the boy princes to be removed to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where a Latin inscription upon marble records the discovery, after a lapse of a hundred and ninety-one years, of

these remains of Edward V. and the Duke of York, who were confined in the Tower, put to death, and secretly and ignominiously buried by Richard III.

A singular discovery was made in this Tower in 1868.

An opinion had long been entertained that a staircase existed between the Bloody Tower and the Wakefield Tower, and at the period mentioned an investigation of them led to the discovery that in the thickness of the walls connecting the Bloody and Wakefield Towers there is a small passage which leads past the chamber containing the windlass for raising the portcullis, and ascends in a spiral course to the top of the ballium wall ; thence it leads into a passage which connected the Bloody Tower with the Lieutenant's lodgings, and communicated immediately with the room in which the princes are traditionally said to have been murdered. At the bottom of the staircase, the stones of which are sharp and clean, was a small cell, with a chimney flue, which (both cell and flue) were crammed with bones and earth. The bones were at first said to be human, as might be expected ; but upon careful examination, they were found to be entirely the bones of animals, principally deer and oxen. It has been conjectured that the staircase may have been closed immediately after the murder ; that the bodies were concealed in the flue, so closely adjoining, in order to escape the notice that their removal and burial elsewhere would occasion, and that both flue and stairs were at once closed up by Richard's own orders. The work is carefully executed, the openings being closed with stone so as exactly to match the walls and thus escape observation, as it did so many years. "At all events, it is very singular," says Mr. Timbs, "that a convenient staircase, already made, should be closed, thereby necessitating the formation of another on the farther side of the tower to reach the chambers above."

In front of the foot of the stairs is an arched opening, which has all the appear-

ance of a doorway, but it is at a considerable height from the ground.

The Bloody Tower gateway opposite the 'Traitor's Gate' is the main entrance to the inner ward. It has massive gates and a portcullis, said to be the only one in England now fit for use.

The Traitor's Gate was a small postern with a drawbridge, which was seldom let down but for the passage of some distinguished prisoners.

By this gate the unhappy Anne Boleyn

entered the Tower in hysterical agony ; and her daughter, the dauntless Elizabeth, stepping boldly from the boat that bore her to prison and possible death, declared her spotless loyalty. She was confined in the Bell Tower with great severity. Mary's counsellors do not seem to have intended to let her live, but the murmurs of the Londoners and the threats of Lord Howard and his fleet compelled the Queen to show some courtesy to the royal prisoner, on whom Mass had been forced,



and who had not been suffered to take outdoor exercise in the Queen's garden. When at last this privilege was accorded her, she found amusement and consolation in the children who lived in the fortress. A boy of four years old took a great fancy to her, and carried her flowers whenever he could get them. This infant was actually brought up before the council and strictly examined, with promises of figs and apples, if he would tell who had sent him to the Princess. He said, "I will go to the Earl of Devonshire, and ask what he will give me to carry to her." The

Chancellor exclaimed, "This same is a crafty child." "Ay, my Lord," said the little boy, who evidently did not understand the word "crafty," "but pray give me the figs." "No," said the Chancellor. "Marry, you shall be whipped if you come any more to the Lady Elizabeth."

It is pleasant to think of the royal Elizabeth's captivity being cheered by the innocent love of children. When walking in the garden, the little ones gathered round her ; and tradition says they found a little key, and offered it to her, hoping that she might escape by means of

it, but begging her to return sometimes to see them, for they loved her.

Sir Walter Raleigh was thrice imprisoned in the Tower. For twelve long years in the Bloody Tower, where Prince Henry, the son

of James, visited him, and was heard say that no being save his father would keep such a bird in a cage. The great seaman and historian wrote his "History of the World" in the Tower. It is one of the



PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE KEY.

great prison books, among which we may also name "Don Quixote" and the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Raleigh never left the Tower after his third incarceration till he went to the scaffold;

given up by the cowardice of James I. to the vengeance of Spain.

The walls of the Beauchamp Tower are rich in inscriptions left by the prisoners kept in it. In one of the state prison

rooms are cut the letters,—JANE, JANE, supposed to have been done by Lord Guildford Dudley during his imprisonment and separation from his wife, who was at the same time a prisoner.

Amidst all the horrid memories of the Tower there is one amusing story. It dates from the time of the conflict between the Red and White Roses.

Sir Henry Wyatt was a Lancastrian, and in the reign of Richard III. found himself a prisoner in the royal fortress. He was in a cold narrow cell, "where," the Wyatt Papers say, "he had neither bed to lie on, nor clothes to warm him, nor meat for his mouth. He had starved there had not God, who sent a crow to feed His prophet, sent this and his country's martyr a cat, both to warm and feed him. It was his own relation unto them from whom I had it. A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him, and, as it were, offered herself unto him. He was glad of her, laid her in his bosom to warm him, and by making much of her won her love. After this she would come every day unto him, divers times, and, when she could get one, bring him a pigeon. He complained to his keeper of the cold and his short fare. The answer was, 'he durst not better it.' 'But,' said Sir Henry, 'if I can provide any food, will you promise to dress it for me?' 'I may, well enough,' said the keeper; 'you are safe for that matter,' and being urged again, promised him, and kept his promise, for he actually dressed for him such pigeons as his caterer the cat provided."

Sir Henry was released and restored to his estates by Henry VII., and had a portrait of himself and of his friend, the cat, painted, with a pigeon in its paws, offering it through the grated window of his dungeon to the captive.

The poets Surrey, Wyatt, and Raleigh were preceded in their captivity in the Tower by one of the earliest of the French poets, Charles, Duke of Orleans, taken prisoner at Agincourt, and brought to

England by Henry V. He spent twenty-five years in captivity; partly in the Tower, partly at Pontefract; but many of his poems were written in the Tower, an admirable view of which adorns one of his MS. The Duke of Orleans was one of the best of the early French poets, and of excellent moral character. He was left for dead on the field of Agincourt; but Henry V. ordered all care to be taken of him, and he was conducted to Calais with the other prisoners. He refused on the road to take any nourishment, and Henry remonstrated with him, saying, "Fair cousin, be of good cheer; it is to the protection of Heaven that my victory alone is due. Heaven was determined to punish the French nation for their bad conduct." And Charles, whose father had been basely murdered in Paris, could scarcely fail to acknowledge the truth of the conqueror's words. Whilst he was a captive his wife died. We will give some of his poems (translated by Miss Costello) which were probably written in the Tower.

TO HIS WIFE.

My only love, my dearest, best,
Thou, whom to love is all my care!
Be not thy heart with woe oppress,
Nor yield thy thoughts to dark despair.
One sole design my thoughts can move—
To meet, and cast our woes to air,
My dearest, best, and only love,
Thou whom to love is all my care!
Alas! if wishes had the power
To waft me on their wings to thee,
The world could give no brighter hour
Nor one desire be left for me,
Wert thou to this fond bosom prest
My only love, my dearest—best.

I stood upon the wild sea-shore,
And marked the wide expanse,
My straining eyes were turned once more
To long-loved, distant France.

I saw the sea-bird hurry by
Along the waters blue;
I saw her wheel amid the sky,
And mock my tearful, eager eye,
That would her flight pursue.

Onwards she darts, secure and free,
And wings her rapid course to thee!
Oh, that her wing were mine to soar
And reach thy lovely land once more!

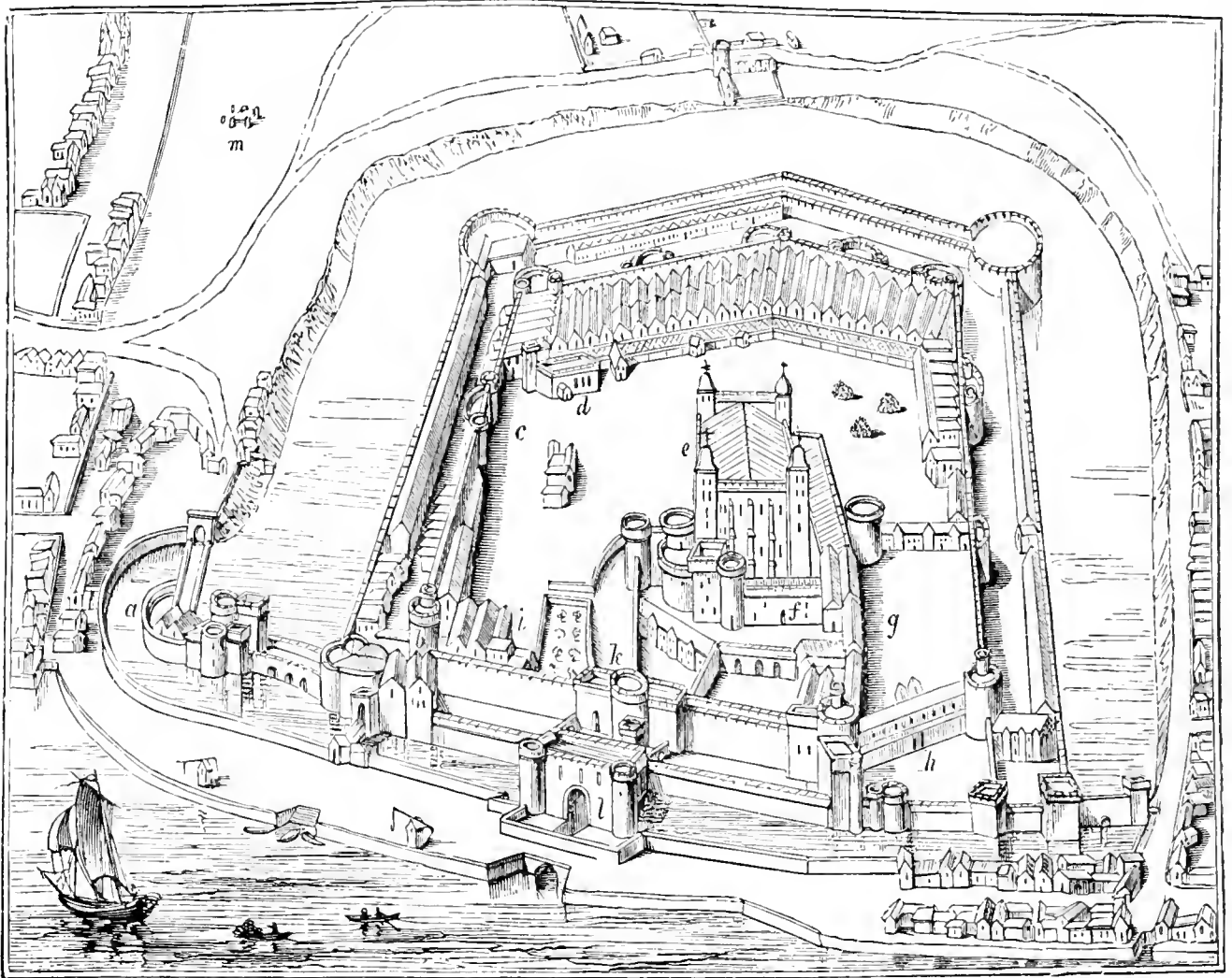
O Heaven! it were enough to die,
In my own, my native home—
One hour of blessed liberty
Were worth whole years to come.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

No more, no more my trembling lute
 Can wake for love some mournful story,
 Alike its altered chords are mute
 To gentle lays or themes of glory;
 My art is lost, and all forgot
 The tender strains, so sweet, so moving;
 I ponder but my hapless lot,
 And start when others speak of loving.

My soul declines in pensive thought,
 A dreary gloom around me lingers,
 My lips with idle words are fraught.
 And wildly move my wand'ring fingers.
 A cloud no sunshine can remove
 Hangs its dark shadowy pall above me;
 I must not—cannot sing of love,
 For none are left on earth to love me.

The writer of these touching lines was at



PLAN OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

a. Lion's Tower.
 b. Bell Tower.
 c. Beauchamp Tower.
 d. The Chapel.

e. The Keep, or White Tower.
 f. Jewel House.
 g. Queen's Lodgings.

h. Queen's Gallery and Garden.
 i. Lieutenant's Lodgings.
 k. Bloody Tower.

l. St. Thomas' Tower, and Traitor's Gate.
 m. Place of Execution on Tower-hill.

length ransomed for an immense sum by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and after his release married the Princess Marie of Cleves, Philip's niece. She became the mother of a son, who succeeded to the throne of France as Louis XII., and married Mary Tudor, the sister of Henry VIII.

The Armouries in the Tower are worth

careful notice. Here we have defensive and offensive armour and arms from the time of the Crusades. Gambuisé armour was made of stitched padded work, the shirt of mail was formed of rings, or of small metal plates, covering each other like the scales of a fish. Over the armour surcoats were worn, to prevent the sun heating the metal. Armour was at times

so expensive that it was said of Sir Walter Raleigh, who had a suit of silver armour, that "he bore a Spanish galleon on his back."

There are terrible instruments of torture also in the Tower, some of which are said to have been brought over in the Spanish Armada. There are thumbscrews—one of which William III. insisted on trying on himself, but declared, when it was screwed to the uttermost, that he would have agreed to anything rather than bear such agony. There are also yokes, cravats, and a collar of torment. We do not know if a rack still remains. Another kind of torture in the Tower is a cell called "Little Ease." It is so small that the prisoner in it could neither stand, sit, nor

lie at full length. He was compelled to draw himself up in a squatting position, and remain thus day and night.

The Crown Jewels are also kept in the Tower. Their attempted robbery by Colonel Blood is one of the mysteries of Charles II.'s disgraceful reign. Our Queen has added to them the famous Koh-i-noor,—a gift to her from her army. It is said to be the finest diamond in the world.

It may interest our readers to glance at a plan of the Tower, which will explain how it was that it contained a palace, and was also a prison and a fortress. A clear notion of its extent may be gathered from the above, which was engraved from a survey made in 1597. Very few changes have taken place since.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



LEAVING the blood-stained Tower, with its cruel memories, we will proceed to Westminster, and gaze on the glorious Abbey, of which

England is so justly proud, exchanging the scene of human oppression for the peaceful precincts where prayer and praise rise daily to heaven, and the mighty dead sleep in peace and honour. From the western door one has a general view of the interior, and the great extent, the stately pillars, the lofty roof, the galleries of double columns, and the fine stained glass in the north and the great west windows must win both awe and admiration from all who behold it.

In Henry VII.'s Chapel we find the very perfection of architecture. Some one has

called it (architecture) "frozen music," and one understands the rather fantastic comparison as one looks at this wonderful specimen of art. The brazen gates, the exquisitely carved ceiling, the double range of windows, the brown-wainscoted stalls, with their wonderfully carved Gothic canopies, the pavement of black and white marble, Henry VII.'s tomb,—all are unspeakably beautiful and stately.

The Abbey is built on land that was once an island, called Thorny, from its being overgrown with thorns, and surrounded by water reeds, but it was really a peninsula of the purest sand and gravel. The Abbey has no basement storey, but is built on fine close sand, and is secured only by its very broad, wide, and spreading foundations. A pagan temple originally stood here; but Sebert, king of the East Saxons, having been converted to Christianity, pulled it down, and founded on its site a church dedicated to St. Peter. On

account of the dedication of the church to the Apostle-fisherman and tutelar saint of the craft, the toilers in the sea were wont, in Popish days, to offer salmon on the high altar; the offerers having on such occasions leave to dine at the convent table, and to ask bread and ale from the cellarer.

Edward the Confessor built and endowed the present Abbey, giving a tenth part of his entire substance in gold, silver, cattle, and other possessions for the purpose. The pious king lived only just long enough to see the completion of the work; the Abbey being dedicated on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, December 28th, 1065, and Edward dying eight days afterwards. He was buried by his own desire in front of the high altar.

A year afterwards, William the Norman was crowned in that same Abbey; and ever since our kings and queens have held their coronations there.

There is a singular legend belonging to the Abbey at this period.

The Conqueror wished to replace the Saxon bishops by Normans, and for this purpose called a synod at the church in Westminster, under Archbishop Lanfranc, to examine into the conduct and qualifications of the English clergy, and to eject "such bishops as had little learning or influence."

At this synod Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, was charged with being "a most illiterate and foolish man, and unfit for the

station he held; as very idiot, unacquainted with the French language, and incapable either to instruct the Church or counsel the king." Lanfranc, William's Archbishop, then demanded his pastoral staff and ring in the king's name; but the old bishop, firmly grasping his staff, replied,—

"I know, my Lord Archbishop, that I am entirely unfit for, and unworthy so high a station, being undeserving of the honour, and unequal to the task; however, I think it unreasonable that you should demand that staff which I never received from you; yet in some measures I submit to your sentence, and will resign it; but I consider it just to make that resignation to King Edward, who conferred it on me."

Then the stately old bishop rose, and leaving the synod, crossed the church and stood by Edward's tomb, saying,—

"Thou knowest, O holy king, how unwillingly I un-

dertook this office, and even by force; for neither the desire of the prelates, the petition of the monks, nor the voice of the nobility prevailed, till thy commands obliged me. But see—a new king, new laws, and a new bishop pronounces a new sentence. Thee they accuse of a fault for making me a bishop, and me of assurance for accepting the charge." Then, raising his arm, he put the staff erect into the carving on the tomb, left the Abbey, and resuming the dress of a monk, went and sat with the monks in the chapter house. A



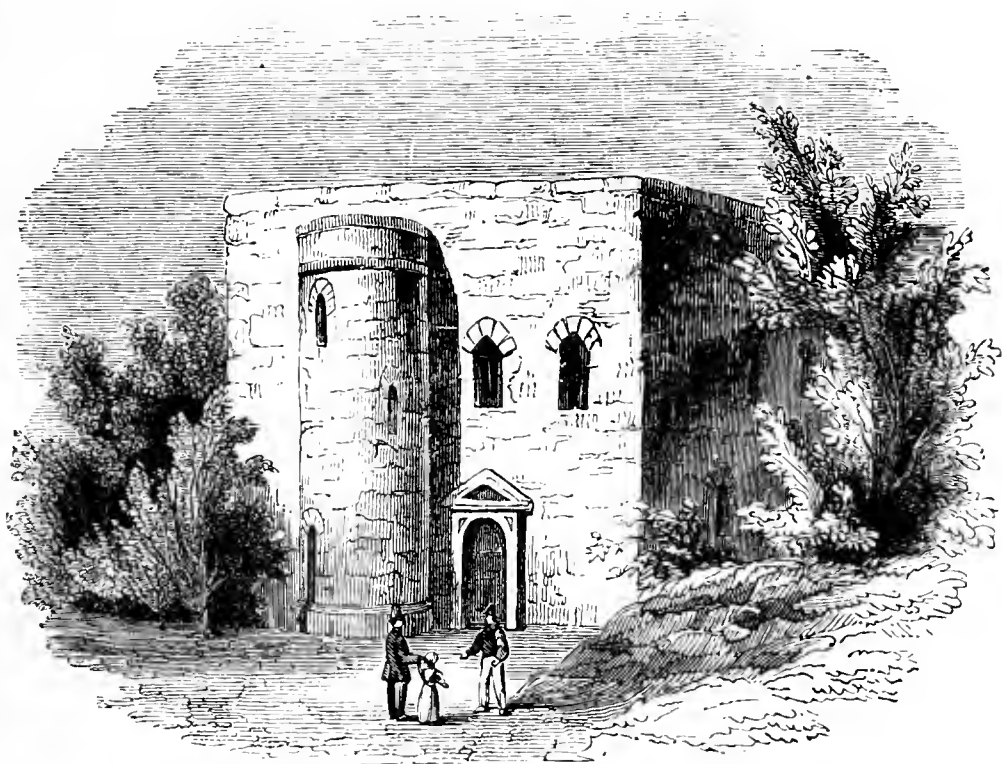
WULSTAN OF WORCESTER.

priest was sent by the synod for the staff, but he found it so firmly fixed in the tomb that it could not be moved. The king was told of this strange fact, and he and the archbishop both tried to remove it, but in vain. William sent for Wulfstan and ordered him to try and remove the staff. The prelate simply touched it, and it yielded at once to his hand.

"Keep it," said the king; "the holy Edward will not let you resign it. Resume the charge of your see."

Such implicit credence was given to this legend, that King John urged it to Pandulph, the Pope's legate, as the proof of the right of English kings to nominate a bishop.

William, who, to ingratiate himself with his new subjects, displayed great veneration for the Confessor's memory, was probably quite ready to acknowledge the right of the bishop Edward had appointed after this solemn and public appeal to the monarch, who was looked on as a saint.



THE SANCTUARY AT WESTMINSTER, FROM A SKETCH IN 1775.

The monuments in the Abbey form a portion of our history; for they record the names and deeds of England's greatest sons, as well as of many of her sovereigns. To have a place amongst the Abbey dead has inspired many a hero. We all know how Nelson, as he boarded the Spanish ship, cried, "Victory, or Westminster Abbey," though he, as well as his heroic contemporary, the great Duke of Wellington, rest together, not there, but in St. Paul's Cathedral.

We have not space to linger over the monuments; but we must first say that be-

neath our feet, when standing opposite the tombs of Lord Robert Manners and Lord Chatham, lie side by side the great rival statesmen—Pitt and Fox.

"Taming thought to human pride!
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,
'Here let their discords with them die.'"

In Poets' Corner sleep Chaucer, Spenser, Prior, Butler, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Gay, Thompson, Goldsmith, Campbell, Browning, etc., etc., and a monument

was here erected to Shakspeare by that noble woman, Anne, Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery.

Westminster in olden times possessed the right of sanctuary ; though sometimes abused by affording shelter to great criminals, it was more generally a blessed protection to the weak and helpless. Never was its sanctuary more needed than by that unhappy queen, Elizabeth Woodville, when, in 1483, she took her second little Yorkist son's hand, and led him, followed by her five daughters, into the Abbey. There, seated on the rushes, her long fair hair streaming on her shoulders, a woeful suppliant, she demanded sanctuary. It was granted to her. Rotherham, Archbishop of York, endeavouring to comfort her, delivered the Great Seal to her, saying, "Madam, be of good cheer ; for I promise you, if they crown any other king than your son whom they have now with them, we shall on the morrow crown his brother whom you have with you." In fact, the life of each child was safe so long as they were apart. But Gloucester suffered no obstacle in his path.

He sent the Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury to claim little York. "Children had no right of sanctuary," he said, "and the prince must be present at the coronation." The agony of the queen was terrible when her little York was thus demanded. The Archbishop was much distressed himself, but he was powerless to defend her against the might and will of the Protector. It was probably the sense of the uselessness of her own resistance, also, that caused the queen to yield at last. Taking her son by the hand, she said solemnly, "My lord, and all my lords now present, I will not be so suspicious as to mistrust your truth. Lo, here is this gentleman, whom I doubt not would be safely kept by me if I were permitted ; and well do I know there be such deadly enemies to my blood, that if they wist where any lay, they would let it out if they could. The desire of a kingdom knoweth no kindred ; brothers have been brothers' bane ; and

may the nephews be sure of the uncle ? Each of these children is safe while the pair are asunder. Notwithstanding, I have delivered him (and his brother's life with him) into your hands, and of you I shall require them before God and man. . . . Farewell, my own sweet son. God send you good keeping. Let me kiss you once ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again." Tenderly embracing the poor boy, she parted from him, "weeping bitterly over him, and he weeping as fast in his turn."* Thus Richard of York is said to have passed to his doom in the Tower.

In Westminster Abbey our kings and queens are crowned ; and since Edward I. brought the famous coronation chair from Scone, they have received the royal diadem seated on the magic stone, that he, Edward, so vainly strove to render impotent. For the coronation chair has a legend attached to it of a very singular nature. The stone in the seat is said to be the same on which Jacob rested his head when he was a wanderer at Bethel, and saw the vision of angels.

It was taken to Ireland and afterwards to Scotland, where it was used, as it still is, as the seat of coronation, for on the stone is an inscription in Runic characters, running thus, we are told :—

"Where'er this sacred stone is found,
There shall the Wanderer's race be crowned."

Strangely enough, the kings of Scotland have actually followed their Chair and the Stone of Destiny ; James VI. of Scotland ultimately inheriting the crown of the sovereign who had carried off the Stone to do away with the Scotch superstition.

A great many of our kings have been buried at Westminster. For a long time the place of sepulture of James I. was unknown, but it was found at last that he had taken his last rest in the grave of Henry VII. The grave of his mother, *i.e.*, Mary Queen of Scots—has given shelter to many

* This is, perhaps, the saddest scene the stately Abbey ever witnessed.

of her royal kin, amongst them to the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart. The tombs in Westminster Abbey suggested a charm-

ing essay to Addison, and will yield much matter for reflection to a visitor of the present century.

THE TEMPLE.



NEXT to the Tower, the antiquary and the lover of history will value the Temple; originally the Preceptory of the famous Temple Knights or Templars, and, since the extinction of their order, the abode of lawyers studying or practising.

"Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templar Knights to
Till they decayed through pride." [bide,

Charles Lamb has lightly but effectively sketched the Temple. "What a transition," he writes, "for a countryman visiting London for the first time—the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street, by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent ample squares, its classic green retreats! What a cheerful, liberal look hath that portion of it which from three sides overlooks the greater garden; that goodly pile—

'Of building strong, albeit of Paper hight,'
confronting with massy contrast the lighter, older, more fantastically-shrouded one named of Harcourt, with the cheerful Crown Office Row . . . right opposite the stately stream which washes the garden foot with her yet scarcely trade-polluted waters. . . ."

We cannot say this of the Thames of the present day, though it is not perhaps now at its worst. Still, the stately stream is a great adjunct to the beauties of the old buildings and their charming gardens, so famous in our history; though chrysanthe-

mums rather than roses are the present boast of them.

The Temple possesses also a most remarkable and beautiful church—one of the only four circular churches to be found in England. It was supposed to be built in imitation of the Temple Church at Jerusalem, and was undoubtedly erected by the Templar Knights in the reign of Henry III.

Their Grand Master, Heraclius, came to England to consecrate it.

The architecture is between the Romanesque and early English Gothic; the western entrance, the semi-circular arches, and the capitals are richly sculptured.

"Within, Purbeck columns, with boldly-sculptured capitals, support a triforium or gallery of interlaced Norman arches; and the clerestory has six Romanesque windows, one filled with stained glass—a bright ruby ground, with a figure of Christ and the emblems of the Evangelists."—*Timbs*.

On the gallery well-staircase is a penitential cell, in which any Knight Templar who had disobeyed the Master was confined. It is only four and a half feet long and two and a half broad, so that the unhappy prisoner could not lie down except in a most uncomfortable position. Some were fettered here by order of the Master, and left till they died; in other cases an offender was scourged on the bare shoulders in the hall by the Master's own hands, or whipped in church on Sunday, before the congregation. But these severities must have belonged to the early days of the Order of the Temple, and not to the

time when their pride and power is well represented by Brian de Bois Guilbert, in "Ivanhoe." Instituted as a religious order of knighthood, for the purpose of defending

Christian pilgrims on the road to Jerusalem, they enlarged their vow by devoting themselves also to the defence of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, established by God-



THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

frey de Bouillon. They lived at first on alms, and were so poor that one horse served for two, a fact recorded on their seal. Wealth, however, flowed in on them, and Templar establishments were to be found

in nearly all European countries, but chiefly in France and England. The Templars grew remarkable for haughty insolence—disdaining other Orders, and arrogating a place with nobles. But in

battle they were the bravest of the brave, and Saladin had no more dangerous enemies than the Templars.

The English knights purchased the land on the south of Fleet Street, and erected

there their Preceptory and the magnificent Church, which was, as we have said, built after the model of the one at Jerusalem.

The effigies of these feudal warriors, sculptured of freestone, are sketched upon



PLUCKING THE ROSES.

the pavement of the Temple Church, all having their legs crossed—the sign of having been a crusader.

In 1841 the ancient lead coffins containing the bodies of the knights were discovered, the dates on them being not earlier than the 13th century.

The fate of the knights was disastrous.

Once models of devotion and humility, they accumulated great riches and became powerful and proud. Their wealth excited the cupidity of the King of France, Philip the Fair. They were persecuted, accused of most ridiculous crimes, such as worshipping an ape's head, etc., condemned and executed. Sixty-eight knights were burnt

at Paris, 1310. Their Grand Master, De Molay, was burned at Paris in 1314. There is an old French tradition that De Molay at the stake protested his innocence, and summoned the King of France and his accomplice Pope Clement V., to meet him at the judgment seat of God that day twelvemonth; both pope and king dying at the same time, in accordance with the prophecy or citation. Pope Clement abolished the Order, 1312. Their property in England was given to the Hospitallers or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the head of the English Order died in the Tower.

The Temple was divided into Inner and Middle before the lease was transferred from the Hospitallers to the Crown; and the Middle Temple still bears the arms of the old Knights, "Argent, on a cross gules a paschal lamb or, carrying a banner of the first, charged with a cross of the second"; that is, in ordinary language, a silver shield with a red cross, on which is a gold lamb carrying a banner; on the banner is a red cross.

"The Round" is the nave or vestibule to the oblong portion of the church. The choir is in pure lancet style. It is divided into three aisles by clustered marble columns; the groined roof is richly coloured in arabesque, and adorned with holy emblems.

It was in the gardens of the Temple that the famous dispute took place that gave its emblem to each side in the Civil Wars of the Roses. The fine scene in Shakespeare's Henry VI. gives a vivid picture of it.

SCENE IV.—London. *The Temple Garden.*

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud; The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth; Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law, And never yet could frame my will to it; And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;—
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,

Till you conclude, that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on; who else?

Law. [*To Somerset.*] Unless my study and my books be false,

The argument you held was wrong in you.
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true.
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will ; and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole !
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset ;

His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, king of England.
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root ?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days ?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry ?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood ;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attach'd, not attainted ;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor ;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will,
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension :
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still ;
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes ;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree. [bition !

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy am-

And so, farewell, until I meet thee next, [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [Exit.

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it !

War. This blot, that they object against your house,

Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster ;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.

Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose :

And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still would I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

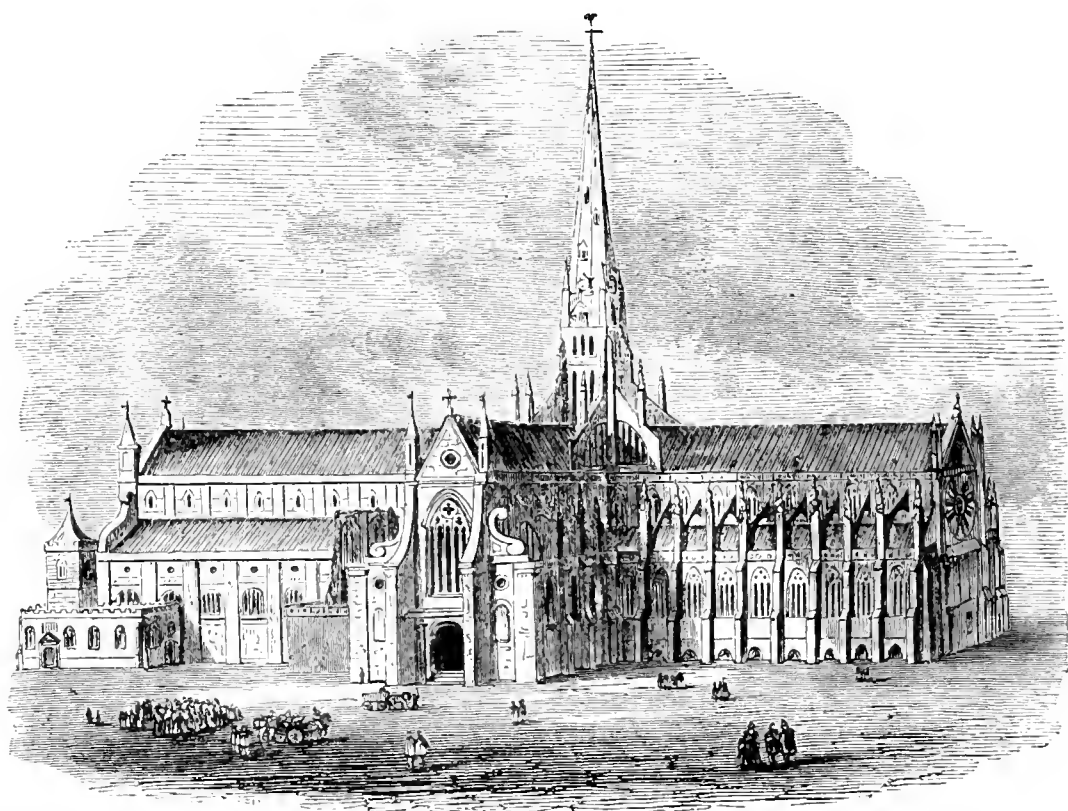
Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner : I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

The Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem were a very worthy Order, who fought for, and also nursed and attended on sick and wounded pilgrims or warriors in the Holy Land. They in 1346 demised the magnificent buildings, church, and gardens to law students then residing at Holborn, and from this time the lawyers have studied in quiet in the lovely and still abode of the ancient Templars. Once, it is true, Wat Tyler's mob plundered the students and destroyed their books, but since that time all has been peace.



WATERLOO BRIDGE NEAR THE TEMPLE.



OLD ST. PAUL'S, BEFORE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE STEEPLE, 1561.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



OLD ST. PAUL'S in Elizabeth's reign lost its airy and graceful steeple by being struck by lightning, and many of the Roman Catholics at the time ascribed the accident to the anger of Heaven at the new doctrines preached there.

The beautiful steeple was never restored, but the roofs that had also been destroyed were replaced. The old church was partially restored by Inigo Jones, but the alterations intended were interrupted by the Rebellion, when art was suppressed entirely, and the hand of violence assisted in the destruction caused by the elements. The "body of old St. Paul's

was converted," says Dugdale, "to a horse quarter for soldiers. The beautiful pillars of Inigo Jones's portico were shamefully hewed and defaced for the support of the timber work of shops for seamstresses and other trades, for which sordid uses that once stately colonnade was wholly taken up and defiled. Upon taking away the inner scaffolds which supported the arched vaults, in order to their intended repair, the whole roof of the south cross tumbled down, and the rest in several places of the church did after fall; so that the structure continued a woeful spectacle of ruin till the happy Restoration."

It was as well, therefore, that the terrible Fire of London destroyed the whole cathedral, or at least reduced it to such a hopeless ruin, that Christopher Wren, our great architect, fortunately found it impossible to

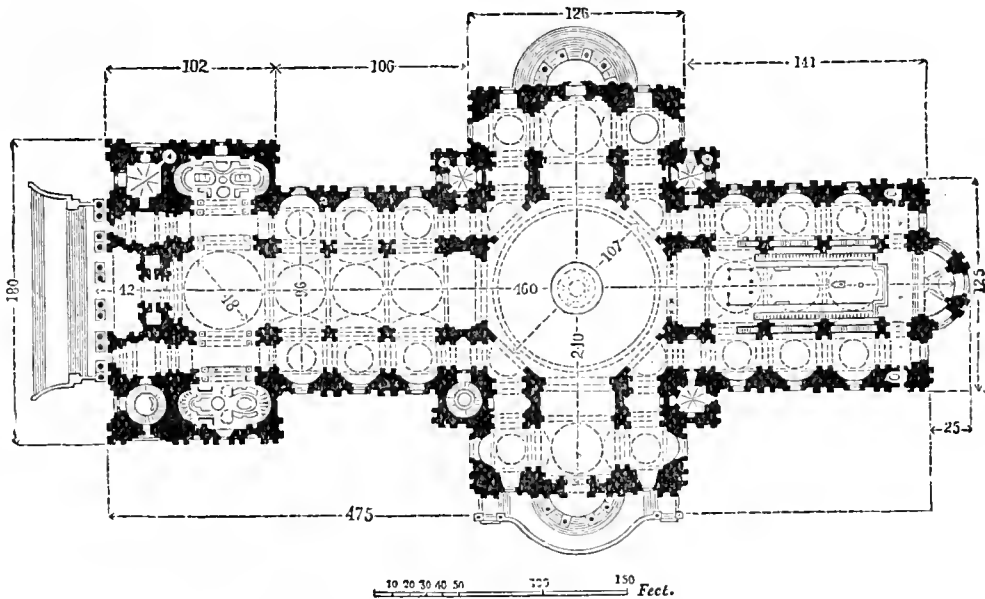
repair it. For he was thus enabled to build the present St. Paul's, which has long been declared to be second only to St. Peter's at Rome as a Christian church.

Wren was a man of great and varied talents; he was not educated for an architect; and before he exhibited his natural genius for the art, he had acquired a great reputation as an astronomer and mathematician. But he studied sedulously the art he loved, and was employed by Charles to assist Sir John Denham in the great works the King designed to have executed. Charles proposed, after the Fire, that Wren should

design a plan for the rebuilding of the city; but the work was delayed, and the owners of the former property meantime rebuilt their destroyed homes according to their own sweet will.

It was not until 1675, nine years after the Fire, that Wren was able to lay the foundation of the great Cathedral.

Sir Christopher's first design differed greatly from the last he adopted; it has been said that the Duke of York, hoping that some day the church might pass back to the Roman community, interfered in the alteration; but if he did so, the change was



PLAN OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

certainly for the better, as the design is grander. The above plan was the one finally adopted.

The cupola is by far the most magnificent feature in the building, and nothing can be more pure in style than the peristyle with its unbroken entablature.

There is an anecdote recorded of the motto, "Resurgam," on the south front. It is said that while Sir Christopher was meditating about the motto he should select for his building, he required something to raise a stone about to be placed in position, and a workman brought him for the purpose a piece of an old tombstone on which was graven the word "Resurgam." The

great architect at once saw the aptness of the word for his rebuilt church, and adopted it for his motto, perceiving that it was not only suitable for the church, but that it contained also a blessed promise to those who slept beneath the cathedral roof.

There are some fine monuments in St. Paul's; the one with the figure of Nelson with the lion beneath him, that of Sir John Moore wounded and dying, Sir Ralph Abercrombie falling from his horse into the arms of a Highlander, are admirable, and there are fine ones also erected to the memory of Howe, St. Vincent, Heathfield, Collingwood and Duncan; Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Nelson did not lie, as

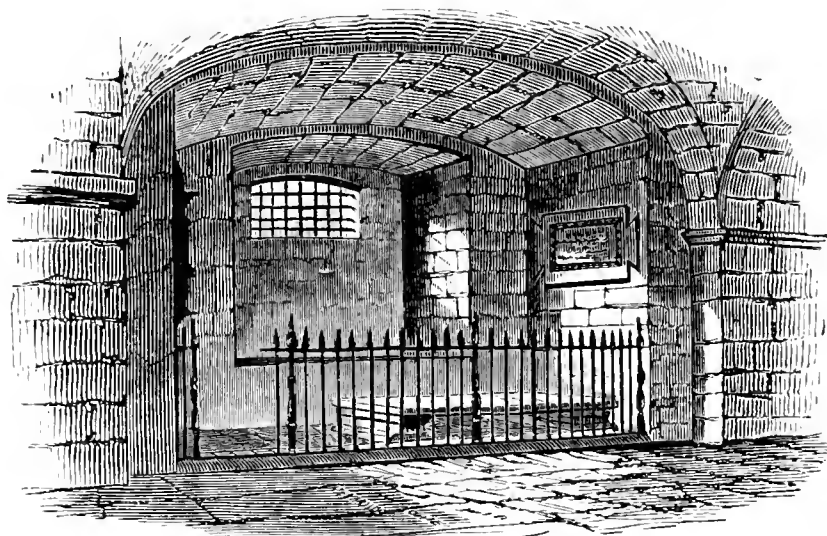
he had hoped, in Westminster Abbey, but is buried in the centre of the cathedral, beneath the dome, where he lies by his great contemporary, Wellington—the greatest sailor and the greatest soldier of Britain side by side.

The interior of St. Paul's is impressive and grand, but might have been brightened by greater ornamentation, as of stone carving and statuary. Wren left niches for the latter, which have never been filled.

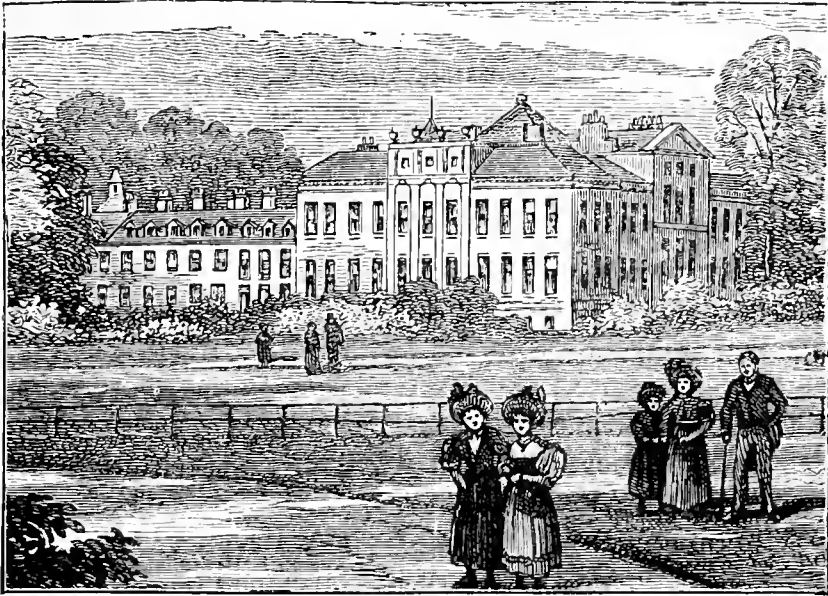
Wren's scientific knowledge is manifested in the Whispering Gallery, which is a singular product of acoustic art. The geometrical staircase and the big bell are worth noticing. The clock is wound up by a donkey, the great key being very difficult to turn; the writer, when young, had a crushed foot from having been so silly as to take the donkey's place and attempt to wind it up!

The view from the cupola of St. Paul's is absolutely wonderful. The great capital lies so far below that all the noise of the streets is hushed, and no sound rises from its thronging millions. Every object beneath looks reduced to the size of Lilliput, yet we can distinguish the Post Office, St. Martin's Church—another production of Wren's genius—and St. Bartholomew's Hospital; while the tiny green trees interspersed amongst the buildings make the town very picturesque from this bird's-eye view of it. The Mansion House, the Mint, the Tower, and the Monument can also be seen here.

Wren found his own resting-place in the cathedral he had built, and needs no monument but his magnificent work to preserve his name as long as his country exists.

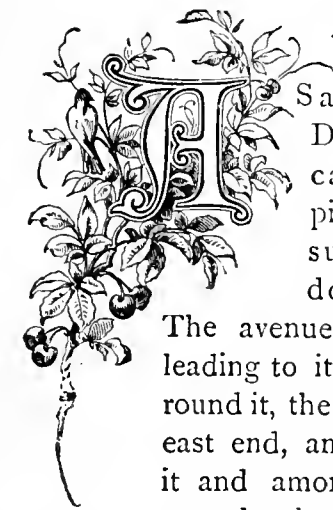


TOMB OF WREN.



KENSINGTON PALACE.

KENSINGTON PALACE.



As a building this rather Dutch-looking palace cannot be called picturesque, but its surroundings undoubtedly are so.

The avenue of fine old trees leading to it, the park-like land round it, the great pond at the east end, and the walks round it and amongst the trees are very lovely in summer. The gardens themselves are rich in all kinds of rare and beautiful flowers, and about its walks run generally those human flowers, little children, while the great pond is adorned by fairy boats sent afloat by childish hands.

There are some very fine horse chestnut trees in Kensington Gardens, and in May nothing can exceed the beauty of them, adorned from the turf to their highest summit with tall spires of flowers of ivory, tinged at the edges with faintest pink. They almost equal those at Bushy Park.

The palace is connected with many

events in our history; it has been the scene of the death of four of our kings, and the birthplace of the most beloved of our sovereigns.

The house that originally stood here, with six acres of ground round it, was the property of Daniel Finch, the second Earl of Nottingham. King William III. took a fancy to it, and purchased it from him; but on the following November it caught fire, and was nearly destroyed, the sovereign narrowly escaping being burnt in his bed.

It was rebuilt, and only the north wing remains of the old mansion. William held several councils here; and Queen Mary, who was very fond of the place, delighted in decorating it. Here she died, and William III. also breathed his last here. It became then the property of Queen Anne, for whom the banqueting hall in the garden was built. It was at Kensington that this poor queen ended her reign. She came there from Windsor to try and put an end to the perpetual quarrels between Harley and Bolingbroke by dismissing the former, her Prime Minister.

She had frequently declared that the perpetual contention of which her Cabinet Council was the scene would cause her death, and assuredly it did ; for after her dismissal of Harley another Council was held, and with equally ill results. The partizans of the displaced Premier kept the invalid queen sitting at the Council table till two in the morning, whilst they raged against the Jacobite members of it—Lord Harcourt, the Dukes of Ormond, Buckingham, and Shrewsbury, and Sir William Wyndham—in the most furious manner. At length the queen, complaining of her head, sank into a deep swoon from exhaustion, and was carried to bed seriously ill ; she wept all night, and never closed her eyes. How terrible the spirit of party is, that could thus change English gentlemen into mere ruffians !

Two more Councils followed, again interrupted by the illness of the queen. Another Council was fixed for the 29th of July. Miss Strickland has given so good an account of this royal sufferer's end that we extract a short passage from it as a picture of the queenly and womanly sorrow suffered in this palace :—

“The anticipation of another agitating and protracted scene of altercation between the unmannerly worldlings, who, although they styled themselves her servants, not only violated the respect due to their sovereign, but conducted themselves with the most cruel disregard of her feelings as a lady, and her weakness as an invalid, was of course most distressing to the poor sufferer. . . . Worn out as she was with sickness of mind and body, Anne had not completed her fiftieth year when the hour appointed for the royal victim to meet these trusty lords of her Council drew near. Mrs. Danvers, the oldest and probably the most attached lady of her household, entering the presence-chamber at Kensington Palace, saw, to her surprise, her Majesty standing before the clock, and gazing intently on it. Mrs. Danvers was alarmed and perplexed by the sight, as her

Majesty was seldom able to move without assistance. She approached, and ascertained that it was indeed Queen Anne who stood there. Venturing to interrupt the ominous silence that prevailed in the vast room, only broken by the heavy ticking of the clock, she asked ‘whether her Majesty saw anything unusual there in the clock?’ The queen answered not, yet turned her eyes on the questioner with so woeful and ghastly a regard that, as this person afterwards affirmed, she saw death in the look. Assistance was summoned by the cries of the terrified attendant, and the queen was conveyed to her bed, from whence she never rose again.”

She could not bear the mere anticipation of that hateful Council.

We wonder if the old clock that received the agonized look of the unhappy queen is still in the palace. The closet of William III. contained some time ago his writing-table and escritoire, and the patchwork closet had its walls and chairs covered with tapestry worked by Queen Mary. A clock of Queen Anne's reign may have lasted, if it did not go, to the present day. Some of the State apartments in the palace are hung with tapestry, and several rooms have painted ceilings, and carvings by Gibbon.

George II. and Queen Caroline spent much of their time at Kensington Palace ; and there is a singular story of a robber meeting the king one evening when he was strolling alone in a part of the grounds at some distance from the palace. The footpad demanded his purse, with a pistol presented at him ; and as George was unarmed, he prudently yielded his money. But when the robber demanded a valuable ring that he wore, which had long been in his family, the king remonstrated ; and then, as the fellow persisted in his demand, asked him if he would restore it to him for a sum named. The robber at length agreed ; he would bring back the ring at the same time the next evening, and let the king thus ransom it, if he would pledge his

honour as a gentleman to come alone for it, and not to attempt in any way to take the footpad. George II. gave his word and kept it. He was the bravest of the brave, and did not fear to go alone the next night (though probably armed) to meet his dishonest but obliging subject. The robber was true to his appointment; restored the ring at the price named; and the sovereign, in accordance with his promise, let him depart.

The palace must have been very gay at that time, when Queen Caroline's court was kept in it. Miss Bellenden and the beautiful Miss Lepell were maids of honour to her and friends of Pope, who has drawn from their own account a rather disagreeable picture of their life in the palace. "To eat Westphalia ham in a morning," he writes, "to ride over hedges and ditches (with the king) on borrowed hacks, to come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat" was their fate; and "as soon as they could dress, they were obliged to simmer an hour and catch cold in the princess's apartment; from thence (as Shakespeare has it) 'to dinner with what appetite they may'; and after that till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please."* And we learn from the *Suffolk Correspondence*,† they romped in the gardens at night to the scandal of the married ladies of the court.

But the days in which poor Queen Anne wet her pillow with her tears, and the maids of honour romped in the gardens, are happily long passed away; and a charming memory now hangs about Kensington Palace. For there, in 1819, was born the sweet little princess, who, because her natal month was May, was called by her family by the pretty name of "May-flower." The widowed Duchess of Kent wisely resolved to reside in England after her child's birth, and remained at Kensington Palace, devoting herself to the care of

the infant. The little Victoria dined at a small table placed by her mother's side as soon as she could sit alone, and her little bed was always beside her mother's. She was often led about Kensington Gardens on her little donkey, decorated with blue ribbon, by a soldier servant of the late Duke of Kent, named Stillman, whom he had placed in a small cottage near the palace; and she was sometimes seen walking between her mother and her half-sister, Princess Feodora (a little girl of nine), always nodding her fair head to those who bowed to her, and smiling sweetly. Very often, following a pretty German fashion, the Duchess of Kent and her daughters would breakfast in the open air under the trees, surrounded by the little Princess's pets—her dogs.

Here also began that idyllic love between the princess and her young cousin of Saxe-Cobourg; and here also the sleeping "May flower" awoke one morning to find herself the Queen of a mighty empire.

At five o'clock on a June morning in 1837, a carriage and four dashed up the great central avenue of Kensington Palace, where the sweetness of early morning breathed from flower and shrub, the birds twittered in the early sunshine, and the sun rose in glory on a new reign.

Miss Wynn, in the "Diary of a Lady of Quality," has told the story, and it has been many times repeated; but it so belongs to the old palace that we must again quote it:—

"The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley) and the Lord Chamberlain (the Marquis of Conyngham) left Windsor for Kensington Palace, where Princess Victoria had been residing, to inform her of the king's death. It was two hours after midnight when they started, and they did not reach Kensington till five o'clock in the morning. They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the court-

* Pope's "Letters." † Vol. i., p. 333.

yard; then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed to be forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come on business of State to the *Queen*, and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did, and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few moments she came into the room in a loose, white nightgown and shawl; her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

At eleven o'clock that morning the Queen met her first Council at Kensington Palace.

"Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour," says Mr. Greville in his diary.

"Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the Palace, notwithstanding the short notice that was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which for this purpose Melbourne had himself to learn. I gave him the Council papers, and explained all that was to be done, and he went and explained all this to her. He asked her if she would enter the room accompanied by the great officers of State, but she said she would come in alone. When the Lords were assembled, the Lord President (Lord Lans-

down) informed them of the king's death, and suggested, as they were so numerous, that a few should repair to the presence of the Queen and inform her of the event, and that their lordships were assembled in consequence; and accordingly the two royal Dukes" (Cumberland, now King of Hanover, and Sussex) "and the two Archbishops were deputed; the Chancellor and Melbourne went with them. The Queen received them in an adjoining room alone.

. . . Then the doors were thrown open, and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles. She bowed to the lords, and took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, without any appearance of fear or embarrassment." . . .

"She was quite plainly dressed," adds Mr. Greville, "and in mourning. After she had read her speech and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Privy Counsellors were sworn; the two royal dukes first by themselves; and as these old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations; and this was the only sign of emotion that she evinced. Her manner to them both was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was furthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after the other to kiss her hand; but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance to any individual of any rank, station, or party."

Thus ended the first Council of Queen Victoria in the old Palace of Kensington.



VIEW OF LAMBETH PALACE.

LAMBETH PALACE.



THIS picturesque palace on the banks of the Thames was built by Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury, uncle to Henry III.'s Queen, by order of the Pope, as an expiation for his extraordinary and shameful violence to the

monks of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield. It is an almost incredible story. The Archbishop in his visitation came to St. Bartholomew's, in Smithfield, where the canons received him in a grand procession; he told them he desired not honour, but had come to visit them in the course of his pastoral visitation. To which the canon answered, "that they, having a very learned Bishop (of London) ought not in contempt of him to be visited by any other

bishop." Of course they were right; the Primate was an intruder; but the archbishop was so enraged at this reply that he struck the sub-prior in the face, saying, "Indeed! indeed! doth it become you English traitors to answer me?" Then with fearful oaths he rent in pieces the rich robe of the sub-prior, trode it under his feet and thrust the poor man against a pillar in the chancel with such violence that he almost killed him. The canons, fearing for the life of their sub-prior, came and pulled the archbishop off him with such force that they threw him backwards, and then saw that he was fully armed. The archbishop's men, being like him of Provençal nationality, and not clearly comprehending anything except that their master was down, attacked the canons, "beat them, tore them, and trampled them under foot. At length the canons, getting away as well as they could, ran bloody and miry, rent and torn, to the Bishop of London to complain. He told them to go to the king (Henry III.) at Westminster, and tell him how they had been treated. Four of them taking his advice hastened there, the rest were so much hurt that they were not able to accompany them. But when they came to Westminster, the king refused to see them, so they had to return without redress. In the meantime the city was in an uproar, the citizens shouted orders to ring the great bell, and were ready to hew the archbishop in pieces. He was obliged to hide himself in Lambeth, where they sought him, but not knowing him by sight, said to each other, 'Where is that ruffian, that cruel smiter? He is no winner of souls, but an exactor of money; whom neither God nor any lawful or free election did bring to this promotion.' But the king did unlawfully intrude him; being unlearned, a stranger-born, having a wife,"* etc. The archbishop managed to leave Lambeth, and went to the king at Westminster, where he made a formal complaint against the canons, whom he then

excommunicated; relying on the favour of the king to support him. For Henry III. was always on the side of his queen's countrymen and relatives.

The prior and canons, however, appealed to the Pope, who took a just view of the affair, and obliged the furious archbishop to atone for his cruelty by building a palace at Lambeth, as we have already said, in place of the old and smaller one. The building is varied in style from early English to the late perpendicular. The gatehouse entrance built by Cardinal Morton, in 1490, has an enriched centre, two large square towers of red brick, with stone dressing, and a spacious Tudor archway. The towers are gained by a spiral staircase that leads to the Record-room, which contains many of the Archives of the See. The chapel dates from 1244, and is early English with lancet windows. Its beautiful painted glass windows were destroyed in the civil wars, but Archbishop Tait, in 1868-82, put up new ones, and had the chapel decorated in fresco. The oak screen was presented by Laud, and bears his arms. Archbishop Parker, to whom Anne Boleyn entrusted her little daughter Elizabeth, lies before the altar.

But the most interesting portion of Lambeth is the Lollards' Tower. It was built by Archbishop Chicheley in 1434 and 1435. It is a large stone building, and contains the prison in which the Lollards were immured; the ascent to it is by a narrow newel staircase, the steps of which are much worn by the many reluctant feet that formerly ascended them. It is entered by a small, pointed stone doorway, so narrow that one person at a time only can pass it. There is a double door to it of strong oak thickly studded with iron, and with strong iron fastenings. The walls are lined with very thick oak wainscoting, which also covers the ceiling. Fastened into the wainscot, which is an inch and a half thick, are eight large iron rings. It has two very small windows, narrowing outwards. There is a small chimney. On

* Matthew Paris.

the wainscot are scratches—a few words here and there—a cross cut with a knife by the prisoners of those unhappy days.

The Lollards were thus named from their custom of singing hymns at funerals (from the German *lollen*). They were a sect whose preaching caused a great change in the religious opinions of the day; but they were fanatical and unsocial in their habits, and certainly greatly resembled the Puritans of a following age. They were mostly adherents of Wickliffe, who was himself brought before a private council at Lambeth, to answer for his opinions. He had previously been cited to St. Paul's, and was there defended by the famous John of Gaunt; now he was without the support of the great Lancaster's presence. But he had even more powerful protection in the citizens of London, who (with a mob of the people) forced themselves into the chapel to speak in favour of Wickliffe, while the queen's mother sent Sir Lewis Clifford to forbid them to pronounce any definitive sentence against him. Good Queen Anne, Richard II.'s adored queen, protected the followers of Wickliffe while she lived, and herself read the Scriptures in his translation.

The Church of England was for this first and only time in her history disloyal, when her archbishop and bishops joined the House of Lancaster against Richard II. and Henry IV., to reward their personal attachment to himself, passed the law by which heretics were to be burnt alive unless they submitted to the Church, the first law of the kind ever known in England.

William Sautre was the first who was burnt under this new and cruel edict, the first martyr of the Reformation, but he was put to death by Arundel, and was not one of those who were shut up in Archbishop Chicheley's Tower.

We are not writing a history of martyrdom, or we might give in detail the story of one of the occupants of the Lollards' Tower, whose fate was exceptionally cruel;

she was Joan Boughton, a lady, and over eighty years of age, who suffered at the stake, as did her daughter, Lady Young. We can never gaze on the Lollards' Tower without an emotion of gratitude that God has placed us in a happier and gentler age.

Two Popish prelates were committed to the Archbishop's Tower by Elizabeth, who also occasionally immured state prisoners in it. These prisoners were kept in separate apartments, and had their meals at the Archbishop's table.

Outside the Tower is a niche, in which was a statue of St. Thomas à Becket, and adjoining the porter's lodge there is a small room with immensely thick stone walls, a double door, high and narrow windows, and iron rings in the walls, as in the Lollards' Tower, showing that it also was a prison.

There is a curious account extant of the expense of building the Tower, which, as it gives us an idea of the rate of wages at that period, may be interesting. A bricklayer's and a tiler's wages were then 4*d.* a day with their food; a labourer's with food was 3*d.*, without food, 3½*d.*; so a halfpenny was thought a sufficient sum to feed a man. The whole expense of building the Tower was only £278 2*s.* 11½*d.*, though the iron work in it weighed 1,322½ pounds.

At the great gate of the palace the *Dole* to the poor has been given from time immemorial.

The Post room has some fine carving on the ceiling, and the library, or Juxon's hall, is a noble apartment, containing 30,000 volumes besides MSS. Many of these are very rare and valuable. The library has a fine timber roof. It is open to the public from ten till four, five days in the week, from April to July.

In the palace there is an historical series of portraits of the Archbishops of Canterbury from 1570, many of them by great artists.

THE THAMES:

ITS PICTURESQUE BEAUTIES.



LONDON'S noble river has even yet great claims to be considered picturesque; its width, its full free stream, its grand bridges, must assuredly win admiration. Of course it has lost much of its picturesque appearance since the days when royal and princely pageants chose it for their pathway; and when the barges of Essex and Cecil were moored by the steps that led from their lovely gardens to the stream; when swans floated on its tranquil surface, and the Thames waterman was himself a picturesque adjunct to the stream.

Now, embarking from Blackfriars bridge, we steam up a rather muddy river, over which pass innumerable skiffs, barges, luggers, and penny steamers; but the banks are crowned with noble buildings.

The Houses of Parliament with their rich carvings and campanile, the towers of the Abbey, the many great buildings, are worthy of the stately stream; while the extensive and separated buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital on the left bank speak eloquently of modern philanthropy; and Lambeth Palace and the Lollards' Tower are full of the memories of the past. Then following with our eyes the Embankment on the right hand, we see the grey walls of Somerset House, Cleopatra's Needle, and the young foliage of Charing Cross gardens.

Onward steams our boat, and soon we reach the Chelsea Hospital Gardens, and the building devoted by Nell Gwynn and her royal lover to the disabled soldiers of England—a deed of thoughtful goodness on the part of poor Nelly, which has won

for her a gentler judgment than she might have hoped to gain.

Cheyne Walk and its embankment are pretty; and the old chronicles recall the days when he who rests in the church—the brave and good Sir Thomas More, dwelt in the (then) rural village of Chelsea, and entertained the Tudor tyrant in his home; when bluff Hal walked in the garden with his arm round More's neck, and Lady More spoke of it as a sign of the royal affection; but the chancellor, with his shrewd smile, told her that nevertheless Henry would send his head to the block remorselessly for ever so slight an offence. He read character only too truly. Here the river spreads into the wide and beautiful reach by Battersea, and on the left is Battersea Park, where, in summer, are hedges of tall white lilies, and a semi-tropical garden full of lovely flowers.

The boat steams on, and we reach still lovelier banks, with trees to the water's edge. Putney bridge with the picturesque church and palace of Fulham, the residence of the Bishop of London; and then Hammersmith, also extremely pretty with trees and passing boats, and by-and-by Kew Bridge with its tree-crowned banks, its willows dipping into the stream on the shore, and the little island, and we pass the gardens where earth's loveliest flowers from all lands are reared, and where verdant lawns and noble trees offer a summer solace to hard-worked London.

And beautiful Richmond is gained at last, with its perfect hill, commanding a charming view of the river, and its park, also "a thing of beauty."

The old name of Richmond was Shene, or the "bright palace," and here was a noble palace, occupied, and alas, destroyed

by Richard II. For at Shene he had lived in great happiness with his beloved queen, Anne of Bohemia, and when she died, he could not endure the sight of the place where she had dwelt. He had the buildings pulled down and removed. Henry V. rebuilt Shene, and Henry VII. changed its name to "Richmond," that of his own earldom in Yorkshire.

Here his granddaughter Elizabeth enter-

tained her royal wooer, Eric, fourth king of Sweden; and it was here she died, a broken-hearted lonely old queen. "A view of the Thames front of Richmond Palace represents a long line of irregular buildings with projecting towers, octagonal and circular, crowned by ill-shaped turrets intermixed with small chimneys having somewhat the shape of inverted pears."

Richmond Park is the property of the



VIEW OF THE THAMES AT RICHMOND BRIDGE.

Crown; and it was enclosed by Charles I.,—"In the grounds of the lodge belonging to the Earl of Errol there is a raised piece of ground called Henry VIII.'s Mound." It is said that he stood here to watch for the signal from the Tower of London which assured him of the death of Anne Boleyn. It is in a direct line with the Tower, which is easily seen from thence with the naked eye on a clear day.

"In beauty the grounds of this charming

lodge (with reference to their extent), are exceeded by few in this kingdom." *

The trees in Richmond Park are almost entirely oaks: two very large ones are called the king and queen. We have not space here to describe all the lovely scenes on the banks of the Thames. We must leave Clieveden with its towers and Medenham with its ancient Abbey, and all

* Jesse's "Gleanings."

the lovely home scenes on the great river, to those who choose to take a well repaid voyage up to its source. It is full of beauty, as the exhibition of riverside views by Mr. Halswell has taught us. We shall close our brief sketch with Wordsworth's celebrated sonnet on the Thames in early morning, composed on Westminster Bridge, September 3rd, 1802.

SONNET.

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty.
 This City now doth as a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers and domes, theatres and temples lie,
 Open unto the fields and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep ;
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep,
 And all that mighty heart is lying still.

Sir John Denham has also rendered

poetic homage to the Thames. We subjoin a few lines from "Cooper's Hill."

Thames ! the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity ;
 Though with those streams he no resemblance
 hold,

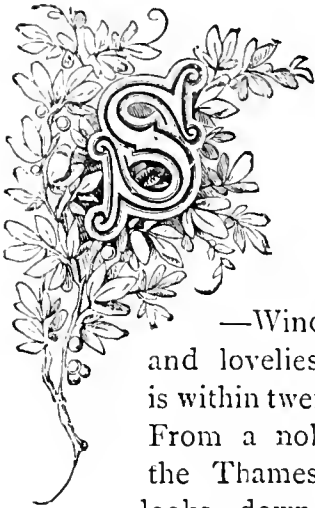
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold :
 His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring.

* * * * *

Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free and common as the sea or wind,
 When he to boast or to disperse his stores
 Full of the tribute of his gracious shores,
 Visits the world and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us and makes the Indies ours ;
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants,
 So that to us no thing no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
 O, could I flow like thee ! and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme,
 Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull ;
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Written in 1643.

WINDSOR CASTLE AND FOREST.



UNTILL sailing or steaming up the Thames, we reach the most stately home of the Queen of England

—Windsor. This grandest

and loveliest of regal dwellings is within twenty miles of London.

From a noble eminence above the Thames the royal castle looks down on a dozen surrounding counties, "bearing on its turretted brow the impress of majesty, strength, and power." From its keep can be seen Bedford, Bucks, Berks, Essex, Hants, and Herts, Kent, Middlesex and Oxford, Surrey,

Sussex and Wiltshire—a magnificent prospect for the eyes of the crowned and beloved lady of the land !

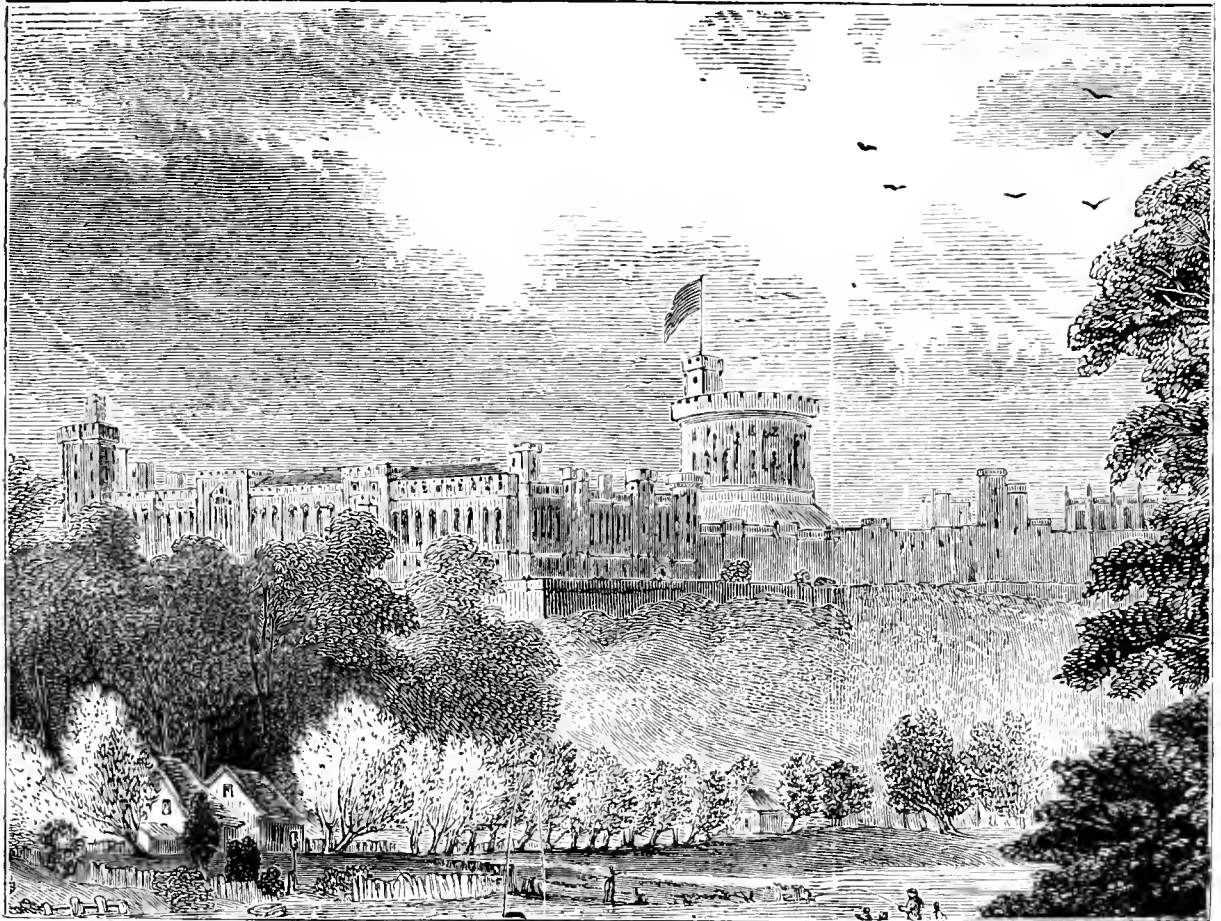
The Castle owes its stately existence to Edward III., who gave it grandeur and extent ; for, though he was born there, it was a mere fortress, with a chapel attached, till he extended it, and gave it its present grandeur and size.

The Windsor at which King John dwelt during the conferences at Runnymede was simply this earlier fortress, originally built as a stronghold by William the Conqueror. Henry III. enlarged and altered the Lower Ward considerably, and added a chapel. Thus it remained till, as we have said, Edward III. re-built it. He began with

the Round Tower, in 1315, when he was only 17 years old. His architect was the famous William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, of whose genius the Castle is one of the finest records. It was indeed a worthy dwelling for the great king, his equally noble wife, and his son, the Black Prince.

But Windsor, like the Tower, was both a palace and a prison, and it was the ransoms

of two captive kings that built a great part of it. The Upper Ward was erected at the expense of John, King of France; the Middle Ward, or Keep, at the cost of David, king of Scotland's liberty. The largest of the three wards of the Castle is the Lower Ward, which includes the Winchester Tower, Store Tower, Wardrobe Tower, Salisbury Tower, Garter Tower, Julius Cæsar's Tower, and the Belfry Tower. The great gate was



VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

without the Castle are King Henry VIII.'s, St. George's, and King George IV.'s. One within is called the Norman, or Queen Elizabeth's Gate.

The Round Tower or Keep was built by Edward for the purpose of assembling in it a fraternity of knights, who should sit together on a footing of equality, in the fashion of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table, and here the great Plantagenet designed to hold an annual festival; but in this he was thwarted by the jealousy of

Philip de Valois, king of France. For the construction of his intended Round Table fifty-two oaks were taken from the woods of the Prior of Merton, near Reading, for which the king paid £26 13s. 4d.

Disappointed of his Round Table Order, Edward instituted instead the Order of the Garter, the legend of which is well known. The patron saint was of course St. George; and Edward held a great feast at Windsor in his honour and that of the Order, with great triumph, jousting and tournaments,

attended by all his nobles, knights and squires.

His unfortunate grandson, Richard II., also held a feast of St. George there; a joust, with forty knights and squires challenging all comers. They were apparelled in green, with a white falcon embroidered on their surcoats, but few nobles appeared at this feast, so unpopular had the king then become.

The interior of Windsor Castle is very magnificent. The ante-room, vestibule, and throne room, with their painted ceilings, their exquisite carvings, and richly embossed medallions of gold and silver, are superb.

The Waterloo Chamber, the ball-room, and St. George's Hall, the latter two hundred feet long, are equally splendid.

The guard-room used to contain a part of the mizenmast of the *Victory*, against which Nelson was standing when he received his fatal wound. It is perforated by a ball which had passed completely through this part of the mast. This memento was in possession of William IV. when he was Duke of Clarence, and residing at Bushy Park. It was deposited in a small temple in the grounds, and in the bullet hole a pair of robins built their nest and reared their young birds. The mast, with a bust of Lord Nelson on it, is now in the Armoury at Windsor Castle. Here also is a silver shield, inlaid with gold, presented to Henry VIII. by Francis I. of France, at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The ceiling is groined with massive mouldings, and rests on corbels, supported by grotesque heads and richly flowered bosses. Here are piles of ancient armour, and full-length armed figures.

The Queen's Presence Chamber and Audience Chamber have painted ceilings, and are enriched with beautiful Gobelin tapestry.

The paintings in the State rooms are many and valuable. They are by nearly all the great painters. Two are especially interesting—the exquisite portrait of Charles I. on horseback, and the *Misers*, by

Quentin Matsys. The latter, a splendid painting, is also interesting from the story attached to it. Quentin Matsys, a young Dutch blacksmith, fell in love with the daughter of his master. This person had vowed that the maiden should only marry a great painter. The decision seemed prohibitory of the blacksmith's hopes; but Matsys loved the girl, and determined to win her. His beautiful ironwork proves that he possessed naturally a certain artistic taste. He studied the required art with all his powers, and at last produced this magnificent painting, which won him his bride, as well as both fame and fortune, while his heart-wrought work has found a home in the palace of ancient kings.

The fine old Keep was the prison of the Castle from Edward III.'s reign till the Restoration. The first prisoner of note who was confined here was James I., of Scotland.

His father, Robert III., was a weak old man, powerless to control or set aside the will of his brother, the Duke of Albany. Robert's elder son, the Earl of Rothesay, was wild and thoughtless; and Albany managed to exaggerate his misdoings to the king, and finally obtained permission to imprison the unhappy young man, whom he then caused to be starved to death.

Our readers have probably read his sad story in "The Fair Maid of Perth." The king, convinced of his brother's crime, but as unable to punish it as he had been to prevent it, resolved, if possible, to save his only remaining son (then nine years old) from his uncle, and succeeded in sending little James away from Scotland, on the plea that he wished him to be educated at the Court of France. But the ship in which the child sailed was taken by an English vessel, the two countries being at the time at war, and James was carried to the Court of Henry IV., who detained him a prisoner. But the education of the prince was not neglected. He had every advantage of instruction given him, and became the friend of Prince Hal, afterwards Henry V.,

with whom he learned the arts of war in France. It was while he was a prisoner in the Keep that James fell in love with the beautiful Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset. He tells the story charmingly in his poem of the "Queen's Quhair." His window, he says, "looked over a garden fair," in which was an arbour built of willow wands, and overshadowed by trees, with which all the place was set; and the hawthorn hedges were so thickly knit together that no one walking outside could see within it. The little sweet nightingale was pouring forth her song of love in it, till all the gardens and the old walls rang with the sweet strains. He continues:—

"And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
Where as I saw walking under the tower,
Full secretly new comyn her to pleyne,
The fairest and the freshest younge flower
That ever I saw (methought) before that hour;
For which sudden abate anon astart
The blood of all my body to my heart."

He thus describes the lady:—

"In her was youth, beauty with humble port,
Bounty, riches, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my tongue can report;
Wisdom, largesse, estate and cunning lure
In every point so guided her mesure
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That Nature might no more her child advance."

There is a tradition, believed by Mr. Tytler to be true, that rather accounts for the long detention of James in England. Mr. Tytler states that Richard escaped from Pontefract Castle (how, is not known), that he travelled disguised to the Western Isles, where he was discovered serving in the kitchen of the chief by a jester who had been bred up at the English court. This man revealed the wanderer's rank to Donald, Lord of the Isles, who sent him to Robert III., by whom he was generously treated and supported as became his rank. After Robert's death Richard was honourably treated by the Duke of Albany, who probably may have made his retention of Richard as prisoner conditional on Henry's retention of the young King of Scots, whose power Albany usurped. This story is, however, disbelieved by the English historians. Yet we are told that

there are entries in the accounts of the Chamberlain of Scotland, during the period in question, for sums expended for the maintenance of the king for eleven years, and that he was buried in the church of the Preaching Friars at Stirling. There are, however, many circumstances in Albany's conduct that render the tale doubtful.

But James was at last ransomed, and married the lady of his love, with whom he returned to Scotland, and was for a time very happy.

Let us leave him there; his unutterably sad fate belongs to the pages of the blood-stained history of Scotland.

Another poet who was also a prisoner at Windsor, and who, as James did, soothed his captivity by writing, was Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the last victim of Henry VIII.

He was the greatest ornament of the English court; a brave soldier, an accomplished gentleman. He had been an inmate of the Castle in his childhood, when Henry had made him the companion and playmate of the young Duke of Richmond, the king's own son, to whom Surrey became tenderly attached. The following poem, written by him during his captivity, is full of sad, sweet memories of that early friendship which had been broken by death.

"So cruel prison how could betide, alas,
As proud Windsor, where I, in lust and joy
With a king's son my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's son of Troy,
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour!
The large green courts where we were wont to rove
With eyes upcast unto the Maiden's Tower,
And easy sighs such as folks draw in love;
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight,
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
When each of us did plead the other's right;
The palm-play, where, dispoiled for the game,
With dazed eyes, oft we by gleams of love
Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravelled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts.

* * * * *

The secret groves that oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint and of our ladies' praise,
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
With reins availed and swiftly breathed horse,

With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force ;

* * * * *

The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest ;
The secret thoughts imparted with such trust ;
The wanton talk, the divers change of play ;
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
Wherewith we passed the winter nights away.
And with this thought, the blood forsakes the face,
And tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,
The which as soon as sobbing sighs, alas !
Unsupped have, thus I my plaint renew ;
O place of bliss ! renewer of my woes !
Give me account where is my noble fere,*
Whom in thy walls thou dost each night inclose,
To other leefe, but unto me most dear,
Echo, alas ! that doth my sorrow rue
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint ;
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew
In prison pine with bondage and restraint,
And with remembrance of the greater grief,
To banish the less, I find my chief relief."

To Queen Elizabeth Windsor owes its terraces, which she formed, and she annexed the portion of the Castle built by Henry VII. to that designed by herself; this annex is called Queen Elizabeth's Gallery.

The splendid state beds shining with gold and silver, were also additions made by the great queen.

In the civil war the Castle was mercilessly plundered, but Cromwell stopped the spoliation.

In the reign of Edward IV., St. George's Chapel, one of the finest perpendicular Gothic buildings in the kingdom, was commenced and finished by Henry VII.

It is a very beautiful chapel, from the grandeur of its architecture, its splendid stained glass, and its choir, where the installation of the Knights of the Garter takes place. The stalls of the knights are ranged on each side of the choir, and over each stall, beneath a canopy of carved wood, are the sword, mantle, helmet, and crest of each knight, with his banner above all; a brass plate at the back of the stall sets forth his name, style, and titles. The noblest names known are emblazoned in this chapel.

The very large perpendicular window has fifteen lights. In this chapel is the tomb of King Edward IV. enclosed by a range of admirable wrought steel-gilt church

work, by John Tressilian, smith. On the arch above hung the king's coat of mail, covered with crimson velvet, on which the arms of France and England were embroidered in pearl and gold interwoven with rubies. This trophy was stolen by the Roundhead Captain Fogg in 1642, when he also robbed the treasury of the chapel of its rich altar plate.

In 1789, more than three hundred years after its interment, the leaden coffin of King Edward IV. was discovered in laying down a new pavement in St. George's Chapel. The skeleton is said to have measured seven feet. A lock of the king's hair was procured by Horace Walpole for his Strawberry Hill collection.

Here also are the graves of Henry VI., Henry VIII. and his favourite wife, Jane Seymour, the loyal Marquis of Worcester, and King Charles I.

In 1813 the coffin of Charles I. was opened by Sir Henry Halford, when the remains were found as the faithful Herbert had described them.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES I.

AT NIGHT IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

The castle clock had tolled midnight ;
With mattock and with spade,
And silent, by the torches' light
His corse in earth we laid.

The coffin bore his name, that those
Of other years might know,
When earth its secrets should disclose,
Whose bones were laid below.

'Peace to the dead,' no children sung,
Slow pacing up the nave ;
No prayers were heard, no knell was rung,
As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,
In many a sullen gust,
As o'er the open grave inclined,
We murmured, 'dust to dust.'

A moonbeam, from the arches' height,
Streamed as we placed the stone ;
The long aisles started into light,
And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then,
That shook along the walls,
While the sad shades of mailed men
Were gazing from the stalls.

'Tis gone ! again on tombs defaced,
Sits darkness more profound,
And only by the torch we traced
The shadows on the ground.

* Richmond.

And now the chilly, freezing air
Without blew long and loud ;
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer,
Where he slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor,
No name, no trace appears ;
And when we closed the sounding door,
We thought of him with tears.

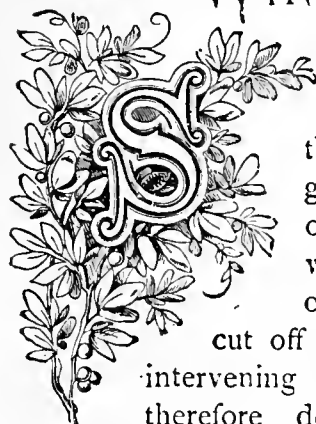
WILL. LISLE BOWLES.

The tomb-house, east of St. George's Chapel, was built by Henry VII. for himself, but he erected a far more stately tomb for himself at Westminster; and Henry VIII. gave his father's unused mausoleum to Wolsey, who prepared it for himself, but

after his fall the ornaments of it were sold as defaced brass. James II. converted it into a Romish Chapel, but it was defaced by a Protestant rabble. Next George III. converted it into a sepulchre for himself and his descendants. It has since been vaulted in stone, inlaid with the finest Mosaic work extant, and the windows filled with stained glass, as a sepulchral chapel in memory of the Prince Consort.

Of the magnificence of Albert the Good's memorial chapel, we have not here space to write.

WINDSOR PARK AND FOREST.



OUTWARD of the Castle lies the great park, a portion of Windsor Forest, which in the reign of Queen Anne was cut off from the Castle by intervening property. It was therefore determined to buy enough land to complete an avenue from the Castle to the Forest; this was done, and it became the Long Walk, generally considered the finest avenue in Europe. It is a perfectly straight line for three miles, running from the principal entrance to the Castle to the top of a hill, called Snow Hill. On each side of this magnificent walk is a double row of stately elms; on Snow Hill is placed a colossal statue of George III.

Windsor Great Park is indeed one of the stateliest woods that we can find in England. There is in it "a prodigality of shade" formed by some of the most beautiful beech trees in the country. The venerable pollards also are most interesting, for beneath their shade have walked many

of our kings and famous men; Shakespeare perhaps, and certainly Pope.

The size of some of these old trees is amazing. One beech tree near Sawyer's Lodge measured at six feet from the ground, thirty-six feet round. There are two magnificent old oaks near Cranbourne Lodge, one, at six feet from the ground, measures thirty-eight feet round; the other tree is thirty-six feet in circumference at four from the ground.

The most interesting tree, however, in Windsor Park is Herne's oak.

"In following the footpath which leads from the Windsor road to Queen Adelaide's Lodge in the Little Park, about half-way on the right a dead tree may be seen, close to an avenue of elms. This is what is pointed out as Herne's oak. It looks the picture of death itself. Not a leaf, not a particle of vitality appears about it. It stretches out its bare and sapless branches, like the skeleton arms of some enormous giant, and is almost fearful in its decay.

' . . . there want not many that do fear,
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.'

Its spectral branches might indeed deter

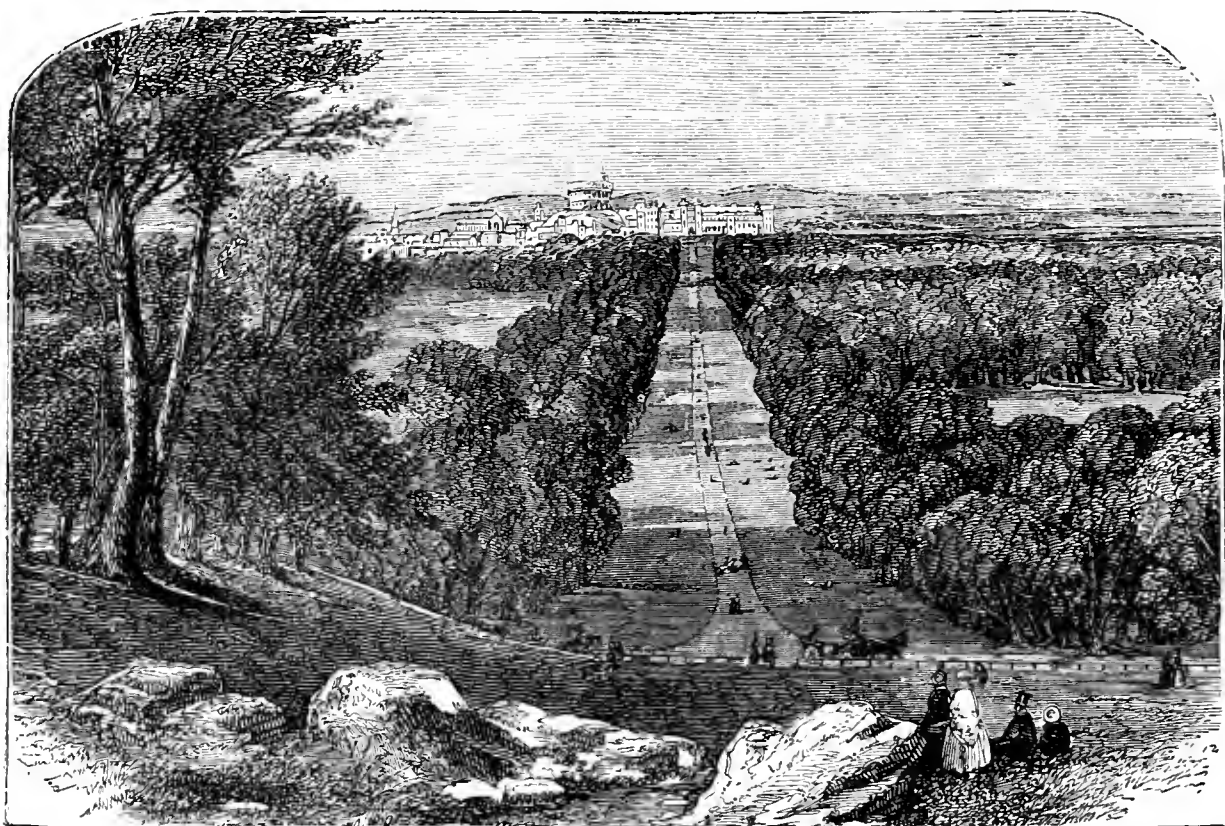
many from coming near it 'twixt twelve and one."

"I was glad," continues Mr. Jesse, from whose "Gleanings" the above is taken,—"I was glad to find a pit hard by, whence Nan and her troop of fairies and the Welch devil, Evans, might all have crouched without being perceived by the 'fat Windsor stag,' when he spake like Herne the Hunter." The pit above alluded to has recently had a few thorns

planted in it, and the circumstance of its being near the oak, with the diversion of the footpath, seems to prove the identity of the tree, in addition to the traditions respecting it,—

"There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragged
horns,
And there he blasts the tree."

The last acorn from Herne's oak was



WINDSOR PARK AND CASTLE FROM THE LONG WALK.

planted by Sir David Dundas, in his estate in Wales, where the tree still flourishes that grew from it.

In September the fern, then become golden, is extremely beautiful.

Virginia Water is another lovely spot when seen glittering in the sunshine, with the fishing boats and the pretty frigate on it; it is a delightful contrast to the woody scenery. The Belvedere and the Obelisk are, also, happily placed. Before George IV. bestowed them on the Zoological Gardens, wild animals were kept in this park;

and Mr. Jesse tells us a rather sensational story of the person who was their keeper. He took pleasure in petting the boa constrictor, and was accustomed to allow it a certain degree of liberty, by letting it loose in his own sitting-room. One day his pet (playfully, perhaps) wound himself round his friend's body, and would probably have crushed him to death, had not his cries brought help, and the animal been disengaged from him. Happily the snake had not been able to fix its tail to anything, or probably it would have succeeded in

crushing its beloved victim at once. Happily there are no longer snakes or wild beasts at royal Windsor.

The great public school of Eton, founded by Henry VI., is close to the royal founder's palace, and is a lasting memorial of his goodness and sense of the necessity of education. Henry of Windsor was, when sane, one of our most saintly kings; unhappily he inherited insanity from his maternal grandfather, Charles VI. of France.

Eton has sent forth many distinguished

men. The Duke of Wellington used to say that Waterloo was won at Eton, alluding to its athletic sports and games; and one cannot read Kinglake's description of the Balaclava charge without perceiving the full truth of the Duke's remark. It was an Eton boy who planted the English flag on the heights of Alma, and fell—the heroic lad—in the act.

Eton seems peculiarly connected with Windsor, and the loyalty of the boys is notorious. The Queen has nowhere more devoted subjects than at Eton.



GATEWAY, ETON COLLEGE.



VIEW OF LADY PLACE, HURLEY, 1832.

LADY PLACE.



FOLLOWING the course of the great river towards its source, we come to the "beautiful valley," through which, as Macaulay says, "the Thames, not yet defiled by the precincts of a great capital, nor rising and falling by the flow and ebb of the sea, rolls under woods of beech round the gentle hills of Berkshire." The valley is Hurley, a spot of great beauty. Here, in 1600, Richard Lovelace, who fought with Drake in the Spanish Main, and brought home much treasure taken from the Spaniards, erected on the ruins of St. Mary's Priory, a splendid dwelling.

His son was elevated to the peerage as Baron Lovelace of Hurley, and his great-grandson was the celebrated Lord Lovelace of James II.'s reign, noted for his taste, his magnificence, and his audacious Whiggism. He was five or six times arrested for political offences, the last for which he was tried being his contemptuous denial of the validity of a warrant signed by a Roman Catholic justice of the peace. He was brought before the Privy Council, the king being present, and was strictly examined. But he cleverly avoided criminating himself, and the evidence against him was not sufficient to convict him. James angrily exclaimed, "My lord, this is not the first trick you have played me!" "Sir," answered Lovelace boldly, "I have never played any trick on your Majesty or on any

other person. Whoever has accused me to your Majesty of playing tricks is a liar."

But we can scarcely allow that Lovelace was as truthful as he boasted, for he was soon afterwards engaged with the planners of the Revolution, and it was in a dark chamber under the splendid saloon of Lady Place that midnight conferences were held during that anxious time when England was impatiently expecting a "Protestant wind" that would bring William of Orange to her shores. Here, in fact, it is said the resolution to call William in was adopted, and the principal papers that brought about the change of government were signed.

When William III. landed at Torbay, Lovelace met him with seventy armed followers, and the new king afterwards visited his zealous adherent at Lady Place.

Lord Lovelace spent great part of his fortune in decorating his house. The grand inlaid staircase was magnificent; the ceilings of the rooms were painted by Verrio, and the panels were of paintings of Salvator Rosa's.

When the Lovelaces' wealth declined, the place was purchased by a lady who had won £20,000 in a lottery. She was a Mrs. Williams, the sister of the Bishop of Rochester.

The Williams' family were succeeded by the brave and unfortunate Admiral Kempenfeldt, who went down in the *Royal George* at Spithead, "while all the sea was calm."

Admiral Kempenfeldt and his brother planted two thorn-trees here. The brother occupied the house while the Admiral was at sea. One day he saw that the thorn planted by the gallant seaman had withered, and with a strange feeling of superstition exclaimed, "I feel sure that this is an omen that my brother is dead." It chanced to be a true presentiment, for that evening came the news of the loss of the *Royal George*.

The house was entirely destroyed in 1837, and only a green mound remains to mark its site, but Hurley is still a lovely spot.



BISHAM ABBEY.

BISHAM ABBEY, one of the most interesting houses in Berks, is one mile from Great Marlow, in Bucks.

In this ancient dwelling the Princess Elizabeth lived for nearly three years, committed by Queen Mary to the care of Sir Thomas Hobby and his sisters. Her residence here does not seem to have been an unpleasant one. A bow window was made for her at her wish, and a daïs constructed sixteen inches above the floor, so she was evidently treated with the respect due to

her royal rank; and when she became Queen, and Sir Thomas Hobby first paid his homage to her, she said to him, "If I had a prisoner whom I wanted to be most carefully watched, I should entrust him to your *charge*. If I had a prisoner that I wished to be most tenderly treated, I should entrust him to your *care*."

"The scenery of this beautiful spot is well known from the pictures of De Wint and other water-colour artists, who have portrayed the broad sweep of the transparent river, the gigantic trees, the church, and the abbey, with its mossy roof, projecting oriels, and tall tower, in every effect of cloud or sunshine."

Of the building as it at present stands, the octagonal tower, the hall, and the pointed doorway are part of the original foundation in the time of Stephen. The rest of the building—a fine specimen of the Tudor style—was built by the Hobbys. The hall, which was beautifully restored in 1859, has at one end a fine ancient lancet window of three lights, and at the other a dark oak gallery. “Here is a picture of the Lady Hobby, whose ghost is said to haunt the Abbey. She has in her portrait a very white face, and is in widow’s mourning of that period—a not attractive picture nor face, and a still less attractive original. In one of the bedrooms she is still—the tale goes—seen, a self-supporting visionary basin moving before her, in which she is constantly trying to wash her hands. The legend is that this cruel woman beat her little son to death because he could not write without blotting his copy-book ! It is a rather remarkable fact that about forty or fifty years ago, in altering a window shutter in the room said to have been the scene of the murder, a quantity of children’s copy-books of the time of Elizabeth were found, pushed into the rubble between the joists of the floor, and that one of these was a copybook that answered exactly to the legend, for it was covered with blots, as if the child could not write a word without making one : a poor little nervous fellow, probably, writing in deadly fear of the woman whose furious temper could over-

come even a mother’s love, and whose hand stained his copy-books with his blood.

Behind the tapestry in one of the bedrooms a secret room was also discovered, the chimney of which was artfully united to that of the hall, so that the smoke of both mingled and the secret chimney was not suspected.

There is also a still older tradition attached to the Abbey.

It is that Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who had founded the Abbey, came hither to offer his last prayers before he started for the Holy Land. His daughter, then residing as Abbess in a convent at Marlow, came to Bisham to meet him, bringing her nuns with her. Now one of Lord Salisbury’s esquires was deeply in love with the lady, and she fully returned his affection. They eloped together, and escaped in a boat to Marlow, but were there taken. The nun was returned to her convent (to be saved, we hope, from the fate of Marmion’s Constance by the power and protection of her father) ; the youth was imprisoned in the Tower. He made a desperate attempt to escape, by tearing his clothes into strips and making a rope with them, by which he endeavoured to descend. But the rope broke ; he fell and was dreadfully injured, but was taken into the Abbey, where he finally became a monk.

Thus, much sorrow as well as crime has visited this most lovely spot, where all should be sweet and tranquil as the scene.



ENGLEFIELD HOUSE,

AND ITS LOVE STORY.



ENGLEFIELD is one of the most ancient and interesting manor houses in England. It is a Tudor building, and was quaintly described in 1663 as "a well-seated palace with a wood at its back, like the mantel on a coat of arms."

It has a central tower, a series of projecting bays and fine stone terraces leading to the grounds, and appears a conspicuous object from the Bath road. It was the seat of a Berkshire family, who claimed to have been settled in it for two centuries and a half before the Norman Conquest.

Englefield was the scene of one of the greatest contests fought between the Danes and Saxons. Here, in 871, the battle of Æscendun was fought between the Saxons under Ethelwulf, alderman of Berkshire, and the piratical Danes.

A lofty spirit seems to have possessed Ethelwulf, for when he addressed his forces before the fight, he said, "Though the Danes attack us with more men we may despise them, for our Commander is Christ the Lord."

The Pagans were defeated, and two of their great sea earls slain on the field.

A long line of illustrious Englefields is recorded as serving their country in Parliament and in the field. One was controller of the household to Richard III., another was knighted at the marriage of Prince Arthur with Catherine of Arragon.

The estates were lost to the family by Francis Englefield in the reign of Elizabeth. Being a Roman Catholic, he became a zealous partizan of Mary Queen of Scots, and

was attainted and convicted of high treason in the 28th year of Elizabeth, all his estates being forfeited to the queen.

By way of avoiding the danger, Sir Francis had ten years previously settled the manor and estate of Englefield on his nephew, with power to revoke the gift whenever he should tender to his said nephew a gold ring, thus reserving a possibility of reclaiming his property at some future time. Of course use was made of this arrangement in order to save the estates; but Elizabeth had a sharp way of settling such disputes. She caused a special Act of Parliament to be passed establishing the forfeiture of Englefield to herself and her heirs, and then, tendering a gold ring to the heir of Sir Francis (who dared not refuse it), she claimed the property. By this cunning device, Elizabeth stripped the Englefields of estates that had belonged to them for 780 years.

Sir Francis Walsingham then became, by grant of the Crown, the owner of Englefield. Soon, however, the property passed to the Powlets, and after his house in Hampshire had been burnt to the ground by Cromwell's Ironsides, Lord Winchester spent the remainder of his life at Englefield, and was buried in the parish church.

A pretty story belongs to the residence of the loyal Marquis at the manor. A younger son of his fell in love with the daughter of a yeoman, or farmer, living in the neighbourhood, and engaged himself to her. Lord Winchester at first objected to the unequal match, but was at last won to consent, on condition that the maiden should receive proper training for her future rank. This her family bestowed on her; grace and a wider knowledge were added to her simple beauty, and she became an ornament to the family she had entered.

Far happier than the lady of Burleigh, she accepted her position with quiet dignity, and she and her Cavalier lived happily together. Her portrait in the picture gallery justifies by its great loveliness the taste and choice of her husband.

Anne, daughter and sole heir of Lord Francis Powlet, only surviving son of the Marquis by his second wife, brought Englefield to the Rev. Nathan Wright, younger son of the Lord Keeper.

On the death of their son Nathan in 1789 the estate devolved to Richard Benyon, Esq., by the widow of Powlet Wright, elder brother of Nathan, last named.

The property is still in the possession of the Benyon family.

In the beautiful park, which abounds in deer, is the church, a gem of its kind, con-

taining some noteworthy monuments, especially, as we have already said, that of the great Marquis of Winchester, who defended Basing House against the Parliamentary rebels. He died in 1674. The following lines by Dryden are inscribed on his monument:—

“He who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good:
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirmed the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here; rewarded by a Heavenly Prince
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear,
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ark of this age’s faith and loyalty,
Which to preserve them, Heaven confined in
thee.

Few subjects could a king like thine deserve,
And fewer such a king so well could serve;
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose and gave the law to fate.
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven.”

THE SIEGE OF BASING HOUSE.



WE cannot leave the grave of the loyal Marquis without adding a few words about that glorious defence of his house that has won a record in our history.

Basing House was one of those grand old mansions that were built with capacities for defence in troubled times, and in 1644 it was garrisoned for the king by the Marquis of Winchester. For three months it had been straitly besieged by the Parliamentary troops of Hampshire and Sussex under the command of Norton, a man of spirit and fortune. It was so closely begirt before the king’s march to the West, and was looked upon as a place

of such importance, that when the king sent notice to Oxford of his projected march into the West, the council besought Charles to relieve Basing on his way. But the king, thinking that it would retard his march, declined to do so.

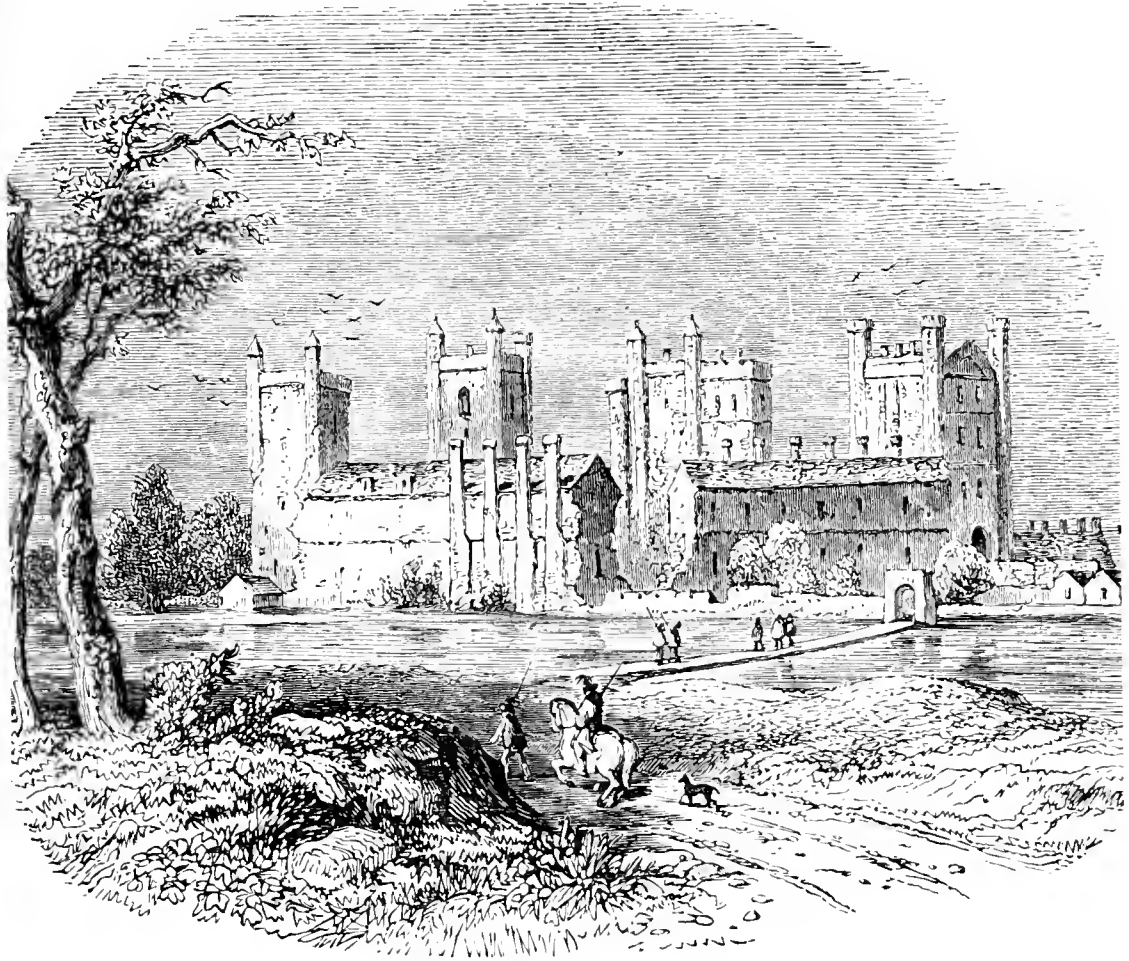
Norton now summoned the Marquis to surrender, but the gallant old noble answered: “If the king had no more ground in England than Basing House he would maintain it to the uttermost.” Yet at the moment he had sent frequent expresses to the council begging them to provide in some manner for his relief, and not to suffer his person and a place from which the rebels received so much prejudice to fall into their hands. The Marquis had indeed great claims on them, for Waller had besieged Basing House previously, and been driven off; and Lady

Winchester was at Oxford, urging the council to preserve her husband.

But famine now threatened to do that which the sword could not ; the garrison suffered the extremity of want. So great was it that in September, 1644, the Marquis, after sending messenger after messenger to Charles, who was then at Oxford, despatched to him at last, notice that if no assistance

came in ten days, he must surrender. The brave Colonel Gage then volunteered to convey them provisions. With great skill and some hard fighting he succeeded in his endeavour, and returned to Oxford successful ; but having had eleven men killed and forty or fifty wounded.

This extraordinary defence of Basing House naturally drew the eyes of the



BASING HOUSE AFTER THE SIEGE.

nation to it, and the humiliated and angry Parliament turned at last to Cromwell, and ordered him to undertake the siege. He marched thither with three regiments of foot and three of horse ; double the number of the defenders, and was at last successful. In his letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, October 14th, 1645, he says :—

“SIR,—I thank God I can give you a good account of Basing. After our batteries placed, we settled the several posts for a

storm. Col. Dalbeere was to be on the north side of the house, next the Grange ; Col. Pickering on his left hand, and Sir Hardress Waller's and Col. Montague's regiments next him. We stormed this morning after six of the clock ; the signal for falling on was the firing from our cannon, which being done our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness. We took the two houses without any considerable loss to ourselves. Colonel Pickering

stormed the new house, passed through and got to the gate of the old house, whereupon they summoned a parley, *which we would not hear*. In the meantime Col. Montague's and Sir Hardress Waller's regiments assaulted the strongest work, where the enemy kept his court of guard, which with great resolution they recovered, beating the enemy from a whole culverin and from that work, which having done they drew their ladders after them, got over another work and the house wall before they could enter. In this Sir Hardress Waller, performing his duty with honour and diligence, was shot in the arm, but not dangerously. We have had little loss; many of the enemies our men put to the sword and some officers of quality; most of the rest we have prisoners, amongst which are the Marquis and Sir Robert Peake, with divers others officers whom I have ordered to be sent up to you. We have taken ten pieces of ordnance, much ammunition, and our soldiers *a good encouragement*."

This *good encouragement* was valued at £200,000, in money, jewels, provisions, and magnificent furniture. Nothing could be more shameful and savage than the conduct of the Roundhead soldiers in this affair. The loyal and unfortunate marquis would have been murdered had not Colonel Hammond, who had been for a week the prisoner of the noble Winchester, in gratitude

for the generous treatment he had received, saved Lord Winchester's life at the imminent hazard of his own. Nothing can be more true or pathetic than Charles Landseer's picture of this event. Two hundred royalists were taken prisoners, one hundred were slain. Of the latter there were counted in the house, immediately after the assault, seventy-four men and one young lady. She was the daughter of a clergyman, Dr. Griffiths.

"She came," says Mr. Peters, Cromwell's messenger to the Commons, "railing against our soldiers for their rough carriage towards her father," whom even Peters acknowledges they used "hardly," *i.e.* "cruelly," on account of his being a clergyman; and when the daughter interfered to save her tortured parent, the wretched Roundheads killed her! Her two sisters and six or seven other ladies of rank were permitted to escape without serious injury.

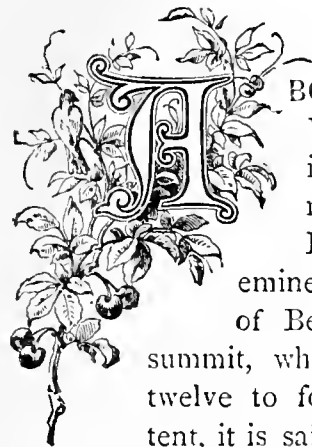
When the soldiers were withdrawn, a fire, caused by an unquenched fireball thrown by the besiegers, broke out, and in twenty hours only bare walls and chimneys remained of Basing House. The Parliament ordered it to be utterly destroyed. The Basingstoke Canal now runs through its site.

The Marquis of Winchester lived to see the Revolution of Charles II., but his heroic loyalty met with no reward or requital from his royal master.



WHITE HORSE HILL.

SCENE OF ALFRED'S GREATEST VICTORY.



ABOUT twenty miles W.N.W. of Reading is the famous and remarkable White Horse Hill, a bold eminence of the chalk hills of Berkshire. From its summit, which is a tableland of twelve to fourteen acres in extent, it is said that eleven counties can be seen. On this summit are the remains of a Roman camp, with gates, ditch, and mound still visible. But the chief interest of the hill is the carved figure of a white horse on it, 374 feet long, and said to have been cut in the turf by the army of Alfred the Great in commemoration of his complete victory over the Danes at Ashdown. Alfred felt that gaining this battle was the crowning mercy of his life, and thus recorded it on the very earth he had freed from the heathen invader. The white horse was the standard of the Saxons; it was appropriately stamped on the soil of the land they had won and saved.

"Right below the White Horse," says Mr. Hughes, "is a curious broad and deep gulley called the Manger, into which the hills fall with a series of the most lovely sweeping curves, known as the 'Giant's Stairs.' They are not a bit like stairs, but I never saw anything like them anywhere else, with their short green turf and tender bluebells and gossamer and thistledown gleaming in the sun, and the sheep paths running along their sides like ruled lines."

The other side of the "Manger" is formed by the Dragon's Hill, a curious little round projection from the main range of

hills. On this hill, the country people say, St. George killed a dragon. The track where the monster's blood ran down is still pointed out, with the assertion that no grass will grow on it; but the fact is the turf is worn off by the feet of visitors who mount the hill by this path. The figure of the horse can be seen at a great distance in dry weather, but in wet it is occasionally obscured by mud and weeds, and needs "scouring," as it is called.

The ceremony of scouring the White Horse has been solemnised from time immemorial by a concourse of people from all the villages in the neighbourhood. The horse is in the manor of Uffington, yet other towns claim, by ancient custom, a share in the duty. On these occasions the scourers are entertained by the lord of the manor; and by pick, shovel, and broom, their united labours keep the White Horse a distinct and glorious memorial of our patriot king.

Passing along the Ridgeway, a great road made by the Romans, to the west for about a mile, we come to a huge flat stone raised on seven or eight others. A path bordered by large single stones leads up to it, and this is traditionally said to be Wayland Smith's Cave—the Wayland Smith of Kenilworth! It stands on slightly raised ground, and is a very lonely spot with wind-stricken trees round it.

In a note to "Kenilworth," Sir Walter Scott tells us that popular belief still retains a memory of the wild legend that, connected as it is with the site of a Danish sepulchre (for such is the cave), may have arisen from some legend concerning the

northern Duergar, who resided in rocks and were cunning workers in steel and iron. It was believed that Wayland Smith's fee was sixpence, and that he was offended if more were offered—rather differing in this respect from ordinary workmen!

THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE.

"The owld White Horse wants zettin' to rights ;
And the squire hev promised good cheer,
Zo we'll gee un a scrape to kip 'un in shape,
And a'll last for many a year.
A was made a long, long time ago,
Wi' a dale o' labour and pains,
By King Alfred the Great when he spwiled their
consate,
And caddled * thay wosberds † the Danes.
The Bleawin Stwun, in days gone by,
Wur King Arthur's bugle harn,
And the tharnin tree you med plainly zee,
As is called King Alfred's tharn.
There'll be backsword play and climmin the powl,
And a race for a pig and a cheese ;
And us thinks as hisn's a dummel ‡ sowl
As dwoan't care for zich spwoarts as these."

The battle of Ashdown was fought, as we have seen, on this now hallowed ground; and had not Alfred there broken the Danish power, England might not have been a Christian nation for another hundred years. It was a grand contest. The Danes had marched up and seized Reading, and, having secured the town, began to scour the surrounding country for plunder. But the men of Wessex, brave and numerous, were not likely long to submit to the invaders. Their alderman (or chief), Ethelwolf, assembled at once as many men as he could, fought the heathen Danes at Englefield, and defeated them with great loss. Before three days were over, King Ethelred and his brother Alfred came up from the west, each leading a strong band of Anglo-Saxons, and joined the trusty alderman.

On the fourth day they attacked the Danes at Reading, but after a terrific combat were compelled to fall back along the line of chalk-hills to the neighbourhood of what is now called White Horse Hill. At length, however, their forces being aug-

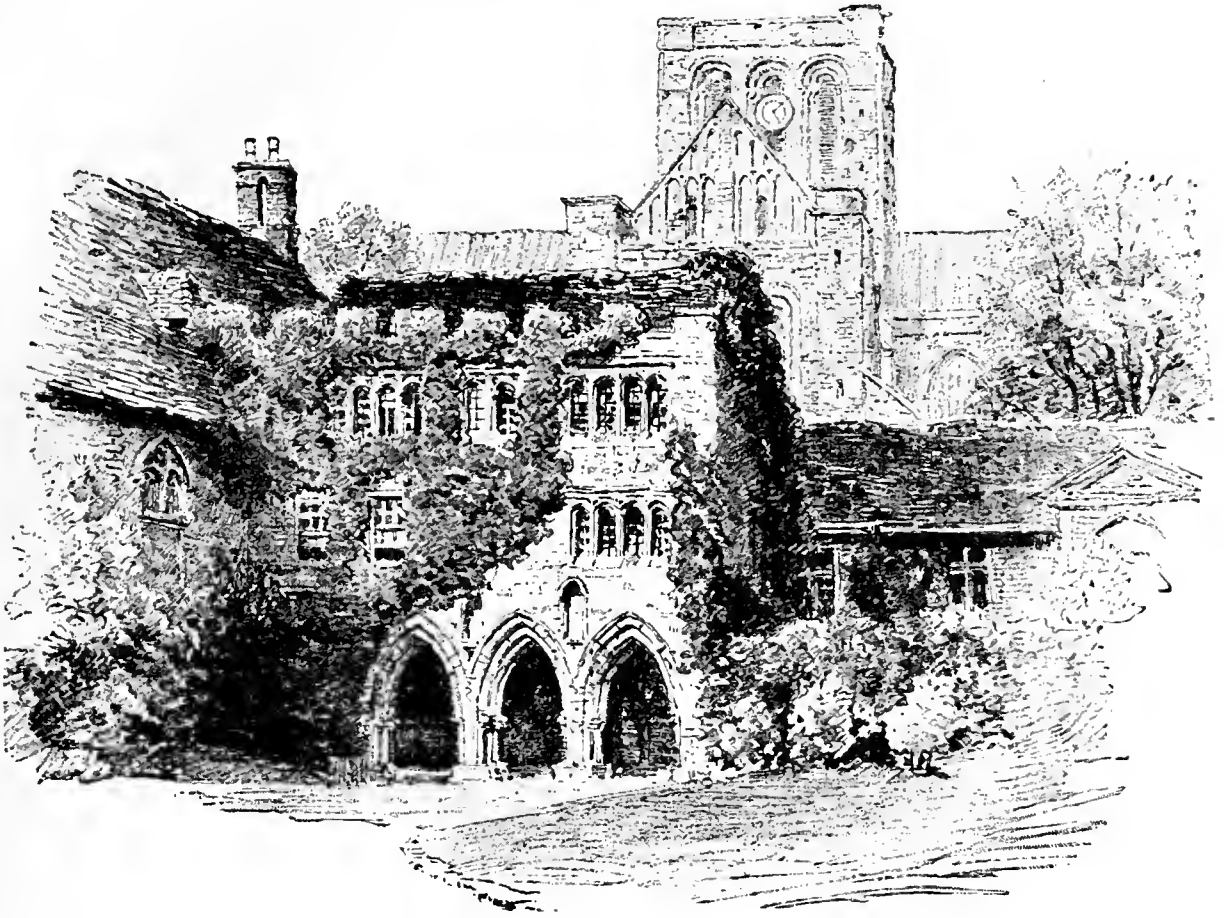
mented by fresh bands of men, the king turned at bay at Ashdown, and there encountered the whole army of the Danes, under the shadow of the famous hill. It was arranged that Ethelred should attack the two Danish kings, while Alfred fought against the two great sea-earls who commanded under them.

But Ethelred remained a long time in prayer, and hearing mass, though the Pagans were coming up quickly. "He would not," he said, "leave till the priest had done, nor abandon the protection of God for that of man."

"Then Alfred," continues the chronicler, "though holding a lower authority, as I have been told by those who were there, and who would not lie, could no longer support the troops of the enemy unless he retreated or charged upon them without waiting for his brother, so he marched out promptly with his men and gave battle. The Pagans occupied the upper ground, and the Christians came up from below. There was also in that place a single stunted thorn tree, which I myself have seen with my own eyes. Around this tree the opposing hosts came together with loud shouts from all sides. In the midst of the fight, and when Alfred was hard pressed, the king came up with his fresh forces, and when both hosts had fought long and bravely, at last the Pagans, by God's judgment, could no longer bear the attack of the Christians, and having lost a great part of their men took to a disgraceful flight, and continued that flight, not only through all the dead hours of the night, but during the following day, until they reached the stronghold which they had left on such a fruitless mission. The Christians followed, slaying all that they could reach, until it became dark. The flower of the Pagan youth were there slain, so that neither before nor since was ever such destruction known since the Saxons first gained Britain by their arms."

Such is the glorious memory preserved by the image of the White Horse.

* worried. † woe-birds. ‡ dull.



VIEW OF THE DEANERY AND CATHEDRAL AT WINCHESTER.

WINCHESTER.



WE will pass now from the scene of Alfred's first important triumph to the city where he lived and ruled during his wonderful reign—Winchester. This town justly claims a very high antiquity; in fact, it is thought to be nearly coeval with the Christian era. Here dwelt Shakespeare's Cymbeline and his gallant sons Guiderius and Arviragus. The latter—Arviragus—is best known to us by the name the Romans called him—Caractacus, who fought so gallantly for his native land, and whose noble conduct when taken prisoner and carried to Rome every schoolboy knows. Chroniclers relate

how Claudius, the Roman Emperor, adopted him into his family, and gave him his daughter Gewissa in marriage, with whom he was allowed to return to Britain and reign again at Winchester—then called Venta Belgarum. Their daughter Claudia wedded the noble senator Pudens, both of whom are mentioned by St. Paul, in his Second Epistle to Timothy (ch. iv., v. 21), as Christians at Rome. Claudia is said to have taught her faith in Britain, and Lucius, the great-grandson of Caractacus, was the first Christian king, not only in Britain, but in the world. He founded in Britain twenty-eight cities, with churches in each, and a cathedral. Lucius was the last tributary king of this country, the conquered land being after his time ruled by Roman proconsuls till the emperors abandoned it.

Uther Pendragon, the father of King

Arthur, was driven from Venta by Cerdic the Saxon, and the city then took the name of *Wintanceaster*, or Winchester. The next Christian king who ruled in Winchester was the Saxon Kinegils; he commenced building the cathedral, where his bones are still preserved. Egbert reigned here, and his descendants, till at length our glorious Alfred, "the miracle of history," as he has been justly called—warrior—law-giver—father of his people, "most Christian king," to him no empty title, ruled the White City.

Civilising, educating, and defending his people, Alfred resided in Winchester, then the capital of the kingdom, and was buried in a beautiful and stately abbey, built on purpose to receive him in death, in Hyde Meadow, near the city. But at the dissolution of the monasteries this abbey was pulled down; and since then a Bridewell has been erected on the spot where Alfred, his queen, and his son, Edward the Elder, had their last repose.

The descendants of Alfred continued to reign for more than a century, with the brief interval of the Danish conquest; then the Saxon family were for a short time replaced on the throne.

The king whom Sweyn and Canute drove from his throne—Ethelred the Unready—deserved his fate, for he was guilty of a terrible crime. He ordered the massacre of all the Danes in England on one day—the festival of St. Brice—which that year fell on a Sunday. The crime concluded the rejoicings for his marriage with the beautiful Emma of Normandy.

It was in Winchester that the Danish massacre began, and the streets literally streamed, we are told, with blood. The furious vengeance of the Danes which followed this atrocious act was almost equally terrible, and again Winchester presented the appearance of shambles.

Under Edward the Confessor, Queen Emma was accused of being accessory to the murder of her own son, Prince Alfred, whom Godwin, Earl of Kent, was supposed to have killed by putting out his eyes; she

was also said to have misconducted herself with Alwyn, bishop of Winchester. The queen, enraged at such slander, insisted on undergoing the ordeal by fire. Emma had been the wife of Ethelred the Unready, and her sons by him were Edward the Confessor and Alfred; after his death she married Canute, and had a son who became king, Hardicanute. Her demand could not be refused, and it was in the cathedral of the city that Ethelred had stained with the great crime of the Danish massacre on her wedding him, that she underwent the ordeal. Nine hot ploughshares were placed before the altar; the king, the bishops, and a multitude of the people were within the sacred walls, and saw the queen-mother, supported on each side by a bishop, step fearlessly on the red-hot iron, and walk across it unhurt. Her innocence thus miraculously established, she stood proudly facing the people, who rent the air with their acclamations.

The person who had first accused Queen Emma of having ordered the death of her young son—Earl Godwin—had been long suspected by Edward to have been implicated in the crime himself, and after the justification of Emma, the king felt convinced of it. A great feast followed the ordeal, at which Godwin was present. "The butler," says the legend, "slipped in bringing a dish to the table, but recovered himself by the adroit use of his other foot. 'Thus does brother assist brother,' laughed Earl Godwin. 'And thus might I have been assisted by my Alfred,' said the king bitterly, 'if Earl Godwin had not prevented it.' Upon this the earl, holding up the morsel he was about to eat, pronounced a great oath, and in the name of God said that the morsel might choke him if he had had anything to do with the murder. Upon this the king repeated a short prayer, and the earl attempted to swallow the morsel, but he could not. It choked him, and he fell dead from the table. The king, full of remorse at having listened to the calumnies against his

mother, exclaimed, 'Take away that dog, and bury him in the high road.'

Authentic history says that Godwin died of apoplexy at the feast, and he is certainly buried in the cathedral.

William the Conqueror loved the beautiful city, for it stands, or rather stood, amidst splendid forests, those of Bere, Woolmer Chute, and Pamber; and then, too, he had made, not far off, the great New Forest for his chase.

William Rufus was buried here. Mary I. was here married to Philip of Spain. Sir Walter Raleigh, Lords Cobham and Grey were here tried for treason, and three persons said to be concerned in the plot were beheaded on the castle hill. Cromwell did disgraceful mischief here, blowing up the castle, demolishing the bishop's palace, and knocking down the Norman tower at the west gate. His troopers stabled their horses in the cathedral, smashed the painted windows, and broke the statues of the saints.

There are many more historical memories of Winchester, but we have not space for all.

In the centre of the town stands the cathedral; at a short distance Wykham's College, and down in the valley the Hospital of St. Cross, nearly hidden by trees.

The west front of the stately and venerable cathedral is remarkable for the beauty of its workmanship, and for the fretted gallery over it, where the bishop used to stand and bless the people. Its fine window is rich with perpendicular tracery; it has two slender lantern turrets, and a crowning tabernacle with the statue of its builder. The eastern window glows with the richest colours of enamelled glass; the lofty roof is fretted with tracery, and the great height and vast length of its unbroken space is not surpassed by any cathedral in England.

In fact, Winchester Cathedral is as beautiful as it is venerable. The most striking works of art in it are the chantries containing the tombs of the prelates who

have been bishops of the see. They are of the most delicate and elaborate workmanship. There are two in the nave: those of Edington and William of Wykeham. The latter tomb is of great beauty, the sides of it are covered with panels of trefoil arches, and crotched spandrils, and emblazoned with mitres and armorial shields. His statue or effigy is remarkably fine; at his feet are three quaint little figures of monks praying. This chantry and Edington's are between the great pillars of the south aisle. So exquisitely are these chantries carved, that they appear rather to be wrought in ivory than in stone. They originally had each its own shrine, and the niches—now empty—bore figures of the saints. Here daily masses were chanted for the souls of the prelates, the chantries being endowed for the purpose. That of Bishop Fox, long prime minister and the patron of Wolsey, is very beautiful, as is that of Cardinal Beaufort, he "who died and made no sign." Gardiner's is inferior to these.

There are other objects in the cathedral of great interest as well as these chantries. There is the marble coffin of William, the Conqueror's second son Richard, who was killed by a stag while hunting in the New Forest before Rufus fell there; the Lady Chapel, in which Mary I. married Philip of Spain. The chair in which she sat is still to be seen. In the Chapel of the Guardian Angels there are remains of old paintings on the walls of angels and legendary figures.

In the north-east aisle is the monument of King Hardicanute, having on it the very appropriate figure of a ship, as marking a sea king's grave.

The northern transept does not belie its age in appearance; it was built by Bishop Walkelin, the cousin of the Conqueror. It is a stern and ancient-looking portion of the cathedral. There is a dark chapel below the organ stairs—the Chapel of the Sepulchre—whither in Holy Week worshippers assembled for the mass of the

Passion. On the roof are rude paintings of scriptural subjects.

The choir is of great beauty. The rich, dark wood-work of the stalls is thrown out by the pale delicacy of the walls above them. The fine vault of the roof has orbs at the junction of the timbers embossed with the armorial shields of Lancaster and Castile—for John of Gaunt and Cardinal Beaufort—with those of the Tudors and of various episcopal sees. Here are also emblazoned the instruments of OUR LORD'S Passion and the faces of Pilate and his wife, all in the most gorgeous colouring. On the floor of the sanctuary is a plain beveled stone of dark marble; it is the tomb of William Rufus, and arranged on the top of the beautiful stone portions defining the choir are six mortuary chests, three on each side, containing the bones of several Saxon princes. They were collected by Bishop de Blois in the twelfth century, and placed in coffins of lead in the Holy

Hole, a room in which were deposited sacred relics and remains of saints. A stone staircase, now, we believe, blocked up, led to it. When the choir was rebuilt, Bishop Fox had the coffins placed in these chests, which are carved, gilt and surmounted with crowns, with the names inscribed on them, and placed them where they now remain. The remains are thus preserved of Kinegils, who commenced building the cathedral; of Adulphus or Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred; of Egbert, Rufus, Queen Emma, Edmund, the son of Alfred, Edred, those of Bishops Wina and Alwin; and one chest contains the fragments inextricably mingled of the princely or holy dead that were scattered about by "the sacrilegious barbarism" of 1642.

The screen is exquisite; the canopies and lacework on the upper part are perfect; in fact, one of the finest and most picturesque objects in England is Winchester Cathedral.



HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS.

THE Hospital of St. Cross, an ancient and picturesque building near this city, was built by King Stephen, and is still a hospital, entire as in the days of the house of Blois. And still the bequest of the great Bishop continues, and every stranger presenting himself at the wicket is entitled to receive bread and beer. The bread is good, the beer what is called small; two gallons of beer and two loaves of bread are distributed daily.

The hospital is built as a quadrangle,

enclosing a court; the removal of one side has opened a view of the fields. The buildings are of great antiquity, as we have said. A strong gateway tower gives entrance to the court, and on its outer front kneels a statue of Cardinal Beaufort, in his hat and robes. Milner says: "In the corner over the gateway of this tower we behold the cardinal's hat displayed, together with the busts of his father, John of Gaunt, and of his royal nephews, Henry IV. and V., and of his predecessor, Wykeham. In the spandrels on each side appear the founder's arms,—France and England quarterly. The centre boss in the groining of the gateway is carved into a curious cross, composed of leaves and surrounded with a crown of thorns."

On the left is a cloister, in the centre of which is a projecting recess, in which stands an old table, said to have been used by Charles II. The cloister terminates in the church, and over it are the nuns' rooms, formerly occupied by three hospital sisters who attended the sick. Here also are the wards where the sick brethren were nursed. On the east end of these rooms is a window opening into the church, so that the invalids might hear mass as they lay in their beds. On the opposite side of the court are the brethren's houses. They have three small chambers each and a garden. They must be unmarried, or, if married, must not bring their wife here; they must wear a black gown with a silver cross on the breast. The third line of the building consists of the brethren's hall and the master's residence.

But the church is the glory of St. Cross. The whole of the building has the air of great antiquity. With the exception of the front and upper storey of the west end, the church was built by Henry de Blois in the reign of Stephen.

"Here," says Milner, "we find the ponderous Saxon pillar, of equal dimensions in its circumference and in its length, which, however, supports an incipient pointed arch." In fact, the building seems to have been a mixture of architectural essays, and is both venerable, curious, and picturesque. As a whole, however, it is thoroughly Saxon, with massy round pillars, and round arches with the billet and zig-zag mouldings mixed with a variety of ornaments.

With this brief notice of St. Cross we take our leave of the old capital of England and its neighbourhood.

We have not space to describe Wykeham's College, but there is a very sad and touching story attached to St. Mary's College, which we must relate.

About two hundred and fifty years ago a scholar of this college was—for some offence committed—confined by order of the master; report says he was chained to

a pillar. It was close on Whitsuntide, and he saw his companions depart joyously to their homes, leaving him an unhappy prisoner. His only consolation was to compose in Latin the well-known "*Dulce Domum*," in passionate regret and memory of the happiness of former years. Grief at his disgrace and disappointment affected him so deeply, that when his companions returned he was dead. Annually, in commemoration of this sad event, on the evening preceding the Whitsun holidays, the master, the scholars, and choristers of the College walked in procession round the court of the College and the pillar to which the unfortunate youth was tied, and chanted in Latin, accompanied by a band of music, the verses he composed in his affliction.

The following is a translation of

DULCE DOMUM.

Sing a sweet melodious measure;
Waft enchanting lays around:
Home! a theme replete with pleasure;
Home—a grateful theme resound.

Chorus—

Home, sweet home! an ample treasure;
Home! with every blessing crowned;
Home! perpetual source of pleasure;
Home! a noble strain resound.

Lo! the joyous hour advances;
Happy season of delight!
Festal songs and festal dances
All our tedious toil requite.

Chorus.

Leave, my wearied muse, thy learning,
Leave thy task so hard to bear;
Leave thy labour, ease returning;
Leave this bosom, O my care.

Chorus.

See the year, the meadow smiling;
Let us then a smile display;
Rural sports our pain beguiling,
Rural pastimes call away.

Chorus.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
And no longer loves to roam;
Her example thus impelling,
Let us seek our native home.

Chorus.

Let our men and steeds assemble,
Panting for the wide campaign;
Let the ground beneath us tremble,
While we scour along the plain.

Chorus.

O what raptures, O what blisses,
When we gain the lovely gate !
Mother's arms and mother's kisses
There our blest arrival wait.
Chorus.

Greet our household gods with singing,
Lend, O Lucifer, thy ray ;

Why should light, so slow upspringing,
All our promised joys delay ?

Home, sweet home ! an ample treasure ;
Home ! with every blessing crowned ;
Home ! perpetual source of pleasure ;
Home ! a noble strain resound.

PORCHESTER.



THE writer cannot pass over Porchester Castle, although no romantic incident is recorded of it ; for it was a childhood's haunt, and seemed then a visible representation of the castles of romance and of fairy-land. How many stories of knights and ladies, of giant and enchantress, we have woven in those days of the grey keep and its surrounding walls ! Then, too, it was difficult of approach by water—at least, if you were not well up in the tides, and were not very attentive to the posts that marked the channels up Porchester Lake, as that part of Portsmouth Harbour is called ; for at low tide the passage has on each side formidable mud-banks, and *if*, while they still were covered (but not deeply enough for a boat to sail or row over them), the boat stuck on them, one had to wait a weary time aground till the next high tide released her.

Yet the sail was a very pleasant one up the harbour from Portsmouth, passing the dockyard, avoiding the *Excellent's* gun practice, and gliding by the superannuated dear old men-of-war that would “dare the seas no more.” Then in Porchester Lake we had, on the left hand, the magazines for gunpowder and the little village of Hardway, while right ahead rose the grey keep,

backed by the great hill called Portsdown, with its glittering white chalk-pits and green downs.

At last we land safely on the beach, where grows the beloved blue borage flowers and many another little sea darling, and approach the castle. It is a very ancient fortress. Its origin is unknown, but Porchester must have had a fortress on its site from the earliest times. Stow says it was founded by a son of Beline in 375, and that its British name was *Caer Peris*. By the Romans the harbour and castle were deservedly called *Portus Magnus* ; and it has been affirmed by some historians that Vespasian landed here on his first visit to Britain. It must have been in his possession when he conquered the Isle of Wight. Titus was with him, and once when Vespasian was surrounded by the barbarians, who fought so gallantly for their native land, and was with his legion in considerable danger from them, his admirable son, with great boldness, broke through the ring they had formed, rescued him, and put the natives to flight, slaying many of them. In later times this castle was held by the great officer who defended the Saxon shore from pirates.

The outer walls, with their semi-circular towers, from one of which we had as a child a near escape of falling, were undoubtedly built by the Romans ; but Saxons, Normans and English have added to the castle, and the different modes of

building can all be easily traced here. The fortress is of quadrangular form, and includes an area of nearly five acres. The walls vary from eight to ten feet of thickness, and in many parts a rampart and parapet remain. There are eighteen towers connected with the walls still standing—round, square, and semi-circular ones. The keep, of noble dimensions, is in the north-western angle of the fortress. Here originally stood the ancient round tower of the Romans; adjoining was the *sacellum* for the Roman idolatrous ensigns. The round tower was removed, and a Saxon keep built in its place for the residence of the lord and his family; and where the Roman eagles and victories once stood was built a Christian church. The keep is, of course, therefore, early Saxon; it is lofty, and has two vaults or dungeons at the bottom, with three storeys above, each containing a double room of good size. The walls are nearly eight feet thick. The rooms in the two first storeys are lighted from narrow loopholes; on the third storey (where probably were the State apartments) there are small plain windows on two sides.

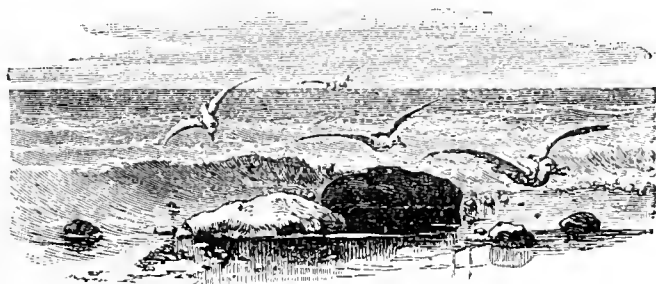
The most curious part of the inner court, which is Norman, is its entrance—a portal with an obtuse pointed arch, with a strong gate; then a portcullis, and beyond that another great gate; eighteen feet further on, a second portcullis, and beyond that a third great gate. The entrance pas-

sage is vaulted and perforated, and furnished with machicolations for pouring molten lead, hot water, etc., on assailants entering it. To these machicolations and the battlements above there was a passage from the top of the walls surrounding the inner court. These entrances, so strong and well defended, are mute witnesses of the terrible dangers of the period to which they belong, and from which they were intended to guard the indwellers.

The castle and town—it is now a village—of Porchester, with the adjoining forest, then valued at £16 13s., were settled on Margaret of Anjou as part of her dower.

During the war with Napoleon, French prisoners were incarcerated in Porchester Castle; there were at one time nearly 9,000 captives of our fleets within its walls. These poor creatures made and sold many trifles to the neighbours, and we have seen very pretty straw-work and silk shoes made by them, which are still to be found in the chests and attics of the country houses round the place.

There used to be a bust of Julius Cæsar kept in the castle; it was coloured, and the people had a superstition that when rain was approaching the colour of the cheeks faded! It is very doubtful whether it was ever intended for a bust of Julius Cæsar, as it bore not the slightest resemblance to the heads on his coins.





THE SOUTH TRANSEPT, NETLEY ABBEY.

NETLEY ABBEY.



NETLEY ABBEY is situated at a short distance from the eastern bank of Southampton Water, and about eight miles east of Southampton.

The walk to it from Southampton is one of entrancing beauty, rich in all the charms of water and woodland. Only part of the walls of the Abbey remain, but the site of the ruin is of considerable extent. It is embosomed in foliage, oaks and other trees rising in thick clumps round it; while within the roofless

walls trees of a lighter description have sprung up, and the blue sky shines down on the ruins through a tracery of green leaves, while luxuriant ivy clothes the grey walls and hangs in wreaths from them, so that scarcely a fragment of them can be seen till the visitor is close to them.

Netley Abbey stood, and stands, on a gentle elevation that rises above the bank of Southampton Water. Originally it seems to have been built as a square; but very little is left of the Abbey save the remains of the church, which occupied one of its sides. It appears to have been 200 feet in length by 60 in breadth, and to have been crossed at the centre by a transept of

120 feet in length. The walls can be distinctly traced, except in the northern portion of the transept. Many broken columns still remain, and there are also windows in different parts of the walls more or less defaced, yet showing that the Abbey must have possessed uncommon architectural beauty. The east end is the most entire, and has an elegant and elaborately finished window. We have stood also in the Abbot's kitchen, which is of great size; and in the refectory, which is conjecturally pointed out. Netley was once surrounded by a moat, of which traces are still discernible; and there are two large ponds not far from the buildings, which probably once supplied the brethren with fish; they are deep and full, and overhung by trees and underwood. About 200 feet from the west end of the church, and near the water, was a small building called Netley Fort, built by Henry VIII.

On the turf in the church lie many fragments of the old roof, which bear mute testimony to an accident, of which a strange account has been preserved in the locality. The Abbey roof was entire up to 1704, when Sir Bartlet Lucy possessed the Abbey. With singular want of feeling or sentiment, the Earl of Huntingdon, its next possessor, actually sold the materials of the church to a builder. The following strange story is told of this purchase by Browne Walters, the antiquary:—

“The earl, it is said, made a contract with a Mr. Walter Taylor, a builder of Southampton, for the complete demolition of the Abbey; it being intended by Taylor to employ the materials in erecting a town house at Newport and other buildings. After making this agreement, however, Taylor dreamed that, as he was pulling down a particular window, one of the stones forming the arch fell upon him, and killed him. His dream impressed him so forcibly that he mentioned the circumstance to a friend, who is said to have been the father of the well-known Dr. Isaac Watts, and in some perplexity

asked his advice. His friend thought it would be the safest course for him to have nothing to do with the affair, respecting which he had been so alarmingly forewarned, and endeavoured to persuade him to desist from his intention. Taylor, however, at last decided upon paying no attention to his dream, and accordingly began his operations for the pulling down of the building; in which he had not proceeded far, when, as he was assisting at the work, the arch of one of the windows, but not the one he had dreamed of (which was the east window still standing), fell upon his head and fractured his skull. It was thought at first that the wound would not prove mortal; but it was aggravated through the unskilfulness of the surgeon, and the man died.”

The accident that befell Taylor was thought to have been a judgment of Heaven on him, and the Abbey was thus saved from demolition.

This story is told in the “History of Mitred Abbeys,” and is quite intelligible. The instinctive reverence of the builder, struggling with his greed, undoubtedly caused his dreams, aided perhaps by his knowledge that the task of taking down the Abbey church must necessarily be a dangerous one. Happily, however, the walls still in great part remain, probably no one caring to take the risk of their removal.

Netley has no longer any architectural perfection to boast, but the loveliness of its position is unrivalled—the beautiful trees, the blue water, the distant view out nearly to the Needles, the sea breezes sighing through the trees, will always render its site attractive. Bowles has written the following lines on Netley, which describe the effect it has on one's mind very accurately:—

“Fallen pile! I ask not what has been thy fate;
But when the winds, slow-wafted from the main,
Through each rent arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
Of those who once might proudly in their prime
Have stood with giant port; till, bowed by time

Or injury, their ancient boast forgot,
 They might have sunk like thee; though thus
 forlorn,
 They lift their heads, with venerable hairs
 Besprent, majestic yet, and as in scorn
 Of mortal vanities and short-lived cares;
 E'en so dost thou, lifting thy forehead grey,
 Smile at the tempest and time's sweeping sway."

The Abbey was founded by Peter Roche, Bishop of Winchester, in the thirteenth century. Its monks belonged to the severe order of the Cistercians, and were originally brought from the neighbouring Abbey of Beaulieu.

It was never a rich establishment, and at the dissolution of the monasteries it contained only an abbot and twelve monks, while its net revenue was only a hundred per annum. Moreover, it possessed only one book!—a copy of Cicero's "Treatise on Rhetoric." In 1537 the place was granted by the king to Sir William Paulet, afterwards the celebrated Marquis of Winchester, of whose valiant defence of Basing House, in the time of the civil war, the memory still exists in Hampshire.

THE NEW FOREST.



HERE is scarcely a lovelier spot in southern England than the New Forest; although of late years it has lost much of its sylvan beauty.

One should see it in the summer. Then, making one's way by the wide and excellent roads that run through it, we may seek a nook beneath the magnificent old trees in the heart of the wood, and rest upon the moss and ferns at their foot. The air is most pure and sweet; the shade of "melancholy boughs" protects us from the glare of the midsummer sun that gilds and brightens the open spots within our view. There is the far-off song of a lark, high above, a soft *roulade* of coos from the wood-pigeons, a hum of bees, and the trickle, trickle of a rill that passes close by, hidden among the ferns; while the eye rests upon trees that time has crowned with most magnificent beauty.

And yet this glorious greenwood is the product and the memorial of a crime.

England had been conquered by the Norman, and the Conqueror—loving best of all her fair cities the ancient town of Winchester—resolved to make a mighty chase close to his dwelling-place. He was not satisfied with the noble woods close by, which had sufficed the Saxon kings; he resolved to have a special one, such as few monarchs possessed so near at hand to their palaces. He therefore doomed to a temporary desolation the district called Itene or Ytchene.

It was already a woodland of great beauty, with tracts of common land covered with turf, golden gorse, and heath, and noble groups of trees and underwood that afforded a harbour to wild animals. But there were churches, manors, and villages in that extent of thirty miles by ninety, which were to form his chase; and all these the will of the savage Norman doomed to destruction. So rapidly was the ruthless order carried out, that very shortly a mighty forest darkened the land, and the traces of human habitation were buried beneath the wild growth of nature. There are names in the forest that still retain some recollection of what was once an inhabited district; Church-place and Church-moor mark the



VIEW IN THE FOREST.

spots where prayer once ascended to God ; Thompson's Castle still retains the name of its former owner.

It was said of William the Norman that he loved wild beasts "as if he were their father," and it seems a true judgment tested by his cruel laws. The slaying of a man might be atoned for by a price ; but he who killed a stag, boar, or even hare, was punished with total blindness. Even his Norman nobles might keep no sporting dogs on their estates unless the fore-paws of the poor animals were mutilated. This law was an exceedingly cruel one at a time when men depended on the chase for much of their subsistence.

But William seems to have brought a curse on himself and his progeny by this act of ruthless selfishness. His second son, Richard, was gored to death by a stag, as he was hunting here ; his wife and favourite daughter died soon after, and he met his own death as the consequence of his cruelty to the city of Mantes.

His second son, Rufus, succeeded him, and kept his court at Malwood Keep in 1100, close to the forest in which he intended that same Lammas-tide to hold a chase. Prince Henry, his younger brother, was with him.

The morning of that second of August dawned in unusual splendour. The previous night had been disturbed by Rufus, who had had an awful dream, and whose shouts had called his followers to his bedside, where, at his request, they had remained till dawn. But at breakfast the king was in great spirits. The day was come that he had fixed on for the chase, and he had forgotten his dream.

While he was preparing for the hunt, an artizan brought him six new arrows. He praised the workmanship, and, keeping four for himself, he gave the two others to his favourite, Sir Walter Tyrrel, or de Poix, saying, "Good weapons are due to him who knows how to make a good use of them."

And now the horses were at the door,

and the huntsman's horn sounded, when a strange monk suddenly appeared and demanded an interview with the king, saying that he had matters of great moment to communicate to him. He was admitted and brought before the Red King. "What would you with me, Sir Priest?" asked William, frowning at the delay.

"King of England," said the monk solemnly, "I bear thee a message from the Norman Abbot of St. Peter's at Gloucester, and thank Heaven—long and weary as the journey has been—I have arrived in time. He warns thee, Sire, not to hunt in the New Forest on this holy Lammas morn ; for one of his monks has dreamed a dreadful dream about thee. He saw thee lying dead and bleeding beneath an oak in thy New Forest as the blessed sun was sinking, and assuredly if thou huntest to-day it will be for the last time."

The king's brow clouded ; he had had an evil dream himself ; but the next moment he shook off the superstitious thrill that was foreign to his godless, fearless nature, and smiled scornfully.

"Monks can dream as it suits them," he said ; "I am not a child to be scared by visions. To horse, Walter de Poix (Tyrrel). Do you think I am one of those fools who give up their pleasure or business for such matters? The man is a true monk. He dreameth for the sake of money. Give him a hundred pence, and bid him dream of better fortune to our person."

In vain the monk entreated and expostulated ; the huntsmen followed the royal example, and were soon on horseback galloping off, a noisy company, to the forest.

Once within its shades, they divided about, and by-and-by William and Walter Tyrrel were alone.

They had had good sport, when towards sunset a hart came bounding by between the king and his companion, who stood at the moment concealed in opposite thickets.

The king drew his bow, but the string

broke, and at the twang the noble beast paused and looked round. The rays of the sun now piercing the trees horizontally were in the king's eyes; he raised his bridle hand to shade them, and cried impatiently, "Shoot, Walter, shoot!"

Tyrrel obeyed, and drew his bow at once. But—was his aim untrue?—the arrow glanced aside from a tiny branch, and striking the king under his raised arm pierced him to the breast, and he fell dead from his horse.

Tyrrel flew to his side, but saw at once that Rufus was dead, and that help was vain. Then a sense of his own danger smote him. To slay a king was a dangerous accident in more ways than one. Who would believe so strange a story? He would not risk the telling it! He sprang on his steed, spurred it to its utmost speed, gained in safety the sea-shore, and from thence sought refuge in France, finally going to the Holy Land in expiation of his involuntary treason.

The sun sank; twilight fell on the forest, and still the Red King lay bleeding beneath the oak. A charcoal burner returning from his day's work found the body at last, and putting it into his cart took it to Winchester, where the slain monarch was finally buried.

Kingsley, in his quaint imitation of a ballad of the period, gives a somewhat different version of the story.

THE RED KING.

The king was drinking in Malwood Hall,
There came in a monk before them all;
He thrust by squire, he thrust by knight,
Stood over against the dais aright;
And "The word of the Lord, thou cruel Red King,
The word of the Lord to thee I bring.
A grimly sweven I dreamt yestreen;
I saw thee lie under the hollins green,
And thorough thy heart an arrow been;
And out of thy body a smoke did rise,
Which smirched the sunshine out of the skies.
So if thou God's anointed be,
I rede thee unto thy soul thou see;
For mitre and pall thou hast y'sold,
False knight to Christ, for gain and gold;
And for this thy forest were digged down, all
Steading and hamlet and churches tall;
And Christe's poor were ousten forth,
To beg their bread from south to north;
So tarry at home and fast and pray,

Lest fiends hunt thee in the judgment day."
The monk he vanished where he stood;
King William sterte up wroth and wod;
Quod he: "Fools' wits will jump together,
The Hampshire ale and the thunder weather
Have turned the brains of us both, I think;
And monks are curst when they fall to drink.
A lothly sweven I dreamt last night,
How there hoved anigh me a griesly knight,
Did smite me down to the pit of hell;
I shrieked and woke, so fast I fell.
There's Tyrrel as sour as I, perdie,
So he of you all shall hunt with me;
A grimly brace for a hart to see."

The Red King down from Malwood came;
His heart with wine was all aflame,
His eyne were shotten, red as blood,
He rated and swore wherever he rode.

They roused a hart, that grimly brace,
A hart of ten, a hart of grease,
Fled over against the king's place.
The sun it blinded the king's ee,
A fathom beyond his hocks shot he;
"Shoot thou," quod he, "in the fiend's name;
To lose such a quarry were seven years' shame,"
And he hove up his arm to mark the game.
Tyrrel he shot full light, God wot;
For whether the saints they swerved the shot,
Or whether by treason men knowen not,
But under the arm, in a secret part,
The iron fled through the king's heart.

* * * * *

Tyrrel he smiled full grim that day,
Quod "Shooting of kings is no bairn's play;"
And he smote in the spurs and fled fast away.

Prince Henry shared in the family love of sport, but had often been so poor as not to have even a horse to chase the deer, and used to follow it on foot. But now he was friends with Rufus, and had the silver his father had left him, consequently he was able to hunt with the king on that memorable 2nd of August. But being separated from the royal hunt while pursuing his game in a glen of the forest, he, by accident, broke the string of his cross-bow, and seeing a forester's hut near, he went to it to see if he could get it replaced. As he entered an old woman advanced to meet him, and addressed to him in Norman French these lines:—

"Hasty news to thee I bring,
Henry, thou art now a king;
Mark the words and heed them well,
Which to thee in truth I tell,
And recall them in the hour
Of thy state and kingly power."

She then passed swiftly from the hut, and at the same moment Henry heard the cries of

those who had found Rufus's body: "The king is killed—the king is dead," and at once springing to his horse rode full speed off to Winchester to seize the royal treasure and obtain the crown. Butewit, the royal treasurer, strove to get there before him and save the treasure for Robert; but Henry won the day, and being chosen king by the Commons, was (on the third day after Rufus's death) crowned King of England.

The old sibyl had doubtless seen the king dead previously. We do not hear if Henry ever saw her again.

The wickedness of William Rufus must have been really as great as the monkish chroniclers represented it to have been, for even in distant Cornwall a legend still exists that proves the universality of the people's belief in it.

Robert, Earl of Moreton, was created Earl of Cornwall by William the Conqueror. He was remarkable for his valour and wisdom, yet he was the especial friend of Rufus. As Earl of Cornwall, he gave St. Michael's Mount to the monks of Mount St. Michael in Normandy, and seized on the Priory of St. Petroc, in Bodmin, for his own use, taking possession of all its lands.

It happened that Robert was hunting in the extensive woods round Bodmin—of which some remains are still to be found in the Glyn Valley—when the following fabulous incident is said to have occurred.

"The chase," says Mr. Gunn, in "Abbeys and Castles," "had been a severe one. A fine old red deer had baffled the huntsmen, and they were dispersed through

the intricacies of the forest, the Earl of Cornwall being left alone. He had advanced beyond the shades of the woods on to the moor above them, when he was surprised to see a very large black goat advancing over the plain. As it approached him, which it did rapidly, he saw that it bore on its back 'King Rufus,' all black and naked, and wounded in the midst of his breast. Robert adjured the goat, in the name of the Holy Trinity, to tell what it was he carried so strangely. He answered, 'I am carrying your king to judgment; yea, that tyrant William Rufus, for I am an evil spirit, and the avenger of his malice that he bore to the Church of God. It was I that did cause this slaughter; the proto-martyr of England, St. Albyn, commanding me so to do, who complained to God of him, for his grievous oppression in this isle of Britain which he first hallowed.' Having so spoken, the spectre vanished.

"Robert the Earl related the circumstance to his followers, and they shortly after learned that at that very hour William Rufus had been slain in the New Forest by the arrow of Walter Tyrrel."

If this fable is not of later invention than William's time; if Earl Robert really told such a story, it would appear that the fatal arrow was not discharged accidentally, and that Earl Robert knew something about it; but most probably the legend (which is *very* old) may have originated in the imagination of the people at that time; and mark only the great unpopularity of the second Norman king.



THE ISLE OF WIGHT :

WITH THE STORY OF CARISBROOK.



THIS beautiful little island contains some of the most picturesque scenery in England. Situated in the English Channel, opposite Portsmouth Harbour and Stokes' Bay, it lies an emerald gem on the waters. The point of St. Helen's and the Needle Rocks at opposite ends of the island are striking objects from the sea ; on the south-east side is beautiful Bonchurch ; and more to the south, Ventnor.

At Bonchurch is the picturesque churchyard, sloping down to the sea, in which the shadow of the cross falls on the grave of the Rev. W. Adams, the author of the beautiful allegory of that title, and of the "Distant Hills," etc. The Rev. Legh Richmond was curate in the island of the parishes of Brading and Yaverland. Here he wrote his touching story of the "Young Cottager," in which he gives the following admirable description of the island seen from the churchyard of Brading.

"Eastward of us extended a large river, or lake of sea water, chiefly formed by the tide, and nearly enclosed by the land. Beyond this was a fine bay and road for ships, filled with vessels of every size, from the small sloop or cutter to the first-rate man-of-war. On the right hand of the haven rose a hill of peculiarly beautiful form, and considerable height. Its verdure was very rich, and many hundred sheep grazed upon its sides and summit. From the opposite shore of the same water, a large sloping extent of bank was diversified by fields, woods, hedges, and cottages.

At its extremity stood, close to the edge of the sea itself, the remains of the tower of an ancient church still preserved as a sea-mark. Far beyond the bay, a very distant shore was observable, and land beyond it ; trees, towns, and other buildings appeared, more especially when gilded by the reflected rays of the sun. To the south-westward of the garden was another down, covered also with flocks of sheep, and a portion of it fringed with trees."

It was in Brading churchyard that "little Jane" learned the epitaph,—

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear."

The "Dairyman's Daughter," another tale of the Isle of Wight, acquired extraordinary celebrity, and was immediately translated by the Religious Tract Society into French and Italian, and subsequently into most languages. It was the most popular tract ever known. We have heard of one rather queer translation of it, told to a relative by Mr. Austin Layard. He found an Arab sheik with a copy of it in Arabic in his hand, looking rather puzzled. He asked what was the difficulty. The sheik replied, "The title—he did not know what 'The Daughter of the Father of Milk' meant." Thus the "Dairyman's Daughter" had been translated.

For seven years Mr. Richmond worked in the Isle of Wight, and wrote there all his "Annals of the Poor."

Carisbrook Castle is one of the most interesting of the fortresses of the Isle of Wight, from its great antiquity and strength. It was probably a British camp, and when Vespasian took the island he garrisoned the fort. The first authentic mention of Carisbrook is in 530, when Cerdic, king of the West Saxons, took the island, exterminated

its inhabitants, and gave the fortress, strengthened as it had been by the Romans, to his nephew Whitgar.

The castle is extremely picturesque and romantic ; the Keep stands on an artificial mound ; it lies to the north, and is much

higher than the ground plan of the fortress. It is supposed to have been built in the sixth century by the Saxons. In the eleventh century FitzOsborne, the Norman, built a larger castle, and included the Keep and the portion near it in his enclosure of



ENTRANCE TO THE KEEP, CARISBROOK CASTLE.

an acre and a half. This was of a square form with rounded angles, and was surrounded by a fosse, or ditch. Here the lords of the race lived, and all lands held of it were granted on condition of serving it and defending it from all enemies. Hence it was called the Honour of Caris-

brook. FitzOsborne's castle was repaired and enlarged by the Earl of Salisbury in Richard's II.'s reign ; and was again enlarged and some parts rebuilt by Lord Woodville, who was put to death by Richard III. at Pontefract, two months after the death of Edward IV.

When the Spanish Armada was expected, Queen Elizabeth fortified Carisbrook with outer walls, faced with stone and defended by five bastions. The Queen gave £4,000 towards the repair of the fortress, and the gentlemen of the island £400. The patriotic commons dug the outer ditch gratuitously.

Among the curiosities of Carisbrook are two wells—one, in the centre of the keep, three hundred feet deep, is now partially filled up; the other, in the castle yard, is two hundred feet deep, and the water is drawn up from it by means of a wheel, turned by a donkey. The wheel is broad and hollow, and furnished inside with steps of projecting pieces of wood; the donkey is placed in the interior of the wheel, and by treading from one step to another, makes the wheel turn round, and bring up the bucket. This well is also remarkable for echoing the fall of a pin distinctly.

Carisbrook Castle was defended against the Parliamentarians by a lady, who somewhat resembled the celebrated Countess of Derby.

The Earl of Portland had been governor of the island for many years during the reign of Charles I., but at an early stage in the civil war he was removed by Parliament on account of his religion. He was a Roman Catholic. He was imprisoned in London on this ground, and accused also by the Commons of having wasted the public money in ammunition, entertainments, and drinking loyal healths in Carisbrook. The principal inhabitants of the island drew up a petition in behalf of Lord Portland, whom they styled their "much honoured and beloved captain and governor," declaring that he was not only a good Protestant, but that there was not one Papist in the Isle of Wight. No notice was taken of this petition, and they drew up a spirited remonstrance, in which they spoke of defending themselves by arms, and admitting no new governor who was not appointed by the king.

The lower class of the people were,

however, led by the Mayor of Newport, Moses Read, who was a staunch Parliamentarian, and who sent in a petition representing the great danger accruing to the cause from the Countess of Portland remaining in the castle, and retaining Colonel Brett as her warden. Read speedily received orders to reduce the fortress, and secure Colonel Brett, Lady Portland, her five children, and some relatives who had taken refuge within the walls. Read summoned the Militia of Newport, and drew four hundred sailors from the vessels at anchor off the island to carry out his orders.

The garrison of the castle did not exceed twenty men, but the Countess resolved that she would not surrender it unless under honourable conditions. As soon as she saw the forces from Newport approaching, she took a lighted match in her hand, walked deliberately to one of the bastions, and declared that she would fire the first shot from the cannon at the foe.

Moses Read was not of a warlike turn of mind; he cared not to encounter the lady's firm and warlike resistance, and came to terms with her. The castle was surrendered on honourable conditions, and the Countess left the island.

But the most memorable incident connected with Carisbrook is the imprisonment of Charles I. in it. We have seen the total defeat of his army at Naseby; we have read how the Scots, as the old rhyme says,—

"Sold their king for a groat;"

how the Parliament confined their sovereign in Holmby House, and how Cornet Joyce seized his person for the army; but at Hampton Court he was treated with a certain amount of respect and attention by Cromwell and Fairfax, with whom he was then negotiating.

The Levellers, who, we are told by historians, now looked on Cromwell as their greatest enemy, and Colonel John Lilburne in alliance with Wildman had formed a plot

to assassinate him as a renegade to the cause of liberty.*

They attacked Charles still more fiercely, calling him an Ahab, a man of blood, and demanding justice on his head.

All these threats were repeated to the king. Mr. Ackworth told his majesty that Colonel Rainsborough was resolved to kill him.

The king, dreading assassination, took the imprudent resolution of flight without having any determined place of refuge.

Accordingly, on Nov. 5th, 1647, the unhappy Charles fled from Hampton Court, attended by two confidential servants.

They rode all night in storm and darkness, and found themselves at daybreak in the New Forest. At first the king thought of going to Titchfield, a seat of Lord Southampton's, which was in the neighbourhood; but reflecting that here it was not possible that he could remain in safety, they resolved to send a message to Colonel Hammond, governor of the Isle of Wight, expressing the king's desire to place himself under his protection, one of his attendants having told Charles that Hammond had expressed great disapproval of the conduct of the army, and the king being aware that Hammond was a nephew of his own chaplain. He hoped, therefore, to find a friend in the governor; but he was fatally deceived. Colonel Hammond was a devoted adherent of Cromwell, through whose good offices he had married a daughter of Hampden, and had obtained the government of the island.

Thither, however, the king proceeded, and was respectfully received by the governor, who treated him as a guest rather than a prisoner; allowed him to ride where he chose, and to receive all who desired admittance to him.

It was not till after some time that Hammond changed his conduct. Then he told the king that orders had been sent down

for the instant dismissal of all his attendants, and they were compelled to leave on the following day. As soon as they were gone, the unhappy monarch was told that he was a prisoner, and must remain within the precincts of the castle, but that he might walk on the ramparts; and Hammond had a bowling green made that his royal prisoner might enjoy his favourite game. Books were also supplied to him. He walked on the ramparts in the morning, and played bowls in the afternoon, and employed much of his time in reading. Persons desiring to be touched for the king's evil were permitted to see him, and doubtless many made the pretext to gain admission to their sovereign. Still Charles was absolutely a prisoner, and his friends and himself were occupied in planning his escape. Many attempts were made unsuccessfully for this purpose; the first on December 29th, which failed through the mismanagement of its deviser, Captain Burley, the captain of Yarmouth Castle, who not only failed in his attempt, but was apprehended and put to death for it.

A faithful Loyalist of the name of Firebrace succeeded in obtaining a place amongst his pages, and thus was enabled to consult with Charles as to the possibility of escape.

One of Firebrace's suggestions was that the king should escape by his chamber window; he proposed cutting the bars before it through with a saw. But Charles feared discovery from the sound of sawing, and thought that he could get through between the bars; for he had tried his head, and believed that where the head could go through, the body could also. He therefore ordered Firebrace to get everything ready for his escape, and the design was imparted to some trusty friends.

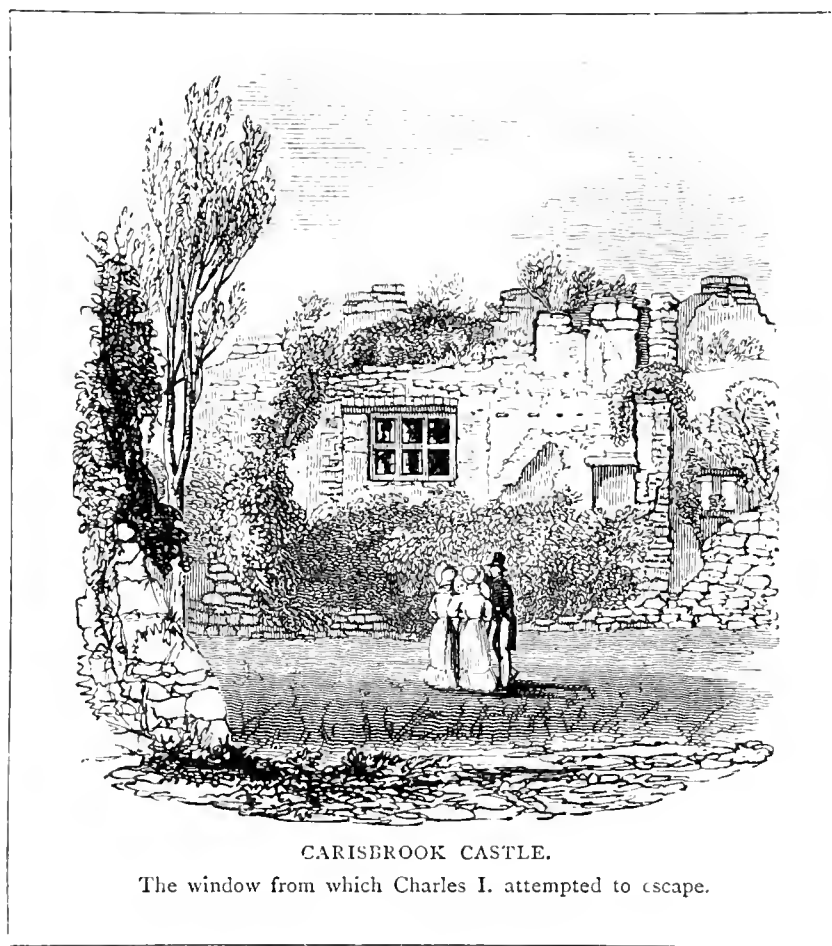
It was arranged amongst them that, at the time appointed, Firebrace should throw something up to the window, as a signal that all was clear, and that the king should then let himself down by a cord with which his page supplied him. Firebrace was

* C. Knight's "History of England."

then, hidden by the darkness, to lead Charles across the court to the main wall of the castle, from which he was to descend by means of another cord, with a stick fastened across it to serve as a seat. Beyond the ditch into which the king would descend was the counterscarp, but that might be easily ascended, and near that place two Loyalists, named Worsley and Osborn, were to wait ready mounted, and

holding a spare horse with pistols and boots for the king; while a fourth friend, Mr. Newland, was at the seaside with a large boat ready to take his majesty wherever he desired.

At the appointed time Firebrace gave the signal, and the king attempted to get out of the window, but found, too late, that he had been entirely mistaken in thinking that, if his head passed, his body would.



He found great ease in passing his head out, but stuck fast between the breast and the shoulders, and could neither move in nor out. He had, however, tied a piece of cord to the bar of the window, by means of which he could force himself back again; and this he, after great difficulty, succeeded in doing. Firebrace heard him groan, and was not able to lend him the least assistance. When the king had freed himself, he put a candle in the window, as a signal

that he could not get out. But it is said that a Major Rolfe, who happened to be at Carisbrook at that time, and kept most careful watch, was ready to have shot Charles in the act of descending. He thus escaped assassination, through the attempt to escape failing.

"On the 6th of April," says Knight, "Cromwell had written to Hammond: 'Intelligence came to the hands of a very considerable person, that the king had at-

tempted to get out of his window ; and that he had a cord of silk with him whereby to slip down, but his breast was so big that the bar could not give him passage. This was done in one of the dark nights about a fortnight ago. A gentleman with you led him the way and slipped down. The guard that night had some quantity of wine with them. The same party assures that there is aquafortis gone down from London, to remove that obstacle which hindered ; and that the same design is to be put in execution on the next dark nights.' He then points out that 'Master Firebrace' was the gentleman assisting the king ; and mentions Captain Titus, and two others, who 'are not to be trusted.' It is probably to this time that the statement of Clarendon must be referred, when he says that the king 'from thenceforth was no more suffered to go out of the castle beyond a little ill garden that belonged to it.'" His walks on the ramparts where he could gaze on the sea, and his pleasant games of bowls, were ended.

Charles now gave up the hope of escape in despair. In 1648 he was permitted to go to Newport to confer with the Parliamentary Commissioners, on giving his honour that he would make no attempt to escape. On the following 29th of November, about two months after this meeting, he was seized by a party of soldiers, and carried off to Hurst Castle, on the coast of Hampshire, from which he was taken to London, for his trial and execution about six weeks afterwards.

The part of the castle where Charles was confined is now in ruins, but the window in which he so unfortunately stuck is still shown to visitors.

After the execution of the king, his two youngest children, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester—the seven-years-old child, who answered his father's injunction, not to take the crown while Charles or James lived, with the words, "I will be torn in pieces first,"—were sent to Carisbrook. They had at first been placed with

the Countess of Leicester, at Penshurst, in Kent, and Parliament allowed £3,000 a year for their maintenance.

When they were sent to Carisbrook, Mr. Lovel, the young Duke's tutor, went with them—"an honest man," Clarendon calls him. "But orders were given that no person was to be allowed to kiss their hands, and that they should not be otherwise treated than as the children of a gentleman." The Duke was always called "Master Harry." Elizabeth was old enough to feel deeply her father's death, for he had dearly loved his children. At their meeting at Hampton Court, before his flight, even Cromwell had wept at the touching meeting of the father with his children. She knew, too, that he had been a prisoner at Carisbrook, and he must have been constantly in her thoughts. She pined and grieved ; and then one day, about eighteen months after her father's death, she got accidentally wet on the bowling green ; cold and fever ensued, and in her state of depression took fatal hold of her. Supposing her, one day during her illness, to have fallen asleep, her attendants left her for a short time. When they returned, they found that she had passed away ; her hands were clasped as if in prayer, and rested on an open Bible that had been her beloved and regretted father's last gift.

Elizabeth Stuart slept in peace.

Her remains were embalmed, and buried in the church at Newport, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. The letters E. S. on an adjacent wall alone pointed to the grave of the princess, and the spot was forgotten, till 1793, when a grave being preparing for a son of Lord Delaware, a leaden coffin was found bearing the inscription "Elizabeth, 2nd daughter of the late King Charles. Deceased Sept. 8, 1650." Soon after the discovery, a small brass plate was placed over the grave ; but when it became necessary to rebuild the church at Newport, which had become ruinous, Queen Victoria took the opportunity of erecting a monument to the unhappy Stuart Princess.

It was designed and executed by Baron Marochetti, and represents the Princess lying on a mattress, her cheek resting upon an open Bible, at the words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." From the Gothic arch beneath which the figure lies, hangs an iron grating, with its bars broken asunder, as an emblem of the prisoner's relief by death. Two (side) windows of stained glass were added by her majesty's desire, and the following graceful inscription: "To the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrook Castle on Sunday, September 8th, 1650, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church. This monument is erected, a token of respect for her virtues and sympathy for her misfortunes, by Victoria R., 1856."

Two years after the death of his sister Elizabeth the young duke was liberated by the advice and influence of Cromwell, who caused £500 to be paid by the Treasury to defray the expense of sending him to his mother on the Continent, the only condition being that he should sail direct from the Isle of Wight, and not touch the coast of England.

At the south-east angle of Carisbrook are the remains of Mountjoy's Tower. Its walls are of enormous thickness.

The entrance to the Keep is by an exceedingly steep flight of eighty-two steps. Seventy-two of these steps are external, the remainder leading through a small square portal to the interior. This portion is supposed to be Saxon.

After the release of the Duke of Gloucester—who died of small-pox after his brother's restoration—the Commonwealth still used the castle as a prison, and one of the most interesting of its inmates was Sir William Davenant, the poet, and godson to Shakespeare. He had fought in many battles for the king, but at the downfall of the monarchy fled to France. "While here he laid," says old Aubrey, "an ingenious design to carry a considerable number of artificers, chiefly weavers, from thence to

Virginia, and by Mary, the queen mother's influence, he got favour from the king of France to go (into) the prisons and pick and choose; so when the poor wretches understood what his design was, they cried *unore* (with one voice), '*Tous tisserands*,' 'We are all weavers.' Well, he took thirty-six, as I remember, and not more, and shipped them; and as he was on his voyage to Virginia, he and his weavers were all taken by the ships belonging to the Parliament of England. The French slaves I suppose they sold, but Sir William was brought prisoner to England. Whether he was first a prisoner at Carisbrook Castle in the Isle of Wight, or at the Tower of London, I have forgotten. He was a prisoner at both. His '*Gondebert*,' quarto (a play), was finished at Carisbrook Castle. He expected no mercy from the Parliament, and had no hope of escaping with his life. He was saved, however, by the intervention, according to one account, of two aldermen in his favour; according to another, by the wit of Henry Martin."

In Newport Church is a curious monument to an adherent and tool of Leicester's, a Sir Edward Horsey, who was Captain of the Wight in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Leicester entrusted him with the secret of his clandestine marriage with Lady Douglas Sheffield, whom Horsey gave away at the altar; yet he denied all knowledge of the nuptials when the earl wished to make a bigamous marriage. In reward for this false evidence, Leicester gave him the captaincy of the island.

The Isle of Wight is a garden of beauty; everywhere are objects of interest and natural loveliness. The views—ever-varying—are perfect, having nearly always a glimpse of the sea, and being rich in woodlands, meadows, and hills. We remember the exclamation of an Indian Rajah who came to England in our steamer as the Wight came into full sight. "It is small, very small, but beautiful. Ah, though, how much jungle fever there must be in it!"

Alum Bay is noted for its coloured sands,

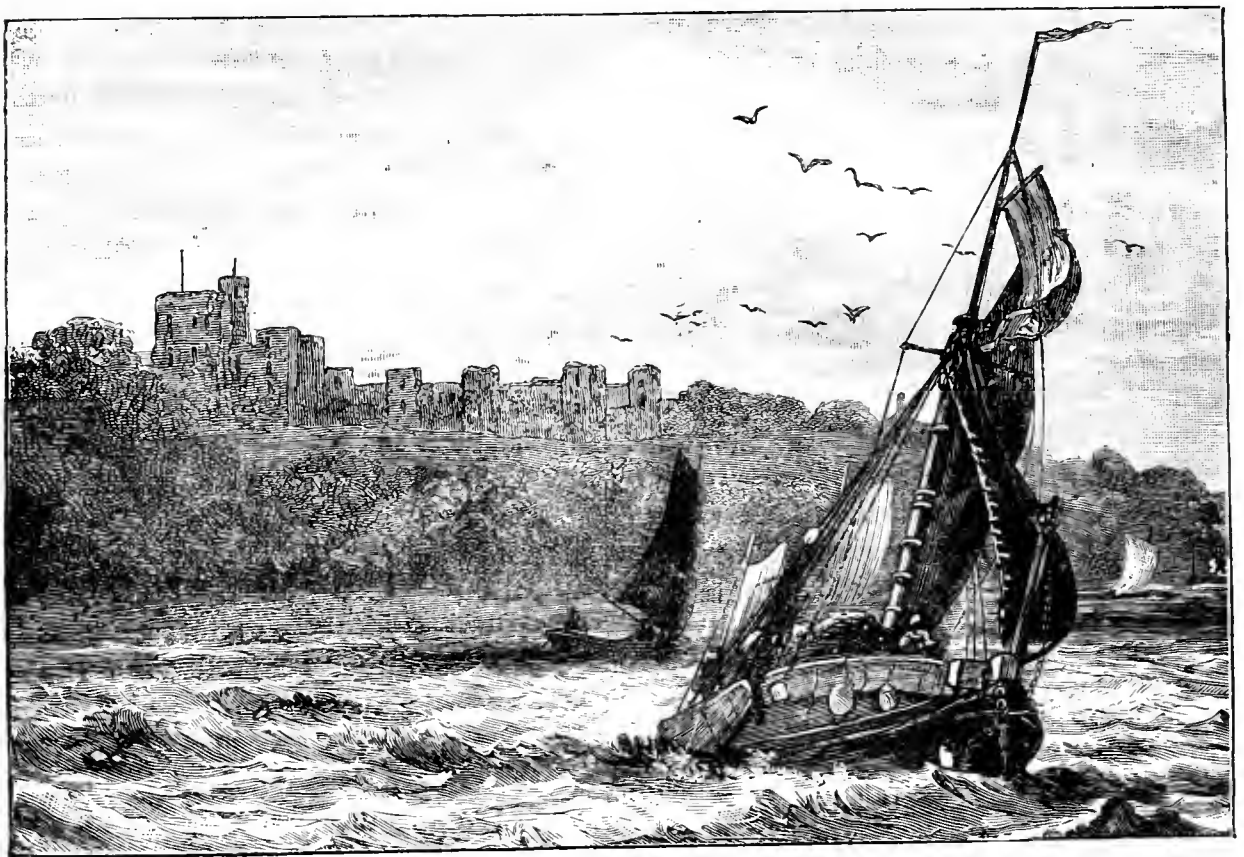
with which the seashore people fill bottles very ingeniously.

Norris Castle is a fine building as seen from the sea, and was inhabited occasionally by the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, Princess Victoria. It was there, probably, that our Queen became acquainted with the beauties of the Wight, and was led to wish for a house of her own there.

Shanklin Chine is a pretty and picturesque little waterfall. Every beauty of the Isle

of Wight is in miniature, though exquisite of its kind; and this tiny cascade is lovely, overshadowed as it is by trees, and looking seaward. A walk descends beside it, and in summer the broken, hilly ground, wearing its emerald green hue, the waving trees, the sunshine on the sea, and the soft dash of the water, make it a delightful stroll.

Osborne, at East Cowes, was, during the civil wars of Charles I. and his Parliament, the property of Eustace Mann, Esq. Ad-



NORRIS CASTLE.

joining it is a copse called Money Copse, where Mr. Mann is said, at that time, to have buried his money, plate, and jewels; but, though searched for, the treasure has never been found, and is thought to be still hidden.

Her Majesty the Queen bought Osborne in 1844 from Lady Isabella Blachford, and has made it a princely residence by extension and improvements inaugurated by the lamented Prince Consort. The nightingales at Osborne are remarkable for singing per-

petually day and night during the short period of their stay in England.

ALUM BAY.

Thread the gorge,
And, turning on the beach, while the low sea,
Spread out in mirrored gentleness, allows
A path along the curving edge, behold
Such dazzling glory of prismatic tints
Flung o'er the lofty crescent, as assures
The orient gardens where Aladdin plucked
Jewels for fruit no fable,—as if earth
Provoked to emulate the rainbow's gauds

In lasting mould, had snatched its floating hues
 And fixed them here ; for never o'er the bay
 Flew a celestial arch of brighter grace
 Than the gay coast exhibits ; here the cliff
 Flaunts in a brighter yellow than the stream
 Of Tiber wafted ; then with softer shades
 Declines to pearly white, which blushes soon
 With pink as delicate as Autumn's rose
 Wears on its scattering leaves ; anon the shore
 Recedes into a fane-like dell, where stained
 With black, as if with sable tapestry hung,
 Light pinnacles rise taper ; further yet
 Swells out in solemn mass a dusky veil
 Of purple crimson,—while bright streaks of red
 Start out in gleam-like tint, to tell of veins
 Which the slow-winning sea in distant time
 Shall bare to unborn gazers.

If this scene
 Grow too fantastic for thy pensive thought,
 Climb either swelling down, and gaze with joy
 On the blue ocean, poured around the heights,
 As it embraced the wonders of that shield
 Which the vowed Friend of slain Patroclus wore,
 To grace his fated valour ; nor disdain

The quiet of the vale, though not endowed
 With such luxurious beauty as the coast
 Of Undercliff embosoms ; 'mid those lines
 Of scanty foliage, thoughtful lanes and paths,
 And cottage roofs, find shelter ; the blue stream,
 That with its brief vein almost threads the isle,
 Flows blest with two gray towers, beneath whose
 shade

The village life sleeps trustfully,—whose rites
 Touch the old weather-hardened fisher's heart
 With childlike softness, and shall teach the boy
 Who kneels, a sturdy grandson, at his side,
 When his frail boat amidst the breakers pants,
 To cast the anchor of a Christian hope
 In an unrippled haven. Then rejoice,
 That in remotest point of this sweet isle,
 Which with fond mimicry combines each shape
 Of the Great Land that by the ancient bond
 (Sea parted once, and sea united now),
 Binds her in unity,—a Spirit breathes
 On cliff and tower and valley, by the side
 Of cottage-fire, and the low grass-grown grave,
 Of home on English earth, and home in heaven !

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

CORFE CASTLE.



CORFE CASTLE has an unenviable notoriety as the scene of one of the most shocking crimes that stain our annals. Elfrida, the wife of Ethelbald, Alderman of the East Angles, betrayed her unhappy husband, and wedded King Edgar after his murder. She was Edgar's second wife. His first, Elfleda the Fair, left a little son, to whom Elfrida became step-mother. She also had a son, and the young princes, Edward and Ethelred, were extremely attached to each other, though Edward was seven or eight years older than Elfrida's child. After the death of Edgar, she made a party to get the crown for her boy ; but the famous

Dunstan was on the side of the rightful heir, and succeeded in placing young Edward on the throne. But Elfrida, who hated her stepson, determined to destroy him, and thus make way for her own son to the throne. She watched for her opportunity, and it came in about two years' time. Edward was hunting in the forest of Wareham one day, when the clever, cankered dwarf of the queen, Wulstan, came up to him, and by some story of strange bird or beast, lured the boy-king to follow him into the wood, and leave his attendants. Then, finding that Corfe Castle, where his brother dwelt, was close at hand, Edward thought he should like to see little Ethelred—then ten or eleven years old—and rode thus unattended to the door of his stepmother's home. She received him at the doorway, kissed him, and asked

him to alight. He declined, but asked to see his brother. Elfrida then called for wine, and whilst the king held the cup to his lips, either the queen or one of her attendants stabbed him in the back. The wounded prince had, however, strength enough to set spurs to his horse, and attempt to rejoin his suite; but fainting from loss of blood, he fell; his foot got entangled in the stirrup, and he was dragged a considerable distance, till the horse stopped of itself. Elfrida, alarmed at his apparent escape, sent servants after him, who found the poor young prince dead, and his face much cut by the flints of the road over which he had been dragged. The queen ordered his body to be lodged in a house near; on that spot a church was afterwards built. The next morning she had it conveyed to a marshy place, and retired herself to a mansion of hers called Bere, ten miles off. Little Ethelred had seen the murder, and was overpowered by his mother's wickedness; he reproached her so bitterly, in his childish grief and horror, that she beat him most severely with the great wax tapers, the only weapons she had near her hand. Ethelred was so much hurt that he hated the sight of them ever afterwards. Edward's body was found, and the murder discovered; but Ethelred, who of course was quite innocent of his beloved brother's death, succeeded to the throne. Dunstan was compelled to crown him; but as he placed the royal diadem on the boy's head, he accompanied the act with an awful prophecy. It ran thus: "Even as, by the death of thy brother, thou didst aspire to the kingdom, hear the decree of Heaven. The sin of thy wicked mother and of her accomplices shall rest upon thy head, and such evils shall fall upon the English as they have never yet suffered, from the days when they first came into the isle of Britain even until the present time."

Fearfully was that doom fulfilled by the Danish invasions. Three years after little Ethelred's coronation the "dreadful banner of the Raven was again unfurled." Sweyne

came with an army; Southampton was plundered, and the inhabitants carried off into slavery. Chester was taken; London was burnt down; and the whole coast from the Mersey to the Thames was ravaged.

Elfrida, miserable and despised, tried to expiate her crimes by building and endowing two nunneries—those of Amesbury in Wiltshire, and Wherwell in Hampshire. She took the nun's habit in the latter, and spent the rest of her life in great austerity, confessing on her death-bed another most atrocious secret murder. Her servants appear to have been a band of assassins.

King John made the crime-stained castle his residence, and deposited his regalia in it. He also converted it into a State prison, and starved to death in it, in 1202, twenty-two French prisoners, the very flower of the Poitevin chivalry. Not many years afterwards he brutally tortured here Peter of Pomfret, the poor hermit who had prophesied that John should lose his crown in 1213. The king actually *did* resign it that year to the Papal Legate, and the truth of the hermit's prediction so infuriated the royal monster that he caused Peter to be dragged to and fro through the town of Wareham at the tail of horses, and afterwards he had the poor mutilated man and his son hanged in sight of the walls.

Edward II. was imprisoned in Corfe Castle by Queen Isabella, his wife, and Mortimer, his gaolers being Sir John Gour-nay and Sir John Maltravers. He was removed by them from Corfe to Berkeley Castle to die.

In the reign of Edward III. the castle was the property of the Earl of Holland.

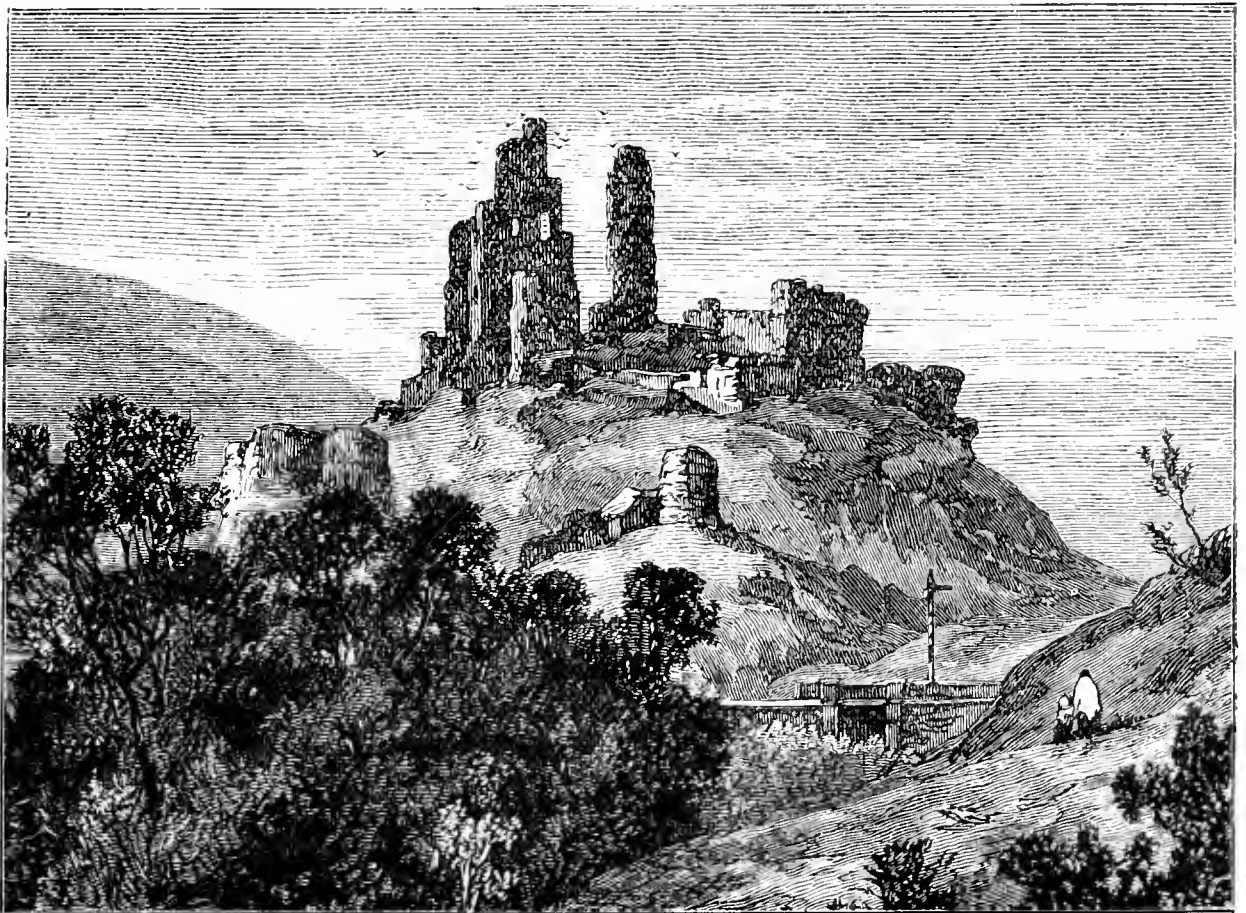
George, Duke of Clarence, the unhappy brother of Edward IV., possessed it till, by his attainder for high treason, it became the property of the Crown. Henry VII. gave it to his mother, the Countess of Richmond and Derby, and founder of Wimborne Grammar School. On her death it reverted to her grandson, Henry VIII.

Queen Elizabeth gave the castle to Sir Christopher Hatton, making him (the Lord

Chancellor) Admiral and Lord Lieutenant of the island of Purbeck. He repaired and decorated it in the most costly manner, and inhabited it till his death, when it became the property of his nephew, Sir William Hatton; and he dying childless, it passed to his widow, Lady Hatton, of Stoke Poges.

On the death of Sir Edward Coke, Lady Hatton's second husband, Sir John Banks,

afterwards Lord Chief Justice, purchased the castle. In 1643 he declared from the bench at Salisbury that the acts of Essex, Manchester, and Waller were treasonable, and the Parliament at once declared him, and the other judges who had agreed with him, traitors. Lady Banks and her family had taken shelter in the castle as soon as they saw the storm of civil war break, and here she remained till 1643, when the Par-



CORFE CASTLE.

liamentarians, having possessed themselves of Dorchester, Lyme, Melcombe, Weymouth, Wareham, and Poole (Portland Castle being treacherously delivered to them), only Corfe Castle remained in obedience to the king. The castle, standing on a very steep, rocky hill, was very strong—almost impregnable—and if they could take it, the leaders of the rebel forces would command the whole coast. It was indeed of great importance, as it commanded the

whole isle or peninsula of Purbeck, and had been justly named by the Saxons, *Corf Gate*, as it was the pass into the best part of the county. The fortress is separated from the town of the same name by a strong bridge of four very high, narrow, semi-circular arches, crossing a very deep, but now dry, moat. This bridge leads to the gate of the first ward, which is nearly entire, probably being preserved by the strength of the walls, which are full nine yards thick,

from the outer to the inner facing. The ruins of the entrance to the second ward, and the tower near it, are remarkable. "The latter (which once adjoined to the gate) was separated with a part of the arch at the demolition of the castle, and is moved down the precipice, preserving its perpendicularity, and projecting almost five feet below the corresponding part. Another of the towers on the same side is, on the contrary, inclined so much that a spectator will tremble when passing under it. The singular position of these towers seems to have been occasioned through the foundations being undermined (for blowing them up) in an incomplete manner. On the higher part of the hill stands the Keep, or citadel, which is at some distance from the centre of the fortress, and commands a view of considerable extent to the north and west. It has not hitherto suffered much diminution of its original height, the fury of the winds being resisted less by the thickness of the walls than by the strength of the cement." *

Passing the first gateway, the three towers will be seen thrown entirely open by the removal of their inner walls; in each there is a fireplace and flue, and in the next tower, where the kitchen for the guard and warders was, there is a cupboard.

The first or outer ward was the tilting-ground, and is now a verdant lawn. Just beyond the guard-room a huge block of wall has blown over, so that the outer face is turned in on the escarpment surface. As this was the most assailable part of the castle, the walls were four feet thicker than in the steeper and more impregnable parts. We come now to the guards' prison tower that defended the south-east corner of this ward; against the south angle, constructed in the thickness of the wall, is a small cell having a little window fitted for iron gratings. This was probably a place of temporary confinement of refractory soldiers. The tower is circular, with loophole bays in

good preservation. There was, it is evident from the open lodgment for the beams, an upper floor, or platform, from which the causeway and the opposite side of the moat might be swept. It is supposed that on this platform Lady Banks mounted the guns that dispersed the first party of the besiegers. The second gate, which is gained by an ascending pathway, is named Edward the Martyr's gate, and is exactly similar to the first—a square between two round towers. One tower has sunk considerably, and the arch and wall are split apart. Some broken winding stairs show the place of the grand staircase from the king's tower, by which the inhabitants of the state apartments could descend direct to this gate, without passing through the intervening wards or gates. It was constructed on the wall from the Keep to this point, and is probably identical with a similar one by which Elfrida descended to meet her stepson; or it might have even been the identical one she used, for it is of great antiquity. It was, however, repaired and partly rebuilt in 1235. The prison chapel, the fourth ward, and the priest's tower, are all worth examination.

Passing over the site of the king's, or fifth court, we see the lofty ruins of the great keep rising before us; the south front alone is standing; the adjoining returns of the two side-walls and of the east side are isolated from the rest, and covered entirely with ivy.

Such is a very brief sketch of the Corfe ruins; its strength when a perfect fortress must indeed have been great.

Lady Banks, when besieged there in 1645, was alone, with her children and the garrison; for her husband, Sir John, was with the king. But she fearlessly defended her stronghold against repeated attacks by the governor of Wareham, Captain Butler, and Colonel Bingham, governor of Poole. Yet her courage and loyalty were vain. She was infamously betrayed. A traitor was in the garrison, a Colonel Pitman, who put himself in communication

* Dr. Morton's "Observations," vol. i. p. 12.

with the enemy, and offered, on assurance of his own protection and pardon, to deliver the castle to the Parliament. The proposal was accepted, and the traitor at once proposed to Colonel Anketill, the governor of the castle, that he (Pitman) should go into Somersetshire and get a hundred men as reinforcements for the garrison. Anketill consented to his running the supposed risk of getting through the besieging forces, and agreed to receive Pitman and his recruits at a certain post. Pitman went at once to Colonel Bingham, who commanded the Parliamentary forces, and proposed to him to take more than a hundred rebel soldiers into the castle, as the expected relief, and that as soon as they were inside it, the besiegers should attack. Bingham immediately drew a hundred men out of Weymouth garrison, and marched to Lulworth Castle, where he added thirty or forty to their number. Pitman led them at night to the castle, to the spot where Colonel Anketill awaited and admitted him. Some of these men came from the neighbourhood, and knew every part of the castle. These at once seized the king's and the queen's towers, and the two platforms.

The besieged, headed by Lady Banks herself, threw down great stones and fired on the rebels as soon as the treachery was discovered, but could not drive them out; the lady, in fact, having only six men with her in the upper ward, as that had been thought impregnable; and the defending force had been placed in the lower wards as the post of danger.

As soon as the Parliamentarians saw their men on the towers and platforms, they attacked at once.

The inmates of the castle, with enemies

within and without, demanded a parley; the terms of the besiegers were accepted; but almost immediately afterwards, two of the Parliamentary soldiers, in haste to enter the castle, came over the wall by means of a ladder, and some of the castle garrison fired on them. The besieging troops were furious, and there was great danger of a general massacre of the castle's defenders. Colonel Bingham, however, succeeded in saving the lives of the hundred and forty persons then in the castle; but two of the garrison were killed and one of the besiegers through this fatal accident. Thirty rebels who were prisoners in the castle were released.

Everything, however, was given up to plunder and destruction. The magnificent decorations and furniture put there by Sir Edward Coke and Sir John Banks were all stolen or destroyed, and months were spent in undermining the tower, and reducing Corfe Castle to the ruins that still crown the hill of Purbeck. The place seemed fertile in crime, especially in treachery, beginning with the treacherous murder of an innocent boy by Elfrida, and ending in the cowardly betrayal of a woman by Colonel Pitman.

John's ruthless murders; Isabella's cruel imprisonment of her husband, Edward II., all stained that fatal castle, and perhaps it is as well that it no longer exists to be a stronghold of crime.

The maiden name of Lady Banks was Mary Hawtrey, the only daughter of Robert Hawtrey, Esq., of Riselip. From her descends the family of Bankes, of Kingston Hall and Corfe Castle. She lived for fifteen years after her gallant defence of her home, and was buried at Riselip.

DRAYCOT:

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE HAND



THE park of Draycot, richly studded with ancient oaks, crowns a hill commanding a charming prospect, and is esteemed one of the most beautiful spots in Wiltshire. The Manor House is a large irregular building, with this fine park and pleasure grounds attached to it. It contains many objects of interest; paintings, Sevres china, curious fire-dogs, and candelabra presented to the family by Charles II. after his restoration.

The old place took its name from the Draycot-Cernes family, to whom it belonged in the thirteenth century. From them it passed by marriage to the family of Wayte; and in the reign of Henry VII., Sir Thomas Long, of Wraxall, became proprietor in right of his mother, Margaret, heiress of the Wayte family. He married a daughter of Sir George Darell, of Littlecote, by whom he had three sons.

The great-grandson of Sir Thomas Long was named Walter. It is to his family that the singular and touching legend of the white hand belongs.

He married; had a son; and lost his wife. Till his son was grown up, Sir Walter continued a widower; but then he married (though of mature years) a young lady—Catherine, daughter of Sir John Thynne, of Longleat.

When he brought his bride home, there were great rejoicings in the village. Revelry—such as was usual in that age—prevailed.

There was but one who walked sadly amongst the rural guests, though generally he was fond of pleasure, and he was the heir of Draycot and Wraxall, who saw his mother's place taken by a mere girl.

Warm-hearted and generous, John Long was simple, candid, and unsuspecting. It never occurred to him that in the girl-bride and her brother, Sir Egremont, he had two subtle enemies.

They became very friendly with him, and studied his character closely. They found that he loved gaiety, liked play, and (though not a drunkard) had no objection to a cheerful glass; but hitherto his father's parsimony had checked his inclinations, for Sir Walter was a miserly as well as a grave and unrelenting man. John's young stepmother showered gold upon him, and bade him enjoy his youth; she and her brother merely smiled when, by-and-by, they heard of his excesses; but they carried an exaggerated report of his conduct to his stern father, who listened with perfect faith to all his charming wife told him.

Sir Walter's health was failing, and he began to think of making his will. He deemed it a sin to leave anything to one who would, as he believed, spend all on drinking and gambling; therefore he told his wife that he meant to disinherit his eldest son, and leave his entire property to her, to her child, and her brother. Sir Egremont, greatly pleased, hastened to draw up a draft will, and set it before the old knight for his approval. Assent to it was readily given, and he desired Egremont to have it engrossed.

Now comes the supernatural part of this

strange story. Engrossing requires a clear, bright light. Any shadow intervening between the light and the parchment is sure to interrupt the work. As the clerk about midnight was engrossing Sir Walter's will, a shadow came between it and the light. He looked up to see what it was, and beheld a small, beautiful white hand held between the lamp and the spot of the vellum on which he was engaged. He was greatly startled; but almost instantly it disappeared; and believing that his senses had deceived him, the young man resumed his task. He had just begun the cruel sentence in which Sir Walter declared that he disinherited his son John, on account of his immoral and disgraceful conduct, when once more the shadow came between him and the lamp. Again he looked up, and there was the white hand interposing once more. The clerk was seized with sudden fear and awe; he sprang up, went to Sir Egremont's chamber, and roused him from his sleep, to tell him of the singular vision. "It was the hand of the dead mother," he continued excitedly, "come from the grave to defend her son. I will not engross that wicked will."

Sir Egremont was very angry, and treated the story with contempt; but the young

scribe was firm in his refusal to engross it. The deed was, however, engrossed by another clerk, and was duly signed and sealed. Sir Walter dying soon after, his great fortune passed to the cunning step-mother and her boy.

Yet the appearance of the white hand was not without results. The clerk's strange story got abroad, and became the subject of general conversation.

A number of friends rose up to aid the disinherited heir, who, but for the interest roused by the clerk's story, might have forgotten him. The trustees of the first Lady Long arrested the old knight's corpse at the church door; her nearest relatives commenced a suit against the widow, and the result was a compromise between the parties, by which John Long was to have possession of Wraxhall, while his step-mother and half-brother had Draycot.

The descendants of John Long are all extinct in the male line. His half-brother, Walter Long, was knighted, and represented Wiltshire in Parliament. His male representatives are also extinct.

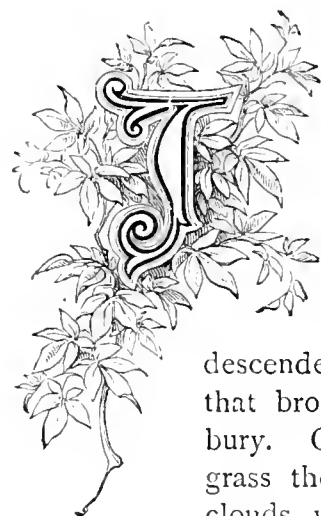
The last of the family, a lady, married the Honourable William Wellesley Pole. Her fortune is said to have been £80,000 a year.





STONEHENGE.

STONEHENGE.



T was a lovely summer day when we first saw Stonehenge. The great Wiltshire plain lay calm and silent before us as we descended from the carriage that brought us from Salisbury. Over the rich green grass the shadows of a few clouds were slowly flitting before the soft breeze; but the silence, as we walked towards the ancient temple, was so profound as to be remarkable. It was with feelings of awe that we gazed on that strange, wonderful monument of the past; dating, antiquarians tell us, from before, or nearly at, the period of the Roman invasion. The stern magnificence of this

magic circle of huge stones struck us with wonder and awe.

In 1869, Mr. Hall wrote to the *Athenæum* on the subject of Stonehenge, and gave the following reason for believing that Stonehenge is a work of post-Roman times. "It is clearly understood," he says, "that the Romans introduced the art of working in stone—an art lost to us by the withdrawal of their legions, and the consequent invasion of the Saxon barbarians, but restored by Norman influence under the later Saxon kings." But there are great differences of opinion about the period when those mighty stones were placed on Salisbury Plain.

The stones formed originally two large circles; they are raised on their ends, and across the top of them are laid other stones. The outer circle probably contained thirty-

eight stones, of which seventeen are standing; of the large trilithons only two are now complete. There is a local superstition that no two people ever count the number of the stones alike. When we visited it, we tried counting, and grew confused over it. Within the circle, at that time, at one end of it was a huge stone with a narrow channel in it, apparently meant to carry off the blood of the sacrifices; for that it was a Druidical temple is generally allowed.

"The temples in which the Britons worshipped their deities," says Sir Francis Palgrave, "were composed of large rough stones disposed in circles; for they had not sufficient skill to execute any finished edifices. Some of these circles are still existing, such as Stonehenge, near Salisbury; the huge masses of rock may still be seen there, grey with age; and the structure is still sufficiently perfect to enable us to understand how the whole pile was anciently arranged. Stonehenge possesses a stern and savage magnificence. The masses of which it is composed are so large that the structure seems to have been raised by more than mortal power. Hence *Choirganer* (the Giants' Dance, the British name for Stonehenge) was fabled to have been built by giants, or otherwise constructed by magic art; and the tradition that Merlin the enchanter brought the stones from Ireland is felt to be a poetical homage to the greatness of the work. All around you in the plain you will see mounds of earth, or *tumuli*, beneath which the Britons buried their dead. Antiquaries have sometimes opened these mounds, and then they have discovered vases, containing the ashes and the bones of the primeval Britons, together with their swords and hatchets, and arrow heads of flint or of bronze, and beads of glass and amber."

It is a terrible vision that transports us to Stonehenge when it was really a place of worship, when the Druids in their white robes, oak-crowned and wearing the mythic serpent's egg round their neck, came to offer human sacrifices to Bel (the sun) and

to the serpent; while, if it were Midsummer, the Beltane fires glowed all over the great plain. And the unhappy victims—can we not imagine their shrinking horror? Of these human sacrifices there is no doubt. "They held it right," Tacitus says, "to stain their altars with the blood of prisoners taken in war, and to seek to know the mind of the gods from the fibres of human victims."

From these terrible imaginations we were roused by a sound without the temple; it was the peaceful song of a shepherd and the rush of the flock he led, and with a sigh of relief we issued from the unhallowed circle, where human blood had flowed.

"Wrapt in the veil of Time's unbroken gloom,
Obscure as death and silent as the tomb,
Where cold Oblivion holds her dusky reign
Frowns the dark pile on Sarum's lonely plain.

Yet think not here with classic eye to trace
Corinthian beauty or Ionian grace;
No pillared lines with sculptured foliage crowned,
No fluted remnants deck the hallowed ground;
Firm as implanted by some Titan's might,
Each rugged stone uprears its giant height,
Whence the poised fragment tottering seems to
throw
A trembling shadow on the plain below.

Here oft, when evening sheds her twilight ray,
And gilds with fainter beam departing day,
With breathless gaze, and cheek with terror pale,
The lingering shepherd startles at the tale:—
How at deep midnight, by the moon's chill glance,
Unearthly forms prolong the viewless dance;
While on each whispering breeze that murns
by,
His busied fancy hears the hollow sigh.
Rise from thy haunt, dread genius of the clime!
Rise! magic spirit of forgotten time!
This thine to burst the mantling clouds of age,
And fling new radiance on tradition's page.
See! at thy call from fable's various store,
In shadowy train the mingled visions pour;
Here the wild Briton, 'mid his wilder reign,
Spurns the proud yoke and scorns the oppressor's
chain.

Here wizard Merlin, where the mighty fell,
Waves the dark wand and chants the thrilling spell.

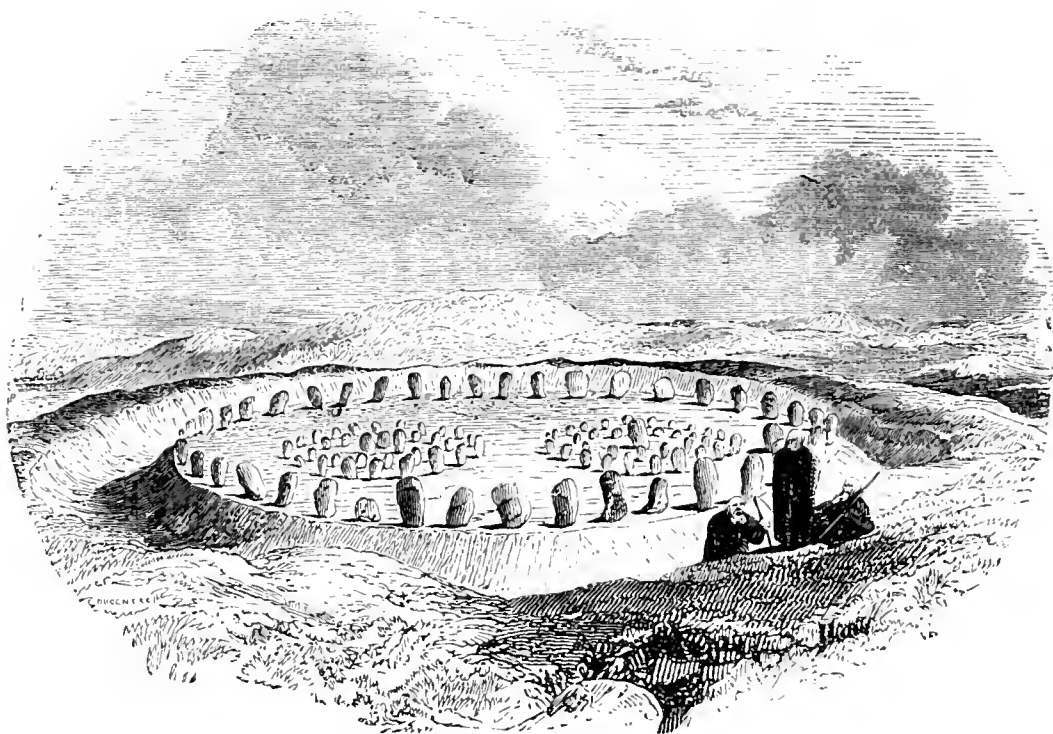
Hark! 'tis the bardic lyre whose harrowing strain
Wakes the rude echoes of the slumbering plain;
Lo, 'tis the Druid pomp, whose lengthening line,
In lowest homage bends before the shrine;
He comes—the priest—amid the sullen blaze,
His snow-white robe in spectral lustre plays;
Dim gleam the torches through the circling night,
Dark curl the vapours round the altar's light;
O'er the black scene of death each conscious star
In lurid glory rolls its silent car.

'Tis gone! e'en now the mystic honours fade
From Sarum's loneliness and Mona's glade;

Hushed is each note of Taliesin's lyre,
Sheathed the fell blade, and quenched the fatal fire;
On wings of light Hope's angel form appears,
Smiles on the past and points to happier years,—

Points with uplifted hand and raptured eye
To yon pure dawn that floods the opening sky,
And views at length the Sun of Judah pour
One cloudless noon o'er Albion's rescued shore."

OXFORD PRIZE POEM, 1823.



GENERAL VIEW OF ABURY RESTORED.

ABURY AND SILBURY HILL.

ABURY is also supposed to have been a Druid temple, and of much earlier date than Stonehenge. Two lines of upright stones branched off from two openings through a bank and ditch, and extended for more than a mile. That running to the south and south-east from the great temple terminated in an elliptical range of upright stones. There were two hundred stones in it. The

western avenue, extending nearly a mile and a half towards Beckhampton, consisted of two hundred stones, and ended in a single stone. It has been thought that these avenues running in curved lines were emblematical of the serpent worship of the Druids. On the high ground to the south of Abury within the avenues of stones is a most remarkable monument of the British period—Silbury Hill. It has been variously thought to have been one of the component parts of the grand temple at Abury, or to be a sepulchral mound raised over the ashes of a king or archdruid.

It is the largest mound of the kind to be found in England, the next in size being Marlborough Mount. There is no extant account of Silbury. The local tradition is that King Sil, or Zel (as the country people call him), is buried under it on horse-back, and that the mound was raised while a posset of milk was setting. But the name really signifies "the great hill."

Silbury stands on as much ground as Stonehenge, and is 170 feet high; it covers five acres of ground, and is most probably, as the people of the place believe, a huge barrow in which some great personage has been buried; for the ancient Britons, as well as their descendants, liked to sleep under the shadow of their god's house.

LACOCK ABBEY.



THROUGH a spacious and level meadow in Wiltshire, with wild flowers and tall elms on its banks, flows the Avon, moving on tranquilly and with a low musical murmur; and standing on the verge of the fair pasture land through which it glides is Lacock Abbey. It is still inhabited; its cloisters are fresh and perfect, and garlanded with ivy.

The spot is one of the most peaceful, and the sweetest in fair and fertile England. At a distance over the wood rises the high and lonely arch of Malmesbury Abbey, and not very far off are the ruins of Bradenstoke Abbey. A fairer scene can scarcely be found than this home of the Talbot family, and a very charming and romantic story is attached to it, for it was founded by a lady whose singular adventures began in her early childhood.

The Lady Ela was the only child of William, Earl of Salisbury, a great noble of the court of Richard the Lion-hearted. She was born at Sarum Castle, and lived there for some years in princely state. Her father was the licenser of tournaments; and a wide plain, which was one of the appointed

places for these military spectacles, is still shown in front of the site of Sarum.

Ela was only seven years old when her father died, and she became possessor of his great estates and feudal power—a terrible position for a girl in those days, when the king trafficked in the marriages of royal wards, and their hand was bestowed by the sovereign either on some favourite or on some political opponent that he wished to gain. It was not very wonderful, therefore, that the widowed countess should feel anxious for the future of her little daughter, around whom also other perils were gathering.

Immediately after her father's death, therefore, the Lady Ela disappeared—was lost—no one knew how.

Every search was made for her imaginable; knights and servants explored every brake and hollow of the downs, and every peasant was questioned; but in vain. The mother showed only a feigned anxiety. She knew, in fact, that her husband's next brother, though a monk at Bradenstoke, had induced the Pope to absolve him from his vows of poverty, and that he had come forth into the world as a claimant to the family wealth and honours.

Well might the widowed countess fear for the safety of the frail little life that stood

between an ambitious man and his wishes. She acted with promptitude and wisdom, as we have seen. She sent her child to Normandy, where she was carefully concealed and closely guarded. But King Richard intended the heiress of Salisbury for his brother, William Longsword, the son of Fair Rosamond, and he resolved on finding her. An English knight named William Talbot volunteered to undertake the adventure, of which Blondel had first shown the feasibility. Attired in the garb of a pilgrim, with staff and cockle shell, he landed in Normandy, and for two years wandered from shrine to shrine, sometimes in lonely forests, sometimes in cities, never failing, after he had paid his vows, to question every one he met as to the presence of an English child in the neighbourhood; but he could learn nothing from them. At length, while seated one day by the sea, he saw some children come forth from a castle on the coast, one of whom possessed the golden hair and blue eyes of the English. Talbot concealed himself behind a rock, and heard the small maiden, as she gathered shells, speak of the fair land from which she had come, and saw her look wistfully across the sea. Feeling certain that he had now found the little Lady Ela, he changed his pilgrim dress for that of a troubadour, and thus easily gained admission to the castle. Then, in the presence of the English girl, he sang of the sweet pastures and green forests of England, and of the glories of her king, and told to his harp the story of Blondel's discovery of the royal captive.

The child understood him, and he succeeded in bearing her away from her guardians, and placing her in her mother's arms. Richard at once caused her to be married to Longepée, and bestowed on him her father's title. William was then only a youth, and Ela but ten years old; but the marriage in the end proved one of the happiest on record. Talbot became the dearest friend Longepée possessed, and was long an inmate of his castle.

King John all too soon filled the throne

of the chivalrous Richard; but, heartless tyrant as he was, he was sincerely attached to Lord Salisbury, and in his turn Longepée was very faithful to the king. It was probably out of affection for the earl that John erected a tomb to the memory of Rosamond. It was embossed with fine brass, and had an inscription on the edge. A beautiful drawing of it used to be kept in the Chamber of Records at Salisbury Cathedral. At Runnimede, even, the banner of Salisbury floated over the camp of John; and only for a brief interval was his allegiance shaken by the murder of Arthur.

Longepée founded the beautiful cathedral of Salisbury, the first stone of which was laid by the bishop in the name of Pope Honorius, the second in that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the next by Longepée himself, and the fourth by the Countess Ela.

King Henry III.'s brother having received the order of knighthood with the earldoms of Cornwall and Poitou, it was resolved that he should begin his military life under the guidance of Lord Salisbury, and the Lady Ela was left to rule the princely patrimony of the Salisburys while her lord fought in France. The expedition successfully achieved, the warriors embarked for home; but a violent storm ensued, and the ships were driven to the Isle of Rhé, about three miles from Rochelle. As they reached the coast an old abbey was observed not far from it, and the earl boldly asked shelter there, from the foes into whose very teeth the tempest had driven him. The abbot received him and his followers with gracious hospitality; but the island was held for the French king by Savaric de Maloleone, and he would undoubtedly have seized the earl, had not one of his retainers warned Salisbury of his danger, and advised instant flight. Again, therefore, the Englishmen embarked on a raging sea, and for three long months they had to struggle against adverse winds and raging waves before they gained sight of land.

Meantime the people in England gave

him up for lost, and the hand of the wealthy and beautiful countess became the aim of the greedy courtiers. Hubert de Burgh, who stood high in favour with Henry III., asked the king to give her to his nephew; and Henry consented, with the proviso that he should first win the lady's assent. But Ela rejected him with scorn, considering the mere offer an insult.

About the 15th of January the earl reappeared in his home, heard his wife's tale, and the next day went to the king, who was at Marlborough, and complained to him of the insult offered to his consort by De Burgh. He said that if the sovereign would not cause full reparation to be made by De Burgh, he would himself seek redress. The justiciary Hubert, who was present, at once apologised for his nephew's conduct, beseeching the earl to pardon him, and in proof of it to accept some chargers and other costly gifts; and Salisbury consented to forgive the De Burghs. Some little time afterwards he was invited by De Burgh to dine with him, but was taken ill immediately after dinner, and had to return home. There was a very natural suspicion that he had been poisoned, but De Burgh's character stood too high for such a rumour to gain ground. The earl had indeed been worn out by his military exertions and his long sufferings at sea. He died, after days of prayer and penitence, and was buried in the cathedral that he had founded. The king, much grieved by the death of his noble kinsman, would never suffer the Lady Ela to be again insulted by offers of marriage. The boon of a free widowhood was conferred on her—a rare favour, as ladies of great wealth were seldom allowed to remain unmarried. She therefore exercised the office of Sheriff of Wiltshire and Castellan of Old Sarum, even when her son came of age, and, by her wish, asked for the investiture of the earldom. The king could not, however, grant it, in accordance with the principles of the feudal law, till his mother's

death; and the Lady Ela held her great power for so long that, surviving her son and grandson, the title at her death passed from the family. For seven years she devoted herself to her maternal duties; then, her children being all provided for, she founded the nunnery of Lacock, in which she took the veil, and at last died, an exceedingly old lady, in the "odour of sanctity."

Another legend belongs to Lacock. Olivia, a daughter and a co-heir of Sir Henry Sherington, of Lacock, fell in love with John Talbot, a younger brother of the Earl of Shrewsbury; but her father refused his consent to the match. The lovers, however, continued faithful, and sometimes on moonlight nights young Talbot, like a second Romeo, wooed his lady from below, while she stood and listened on the battlements of the adjoining church.

One night she said to him, "I will leap down to you." He replied that he would catch her if she did, believing that she spoke only in jest. However, she actually kept her word and leaped; a high wind inflating her dress, partly checked her fall, and Mr. Talbot caught her in his arms; but she knocked him down, and he lay unconscious. Believing that she had killed him, she shrieked for help; the youth was taken into the abbey, and with some difficulty recovered. "Her father," says Aubrey, "told her that since she had made such a leap she should e'en marry him." And thus a mad and foolish action ended more happily than might have been hoped. Olivia Talbot inherited Lacock, and it has ever since remained the property of that branch of the Talbots.

Sir John Talbot of Lacock was the person who received Charles II. in his arms upon the king's landing at the Restoration.

The scientific Henry Fox Talbot, Esq., discovered the beautiful art of photography at Lacock Abbey.

PEVENSEY CASTLE,

AND THE STORY OF QUEEN JOANNA.



T was to the shore of Pevensey that William the Norman came to invade and conquer England. It had then a castle of formidable strength and a good harbour. Now its castle is a picturesque and ivy-covered ruin; and the sea has retreated so far from it that it stands on a headland about half a mile from the sea, in the level called the Marsh of Pevensey, and is a most picturesque object from the Channel, it is so beautifully covered with ivy and is surrounded by such rich pastures. Pevensey is united by the village of West Ham with the remains of the great Roman *castrum*, the ancient Anderida which held out so long against the Saxons.

In the Bay of Pevensey the Norman ships first appeared, and on one of the neighbouring heights a Saxon thane, alone, and on horseback, witnessed the scene, and then rode off at his best speed to bear the evil tidings to Harold, who had been called northwards by the Norwegian invasion, and had just fought and won the dreadful battle of Stamford Bridge.

It was on the 28th of September that the momentous landing took place. The archers came on shore first: they wore short dresses and shaved hair; then the horsemen landed in full armour, with their long lances and double-edged swords; then the pioneers, carpenters, and smiths, bringing three wooden castles, in pieces, prepared in Normandy, to be erected in England when required. William was the last to spring on shore. As his foot touched the sand, he fell on his face. The

soldiery cried aloud, "God keep us! but here is a bad omen." But William leaped gaily to his feet, crying, "What now? what astonishes you? I have taken seisin of this land with my hands, and by the splendour of God, as far as it extends it is mine—it is yours."

"We have seen that Pevensey was the first scene of the Norman Conquest, the most momentous event in English history. Southey, upon the conjoint authorities of Turner, Palgrave, and Thierry, gives such a version of the Normans landing at Pevensey as to decide its having been a Roman station. 'They landed,' he says, 'at a place called Pulverhithe. William occupied the Roman castle at Pevensey, erected the wooden fort, the materials of which he had brought with him ready for construction, threw up works to protect part of his fleet, and burnt, it is said, or otherwise rendered them unserviceable.'" (*Abbeys and Castles.*)

The ruins of Pevensey were explored in 1852 by two clever antiquaries, Mr. Roach Smith and Mr. Mark Anthony Lower. They found that the *castrum*, which encloses about a dozen acres, is by far the most perfect Roman building in England. Nearly two-thirds of the great wall, which is twenty-five feet in height, and nine in depth, with huge solid towers, remains almost as perfect as ever. On the side facing the sea there is a bank of considerable height, overlooking a lower one. It is supposed that the sea formerly flowed up to this side of the fortress. Excavations showed that the lower bank is, in fact, nothing but a fallen wall, now buried under soil and herbage. On this side a small postern door was discovered; there is one opposite to it in the north wall. The chief entrance was the only one that could be approached

by carriages. The *castrum* includes a fine Norman castle, partly formed out of the Roman walls.

Pevensey was called the "Castle of the Eagle honour," from its long possession by the great Norman family of De Aquila.

It was used in the Plantagenet times as a prison, of great strength and (for the poor captives) of gloom.

Here a queen, accused of witchcraft, was immured. Joanna, the queen dowager of Henry IV., was accused of having endeavoured by magic arts to destroy the life of her stepson, Henry V.

"The king's stepmother, Queen Johanne," says Walsingham, "being accused by certain persons of an act of witchcraft, which would have tended to the king's harm, was committed (all her attendants being removed) to the custody of Sir John Pelham, who, having furnished her with nine servants, placed her in Pevensey Castle, there to be kept under his control."

Joanna's chief accuser was her confessor, John Randolph. Henry had been informed of the queen's employing two "domestic sorcerers" to influence the powers of darkness for his destruction, and at once had the friar arrested. He was in the island of Guernsey, and was sent over to Normandy to the king, who examined him, and on his confession took proceedings of the utmost rigour against his stepmother. She was first confined in one of her own palaces, Leeds Castle, and then committed to the charge of Sir John Pelham at Pevensey. Her property was taken from her; her lands, castles, money, and even her clothes,* and proclamation of her offence was made throughout the kingdom. We are not told the exact act of magic of which she was accused; it might have been the wax figure melted before the fire—as this effigy of the person doomed melted away, his health also waned; when the last wax floated off altogether, he would, it was believed, die. This dark magic is the subject of a very fine ballad by Dante Rossetti.

The queen was never brought to trial, for the chief witness against her (the friar) came to a singular and sudden end. While he was disputing with the priest of the chapel in the Tower, the anger of the latter waxed so hot that he actually strangled friar Randolph! There was therefore no witness against Joanna. But it is believed that she was quite innocent of the attempt. Of course we know that she could not in reality have thus injured Henry.

For years, however, the poor lady remained a prisoner at Pevensey. In the fourth year of her incarceration another remarkable prisoner was brought to Pevensey—Sir John Mortimer, the uncle of the Earl of March. He had been a prisoner in the Tower, but had made so many attempts to escape that it was thought safer to keep him at Pevensey. The last illness of Henry V. released Joanna from prison, for on his deathbed he repented of his treatment of his father's widow, and addressed the following injunction to the bishops, who were of his council.

"Right worshipful Fathers in God, our right trusty and well beloved: Howbeit we have taken into our hand till a certain time, and for such causes as ye know, the dowers of our mother, Queen Johanne, except a certain pension thereof yearly which we assigned for the expense reasonable of her and of a certain *menie** that should be about her: we, doubting lest it should be a charge unto our conscience for to occupy forth longer the said dower in this wise, the which charge we be advised† no longer to bear on our conscience, will and charge you, as ye will appear before God for us in this case, and stand discharged in your own conscience also, that ye make deliverance unto our said mother the queen wholly of her said dower, and suffer her to receive it as she did heretofore. Furthermore we will and charge you that her beds and all other things moveable that we had of her, ye deliver her again.

* Parliamentary Rolls, 7th of Henry V.

* Servants. † By his confessor.

And ordain her that she have of such cloth and of such colour as she will devise herself five or six gowns, such as she useth to wear. And because we suppose she will soon remove from the palace where she now is, that ye ordain her horses for eleven chares [cars], and let her remove them into whatsoever place within our realm that her list, and when her list," etc., etc.*

Joanna was released from her captivity before this injunction was written, and was, when Henry wrote, living at her own palace,

* Parliamentary Rolls, 1st of Henry VI.

Leeds Castle. He must have known that she was innocent of the charge against her, or he would not have thus made restitution; for Henry shared all the superstitions of his time, even to the strangely fulfilled prediction that Henry of Windsor would lose all that Henry of Monmouth had gained, and he was even vexed with his queen, Catherine, for having allowed his son (against his commands) to be born at Windsor. It would, in his eyes, have been a deadly sin to release a sorceress, consequently we may pronounce her wronged and innocent.

HASTINGS AND ITS ENVIRONS.



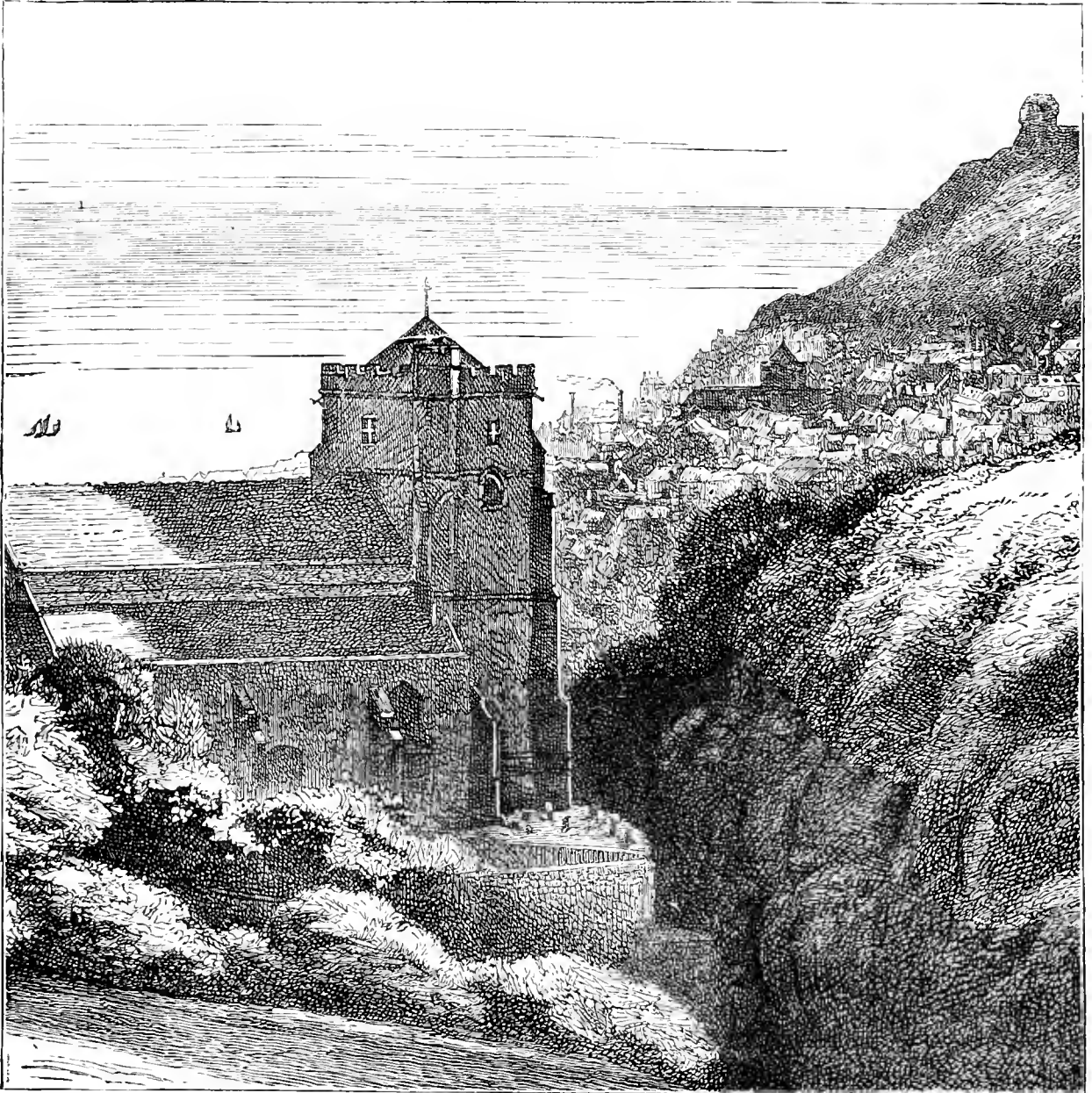
It was to this picturesque town on the sea-coast that William the Norman marched after his landing at Pulverhithe. It was even then an ancient town, for here Arviragus, the British king (Caractacus), is said to have constructed a fort, when he threw off the Roman yoke towards the end of the first century. It is said to have been built by Hastings, the famous Danish pirate, but must have been in existence long before his time. It became a flourishing town early in the Saxon period, and King Athelstan established a Mint there. It is the second in rank of the Cinque Ports. Nearly joining it now is the comparatively new town of St. Leonards. The view of Hastings from the sea is very picturesque. Its high cliffs—the west one crowned by the ruin of its castle—its fishing boats and shore are strikingly pretty.

Standing on the rocky cliffs to the west of the town at the height of 400 feet above the sea level, the castle must formerly have commanded the adjacent country, and was well placed as a defence to the town.

The walls now are nowhere entire, but the ruins show that they were eight feet thick. The gateway was on the north side, inland, but only its site is now found. Not far from it to the westward are the remains of a small tower, enclosing a circular flight of stairs; and near it, farther to the westward, are the ruins of another tower and a sally-port. The south or sea side of the castle does not appear to have had any defence; probably it was thought inaccessible; or, as the cliff has been considerably removed on that side, the ruins of the castle may have gone with it. On the western side are the remains of a high wall with lofty towers, one square, the other circular; part of the interior of the latter is constructed of herring-bone work. The square tower, which is south, has openings deeply splayed from within, with

the remains of a sally-port. The eastern side had, however, the strongest defences; for it had a towered gallery, a portcullis, and semi-circular tower, and a moat sixty feet deep and a hundred feet wide. The north has besides a gate, a sally-port, and

two towers, one round with a circular flight of stairs in it, the other square. Mr. Timbs says, in his "Abbeys and Castles": "This gate had always been supposed to be the site of the original gate; but on proceeding with the excavations on the north side, a



GENERAL VIEW OF HASTINGS FROM ABOVE ALL SAINTS' CHURCH.

gateway was discovered about eight or nine feet in width, and nineteen in depth. This is considered to have been the keep-gate, and there is still remaining the grooves for the portcullis, and the hooks on which the hinges of the gates were hung."

When the interior of the castle was ex-

cavated in 1824, the chapel was discovered, with the chapter house and other offices, and several stone coffins with skeletons.

"These ruins are interesting as marking the site of a chapel in which Thomas à Becket, somewhere about 1157, and William of Wykeham, about 1363, once conducted

the services of the Church of Rome, and which once echoed to the voice of Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury."—*Mr. Gant: Proceedings of the British Archaeological Society, 1867.*

Hastings made some slight resistance to the invader, judging from that wonderful piece of woman's work, the Bayeux tapestry—work by which the patient fingers of Matilda and her ladies recorded her husband's conquest—for we see a burning house close to the castle hill; but the town soon opened its gates and received the invader. The lines of William's camp were to be seen about twenty years ago on the field near the convent.

The tapestry tells us that William ordered a castle to be dug at Hastings, and underneath the words is the picture of a castle on the summit of a hill, as it now stands.

The table on which William is said to have dined after the battle of Hastings is preserved in the Subscription Gardens of St. Leonard's.

The neighbourhood of Hastings has great beauty: Fairlight Glen is a most romantic spot.

Fairlight Down may be recognised by its well-known windmill; and when the summit is reached, a most beautiful panoramic view is obtained from it. We gaze on broad corn-fields, red and gold in the light of the sun; on grove and meadow and vale; on the village church embosomed in trees; on the old decayed towns of Rye and Winchelsea, and on sixty-six ancient churches and five ruined castles; while the sea view extends from the South Foreland to Beachy Head. To the east, like a white cloud in the distance, are the chalk cliffs of Dover.

At the head of Fairlight Glen we find the Dropping Well. A tiny stream of water falls over a ledge of rock into a black hollow beneath, that is over-shadowed by the rich and abundant foliage round it. The glen is perfectly lovely with its trees, its carpet of sward fringed with flowers, its succession of verdant terraces, the wood

above it, and its dells; indeed, it may compare favourably for picturesque beauty with any other spot in England.

Descending the ravine, we come to Covehurst Bay, which lies enclosed by two rocky headlands, and is skirted by a low wall of cliff.

The eastern boundary consists of a great bed or floor of sand-rock, which, from the fissures in it, has some resemblance to a pavement. Re-ascending up the east side of the glen, we reach the Lovers' Seat, which is placed just below the edge of the cliff, and is rather dangerous to get at from above. One has a lovely view from it; and there is, of course, a love tale connected with it. A pair of lovers met here often in secret. The gentleman was in the navy, a Lieutenant Lamb, who had the command of a revenue cutter stationed off Hastings. The lady was a Miss Boys, who was very rich, and whose parents objected to her union with a man who had little more than his pay. She, the heroine of the tale, used to come here and signal her presence to her watchful lover by waving her handkerchief. It is said that she brought the materials and put up the seat with her own hands. As soon as her signal was seen, her lover rowed ashore and ascended the steep cliff to gain her side. Ultimately the lovers eloped, and were married in Hollington Church—the church in a wood.

Hollington village is very pretty, surrounded by woods, that hide the church; so that coming suddenly upon it, it gives us a surprise. It is a plain rustic edifice, dating from the fourteenth century; but the east end was rebuilt in 1861. The heptagonal font is built into the wall; the campanile is of timber, with a low pyramidal top in the old Sussex fashion.

Of course there is a legend attached to this romantic church. It is that when a church was begun on a neighbouring headland or cliff, the Fiend every night undid the work of the builders during the day. The stones mysteriously disappeared, and the people began to despair of ever having

a church, when one Sunday morning they heard the bell summoning them to matins sound from the thickest grove near them. Hastening to see what it could mean, they came upon the church that angel hands had built with the materials pulled down by the Evil One. There *is* a sort of sanctity in this spot, and in the solemn sheltered churchyard, as if heaven indeed were near us here.

Between St. Leonard's and Hastings is a very picturesque house called Bohemia—it is said because it was once the haunt of gipsies. It stands on a hill that is well wooded and cut in terraces, one of which is filled with roses and lovely flowers. But the singularity of the place is a garden sunk in the earth to protect its produce from the sea-breezes. The banks round it are walled; fruit trees are planted in the ground above, and then trained over the bricked banks, with their heads downwards. The fruit they produce in this unnatural position is excellent. A very broad pathway separates these banks from the garden-wall. Within this wall is a delightful kitchen and fruit garden. Leaving this spot, we turn to the left, and find ourselves in a path winding through a wood, the ground beneath the trees being in May a perfect mass or bed of bluebells. It winds by three large fishponds; over the last an old oak spreads its branches. Beyond, the fields lead to Hastings. From the terraces the view of Hastings Castle and of the sea is lovely.

William the Norman did not linger long at Hastings. The thane who had witnessed his landing reached York only on October 8th, for the roads were bad, and the fiery haste of the horseman could not overcome the natural difficulties in his path. He found Harold the king feasting to celebrate his victory over the Norwegian king and his own brother—a victory too dearly won, for at Stamford Bridge he had lost some of the best and bravest of his warriors.

Harold, on receiving the thane's news, started from the table, ordered his troops

to be marshalled, and at once, with too great haste, marched to the south; for ere he reached London numbers of men-at-arms fell out of the ranks exhausted, and unable to keep up with the main body. Thus his troops diminished. The great earls, Morcar and Edwin, stood fatally aloof from him; and his mother, Githa, weeping for the death of her slain son, Tostig, besought Harold not to meet William in the field. For Harold, when he took the English crown, was guilty of perjury. He had sworn solemnly to William that he would not be king of England; and though the oath had been extorted from him, he had, nevertheless, taken it, and his family dreaded the retribution of a broken vow. His young brother Gurth—the best and gentlest of his family—enforced their mother's entreaties. He represented to Harold that his tired and diminished forces were quite unequal to cope with the Norman chivalry; and he besought the king to let him (Gurth) lead the English against the invaders, for Harold could not hope for victory with the stain of perjury on his soul.

But Harold, elated perhaps by his late victory, persisted in staking the crown of England on the issue of a single battle.

Before leaving London, he visited the Abbey of the Holy Rood at Waltham, and offered prayers before a crucifix of which many marvellous tales were told. The monks whispered that as the king knelt in the gloom of the choir, the holy image had bowed its head—an omen, they strangely enough considered it, of danger. Impressed with this foreboding, the abbot sent two of his monks, Osgood and Ailric, to follow their benefactor to the field.

Harold, however, strengthened his army by Londoners and the men of Kent and Sussex, and again marched southward, till he reached Senlac (now Battle), where he halted his army and planted the royal standard of England on the very spot, it is said, where the high altar of Battle Abbey was afterwards placed.

Negotiations were opened on October 13th between the Normans and the English. William sent a monk named Maigrot to the English camp to make three proposals to Harold. One was to resign the crown in compliance with his oath; the second to refer their claims to the decision of the Pope—who had actually blessed William's standard; the third was to decide their quarrel by single combat. Harold declined all these. William, a little fearful, perhaps, of the issue of a battle with the victor of Stamford Bridge, sent the monk a second time to propose to Harold the division of the kingdom; Harold keeping the north as far as the Humber, William the south. Again Harold refused, and the battle was decided.

Neither host slumbered on that momentous battle-eve; but they differed greatly in their mode of spending it. The Saxons, who were a very immoral people, passed the night in drunken revelry round their watch-fires; the Normans in confession and prayer, the chanting of psalms and solemn litanies.

At last the grey dawn broke over the sea, and the fatal 14th of October had come. The English were strongly posted within lines of trenches and palisades, and were marshalled by Harold according to their national mode of fighting—shield to shield—thus presenting a wall of steel to cavalry, as their descendants did at Waterloo, eight hundred years afterwards, with the bayonet. The gallant men of Kent claimed their privilege of leading the vanguard.

The brave burgesses of London formed the royal body-guard, and gathered round the standard. In their midst stood the king of England, with his gallant young brothers, Gurth and Leofric. A Norman minstrel named Taillefer began the fight. Spurring his horse to the front, he sang with a loud voice the song of Roland at Roncevalles; and as he sang he threw his sword into the air with one hand and caught it with the other. The Normans joined in the chorus or burden of his song, or shouted, "*Dieu*

aide." Taillefer struck the first blow; he ran one Englishman through, and felled another; then he was himself mortally wounded by a third. The Normans attacked along the line with their archers, but their arrows fell harmless from the English shields. Then they charged with the cavalry, but could not break the row of serried shields, and the English received them with battle-axes, with which they broke their lances and mail, and wounded the soldiers. The palisades appeared invincible, and the Normans retired in disorder. Once more Harold's brothers begged him to leave the field. "Thou canst not deny," they said, "that thou didst swear on the relics of the saints. Why risk the ordeal of battle? Go for reinforcements to London, and leave *us* to command to-day."

But Harold was deaf to their entreaties. Meantime, the Normans again advanced in three divisions: the first, composed of the volunteers of Boulogne and Amiens, under the command of Fitzosborne and Montgomery; the second was commanded by Alan Fergunt of Brittany and Aimeric de Thouars; the third, above which floated the banner blessed by the Pope, by William in person. It consisted wholly of Normans, led by his bravest knights.

The duke again sent forward his archers, and supported them by a charge of cavalry. Some of these horsemen broke through the English line, but were all driven back into a deep trench artfully covered over with bushes and grass, where very many perished. There was a general panic. A cry rose that the duke was killed, and a flight commenced. William threw himself before the fugitives, and taking off his helmet, cried, "Here I am! Look at me! I am still alive; and I will conquer by God's help."

The attack on the English was renewed, for the valiant Bishop of Bayeux had rallied another portion of the army. From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon the fight continued evenly balanced, or rather in favour of the English.

William then ordered his archers to direct their arrows up in the air, so that the points should fall like hail on those invincible squares. This manœuvre succeeded so far as wounding many of the English in the face, but still they stood firm; and the duke then resorted to stratagem. He ordered a thousand horse to advance, and then turn and fly. The English, deceived, at once left their position, and pursued. But speedily the pretended fugitives turned; were joined by a fresh body of Normans, and attacked the English, who fought bravely and desperately, but in vain. They made no attempt to retreat, but fell with their foes in hundreds on the spot. Three times the sham flight was tried, and each time lured the English out of their lines; but still the main body gathered round their standard, and stood firm, closing in round Harold, who had fought gallantly all the day.

But at this moment an arrow, shot at random, entered his left eye and pierced his brain. The English then despaired, but still they defended their standard, which the Normans made the most desperate efforts to take. Ten Norman knights were slain in the attempt. Then William made his way to the spot, and himself killed Harold's brother, Gurth. Leofric was already dead. The banner was seized, and the Norman Gonfanon erected in its place. It was now six o'clock, and the sun was setting; the battle had lasted nine hours. A desperate attempt to rally was still made by the men of Kent and Essex, and numbers of Normans fell. But it was vain, and the army of Harold, broken and dispirited, dispersed through the woods in the rear of their position. They were pursued by the Normans, but they made a stand wherever possible, and so many of the pursuers fell, that they thought it best to give up the pursuit.

Thus ended one of the decisive battles of the world. "A battle most memorable of all others, and howsoever miserably lost, yet most nobly fought on the part of England," says Daniel. William had, however, only conquered the South of England; he had still to win the rest of the island; and he had lost the fourth part of his army.

It is said that he supped that night on the field heaped with slain, but the sight touched him, and he vowed to build an abbey on the spot, where prayers should be offered for both the Norman and the English dead.

LINES ON THE CAMP HILL NEAR HASTINGS.

In the deep blue of eve,
Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,
Or the lark took his leave
Of the skies and the sweet setting sun,

I climbed to yon heights,
Where the Norman encamped him of old,
With his bowmen and knights,
And his banner all burnished with gold.

At the Conqueror's side
There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand,
In pavilion wide,
And they chanted the deeds of Roland.

Still the ramparted ground
With a vision my fancy inspires,
And I hear the trump sound
As it marshalled our chivalry's sires.

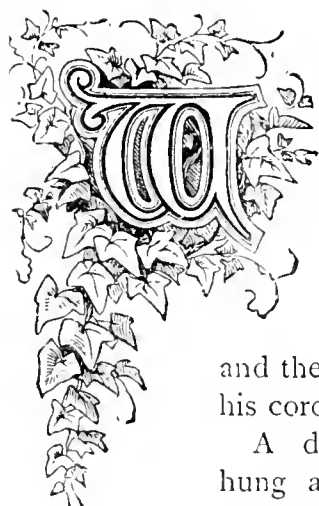
On each turf of the mead
Stood the captors of England's domains
That ennobled her breed,
And high mettled the blood of her veins.

Over hauberk and helm
As the sun's setting splendour was thrown,
Thence they looked o'er a realm,
And to-morrow beheld it their own.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

We must add that the first tournament ever held in England was held at Hastings Castle, the queen of love and beauty being Adela, daughter of the Conqueror. It was from Hastings also that King John issued his proclamation claiming the heritage of the sea.

BATTLE ABBEY.



WILLIAM kept his vow, and Battle Abbey was built by him the next year. He is said to have offered on its altar his sword and the royal robe worn at his coronation.

A dreadful superstition hung about the spot. A sangulac, as the Normans called it, or fountain of blood, was said to spring up here after every shower of rain, in token of God's anger at the immense outpouring of Christian blood on that fatal field; and men were thankful when a religious house rose on the spot, and banished it. The abbey was very magnificent, and had great privileges granted to it. Amongst these was one resembling that of the vestal virgins of Rome. If the Abbot of Battle met casually any culprit going to execution, he had the power of pardoning him on the spot.

He (the Abbot) was privileged to sit in Parliament, and the land for three miles round the Abbey was bestowed on the brethren.

At the Dissolution the Abbey was granted to a person named Gilmer, who, after pulling down many of the buildings, sold the estate to Sir Anthony Browne, whose descendants used part of the Abbey as a dwelling.

The Websters purchased the estate of Anthony Browne, Viscount Montague, and enlarged and improved the house. The hall remained perfect, and part of the cloisters formed a charming room of Lady Webster's. The house stands on a gentle rise, bounded by woody hills on three sides; in the front is a valley winding away towards Hastings. The grand entrance gateway is now the

most perfect part remaining; it is square and embattled, and has octagonal towers at each angle. In front are pointed arches and pilasters. The roof was destroyed. The Abbey Church has also been destroyed, but parts of the cloister arches remain, and the ruins of the monks' refectory, with a detached hall, in which it is supposed the tenants of the Abbey were entertained. The hall has some long pointed windows, twelve on one side and six on the other; below is a crypt with pillars and arches.

It was formerly believed that the monks of Battle Abbey possessed a roll or list of all the persons who accompanied William to England; the roll having been given them that they might pray for the souls of the slain. It was also said to contain a list of the families who came over after William's conquest, and settled in the country.

It is now thought (indeed Camden asserts) that the roll existing in his time was forged, and that the names inserted were not in Domesday Book.

It is probable, nevertheless, that a list of the slain may have been given to the Benedictines for use in their masses, but if so, it has long been lost.

There is a tradition that the original roll, compiled by the monks of Battle, hung in their Abbey beneath some Latin verses, of which a translation was formerly inscribed on a tablet in Battle Church; they ran thus:—

"This place of war is Battle called, because in battle here,
Quite conquer'd and overthrown the English nation were;
This slaughter happen'd to them upon St. Celict's day,
The year thereof (1066) this number doth array."

The Abbey, always inhabited by families of distinction, is now the property of the Duke of Cleveland.



THE KEEP, ARUNDEL CASTLE.

ARUNDEL CASTLE.



THIS noble and picturesque castle belongs to the Duke of Norfolk, to whom it gives the title of Earl of Arundel; the peerage being attached to the tenure of the house, so that, whoever legally possesses Arundel Castle becomes an earl without requiring any other form, patent, or creation. William the Conqueror bestowed the castle, which existed in Edward the Confessor's time, on Roger de Montgomery, one of his bravest knights, who thus became Earl of Arundel. Arundel Castle stands on a steep circular knoll, and commands a fine sea view. The entrance gate has a drawbridge and portcullis, and was originally built in the reign

of Edward I. The keep and some of the walls are of the ancient castle. Taken and retaken by Parliamentarians and Cavaliers, the castle was nearly a ruin till in 1815, Charles Howard, the eleventh Duke of Norfolk, restored it at the cost of more than half a million of money.

Arundel Keep is the most perfect in England. It is a circular stone tower with a dungeon in the middle, accessible by a flight of stairs. Many owls frequent the ancient building.

A queen of England had once her home within these castle walls. Adeliza, the charming second wife and widow of Henry I., fell in love with William de Albini, Earl of Arundel, and wedded him. That he was a peerless knight there is no doubt, for the same tradition belonged to him as to our Cœur de Lion, *i.e.* that he killed a lion by pulling out its tongue (Richard was

said to have torn out *the heart!*) but the story probably arose, Mr. Planché thought, from the Earl's assuming a golden lion in his arms when he married his royal bride.

When the Empress Maud came to claim her father's crown from Stephen, who had usurped it, she landed at Little Hampton and proceeded to visit her step-mother at Arundel Castle. Adeliza received her cordially, but King Stephen hearing of the Empress's residence at Arundel, at once marched there and appeared before the castle with an army, demanding that Maud should be given up to him. Queen Adeliza sent him this spirited answer: "I have received the Empress as *my* friend, not as *your* enemy. I have no intention of interfering in your quarrels, and beg you to allow my royal guest to leave Arundel, and try her fortune in some other part of England. But if you are determined to besiege her here, I will endure the last extremity of war rather than give her up or suffer the laws of hospitality to be violated."

Stephen was a true knight in courtesy at least. He yielded to the demand of Queen Adeliza and permitted Maud to depart safely to Bristol.

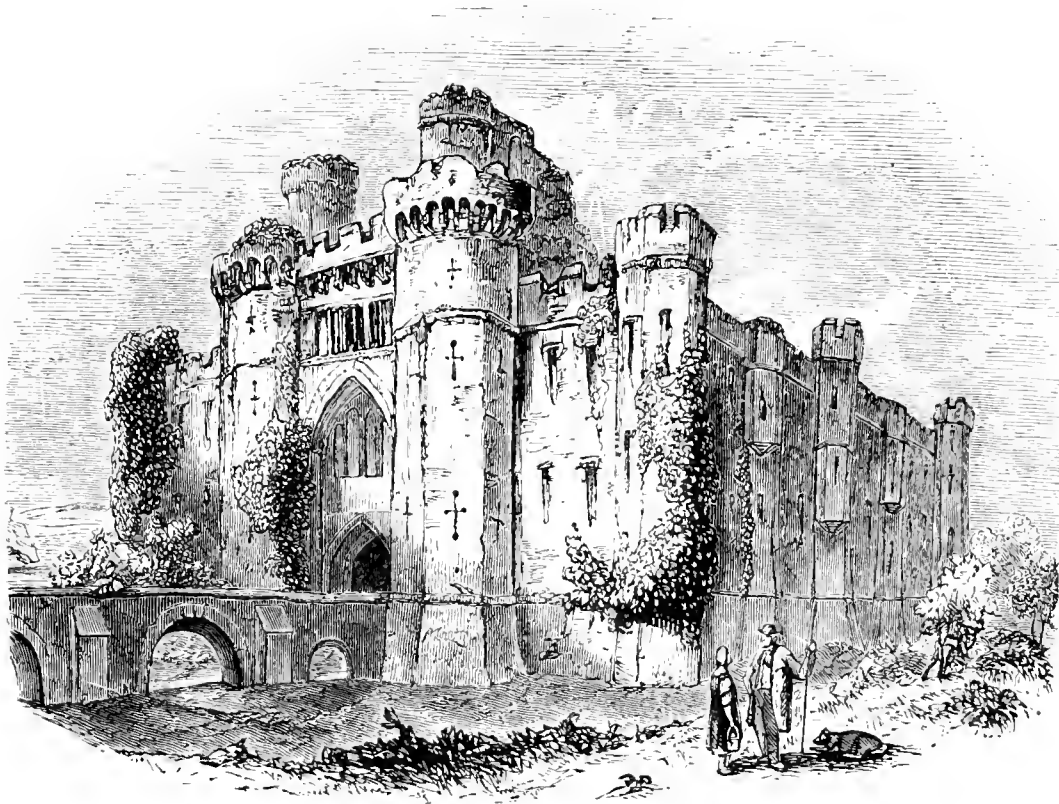
It was at Arundel Castle that the nobles who were accused of plotting to seize the person of Richard II. and kill the Lords of his council were taken. The Earl of Arundel, on the evidence of the Earl Marshal, was executed.

Bodiam Castle is another of the fine old castles that must have so well defended the southern counties from the French, who for twenty years before it was built, had ravaged the country round Hastings and Winchelsea, and eight years before had besieged Battle.

The castle is situated on the north bank of the Rother, and is surrounded by a perfect moat, which is crossed on the north side by a causeway on which some ruins of a barbican still remain.

The castle is nearly square with circular towers, sixty-five feet high, at the four corners, connected by embattled curtains; in the centre of each of which rise square towers equal in height to the circular. The gateway is composed of two flanking towers, in which are numerous oilettes for arrows. It has embattled parapets and deep machicolations whence stones and other missiles could be hurled on assailants. Covered now with ivy, there were once three shields above the gateway, bearing the arms of the former owners of the castle. Passing through the gateway we see that there were two more further on; and that there was a balcony at the lower half of the passage. On the southern side of the quadrangle were the windows of the great hall and the still remaining windows of the buttery and kitchen. On the left of the quadrangle are a series of chambers once probably occupied by the officers of the fortress. The whole courtyard was surrounded by buildings. Next we come to the ruins of the chapel, and then to the residence of the Lord of the castle. The lady's "bower" or boudoir is the first we enter. The sleeping apartments were in the square tower or keep; in one of these rooms are two curious stone cupboards.

The castle was destroyed by the Parliamentarians under Waller, and since then the ruins have crumbled before the rain and frosts of winter, and present now a mere outline of the manner in which the feudal nobles of England lived five hundred years ago.



HURSTMONCEAUX CASTLE, SUSSEX.

HURSTMONCEAUX CASTLE, SUSSEX.

HURSTMONCEAUX was one of the latest built castles in England, being erected just before the period of embattled manor - houses ; its name means the *wood of the Monceaux*, a Norman family who came in with the Conqueror, Hurst or Hyrst being the Saxon for wood. Sussex was rich in woods, therefore we find many places in this county ending in Hurst, and it is the name of one of the old Sussex families. The castle is built of brick, with copings of stone ; and as bricks did not come into use till the fifteenth century, the date of its erection is tolerably certain. Two towers, eighty-four feet high, flank the entrance.

The corbels of the parapet are tolerably perfect, and it is altogether a fine ruin. Had it not been dismantled by its last owner, Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex, it might have remained to the present day as perfect as Warwick or Chirk Castles. But he sold it before his death, and the best materials were used about 1777, to build a manor house in the neighbourhood.

Hurstmonceaux was a castle in the days of the Conqueror, and never changed owners by purchase from that time till 1708, continuing always in one family, though, as we have seen, the castle was rebuilt in the fifteenth century. It is five miles from Pevensey, and seven miles south-east of Battle.

From the Monceaux it came by marriage to the Fiennes, by one of whom the present

castle was erected in 1440. He was created Baron Dacre in 1458. Of his grandson a sad story is told; unfortunately a true one.

The young Lord Dacre succeeded to his grandfather's property in 1525, when he was just seventeen years of age. His boyhood had been neglected, for his father was a man of disreputable character, and had been once committed to the Fleet prison for harbouring felons; thus the poor lad had had bad examples from his earliest days, and had received very little education. He was, however, on his accession to the title, taken to court, and married, while yet very young, to a daughter of Lord Abergavenny.

Dacre was a handsome young man, with some attractive qualities. He was, probably, good-natured and liberal, but he was weak and easily led into mischief. His favourite companions were three gentlemen named John Mantell, John Frowdys, and George Roydon. These wild youths, with some others, devised what they probably considered a frolic. They resolved to hunt by moonlight, and their chase should be after the deer of their neighbour, Sir Nicholas Pelham, who lived at Laughton, a man of the highest reputation. The "joke" was arranged ten days before it was carried out, and then, in the moonlight, the idle young men started intent on their wild sport. But in the meadows near the river Cuckmere in Hellingly Wood, they encountered three men who were quarrelling. One of them was a gamekeeper of Sir Nicholas Pelham's. He of course interfered for the protection of his master's property, and his companions, forgetting their dispute, sided with him. A fray ensued, in which the poor gamekeeper received such terrible injuries that he died in two days (May 2).

The huntsmen had been recognised by the men, however; and Lord Dacre, his three friends, and several others were arrested on the charge of murder. Lord Dacre was tried by his peers, found guilty,

and sentenced to death. He was confined in the Tower, of which his intimate acquaintance and neighbour in Sussex, Sir John Gage, was constable. "On the 8th of June," says Holinshed, "the sheriffs of London were ready at the Tower, to receive the prisoner and lead him to execution on Tower Hill; but a gentleman of the Lord Chancellor's house came and in the king's name commanded to stay the execution till two in the afternoon, which caused many to think that the king would have granted him his pardon." But no reprieve arrived, and at three o'clock on that bright June day, the unfortunate young man was delivered by the Constable of the Tower to the sheriffs, who led him on foot between them to St. Thomas Waterings (near the second milestone on the old Kent Road), where he, Mantell, Frowdys, and Roydon, all died a disgraceful death.

As the slaying of the gamekeeper must have been unpremeditated, the crime could scarcely have been more than manslaughter; but the law was then extremely severe and pitiless. Archdeacon Hare thought that "the law was strained to convert Lord Dacre into an accomplice in the crime;" but documents exist that prove he had a fair trial.

Many persons in the neighbourhood were unjustly sought to be implicated in this sad affair, and Sir Nicholas Pelham was thought to have been severe and unjust in the matter; but there was no evidence of any ill-feeling on his part towards Lord Dacre. Mrs. Gore, in her tragedy of "Dacre of the South," represents him (Dacre) as the victim of the tyranny and jealousy of the knight; but this is a poetical fiction.

The truth is that the poor young man—he was not quite twenty-four when he died—was sacrificed to the follies and vices of his associates.

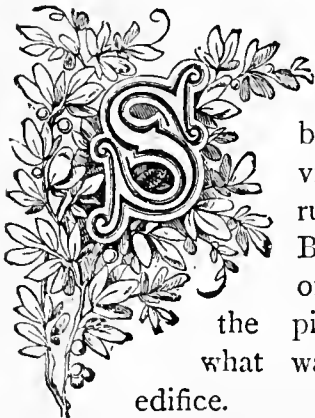
Gough, in his additions to Camden, describes the castle as it was then, with its three courts; its hall, chapel, and kitchen reached to the upper storey, and the

oven in its bakehouse was fourteen feet in diameter. In the east corner of the foundation was an octagonal room, once a prison, with a stone post and iron chain in the middle of it. Stairs built wholly of brick, without any woodwork, led to the galleries, and in each of their windows was painted the wolf-dog, which was the ancient supporter of the family arms. A very

picturesque and beautiful dwelling was Hurstmonceaux in the fifteenth century.

Archdeacon Hare was for some years Rector of Hurstmonceaux, and is interred in its quiet churchyard; his brother, who assisted him in writing the "Guesses at Truth, by two Brothers," sleeps near him. John Stirling was for a few months the Archdeacon's curate.

BRAMBER CASTLE.



SUSSEX is remarkable for its picturesque villages, as well as its ruined castles, and Bramber—a decayed one—still boasts of the picturesque ruin of what was once a stately edifice.

At the general survey of the country in William the Norman's reign, it was ascertained that Bramber belonged to William de Breose, who possessed also forty other manors.

The family were left in possession of their estates by the service of ten knights' fees to the Crown. But in John's tyrannical reign the troubles of the owners of Bramber Castle began. In the year 1208 the anger of the barons began to find voice, and John, alarmed at the symptoms of disaffection, required hostages of them.

William de Breose was one of the suspected nobles, and John demanded his children as hostages for his fidelity. The lady of Bramber was more frank than prudent. When her husband sternly refused to send his children to the king, she added that "she would not trust her children with the king who had so basely murdered Prince Arthur, his kinsman." The impru-

dent words were carried back to John, who never forgave them. He ordered the family to be seized; but his creatures came too late to execute his orders—the De Breoses had fled to Ireland.

They had, however, only escaped for a time. The tyrant king caused them to be followed, and at length succeeded in having them seized, and sent to him. They were taken to Windsor, and shut up together in a room of the castle—the whole family (save one)—and were there starved to death by John's order. The imagination of Dante only could picture such a scene of horror as that must have been; the agony of the mother, who must have blamed herself for their misfortunes; the stern grief of the father; the tears and complainings of the children. John's hideous reign scarcely supplies a fellow-horror to this one.

One son, William de Breose, who was married and had a son, escaped and fled to France; but when he learned how all his dear ones had perished, he lost courage, and died shortly afterwards.

John had previously taken possession of his estates, and given them to his son Richard; but he restored Bramber to William's son Reginald, the last of his family.

John, the heir of Reginald, died by a fall from his horse in Henry III.'s reign,

and that sovereign's brother took charge of the castle till the infant heir was of age, when it was restored to him.

Bramber devolved at length to the Mowbrays, but was forfeited to the Crown when John de Mowbray was executed for treason, having joined the nobles against the Spencers, the favourites of Edward II.

It was restored by Edward III. to his son, who had followed his liege to the French wars.

The castle became afterwards the property of John, Duke of Norfolk, and again brought ill fortune with it, as the superstitions of that age said.

For the Duke—the "Jockey of Norfolk" of Shakspeare's Richard III.—fell on Bosworth Field, and the castle and manor were forfeited again to the Crown, and were bestowed by Henry upon Thomas Lord Delaware and his heirs.

Bramber seems to have been always



BRAMBER CASTLE.

possessed by restless owners—in general opposed to the sovereign ; only once taking the king's side, and that in the case of usurping, blood-stained Richard. It has long been reduced to a ruin, its remains overlooking the little picturesque village in which doubtless dwell far happier people than those who once owned the stately castle of Bramber.

There is an amusing anecdote in the life of Wilberforce illustrating the relation of

members to the snug boroughs they held, and were supposed to represent. Travelling once in this direction, and struck probably by the picturesque ruin, he called the post-boy and inquired the name of the place they were passing through.

"Bramber, sir," was the reply.

"Bramber, Bramber," said Wilberforce, recalling the name with an effort ; "why, that's the place I'm Member for."

We cannot leave this beautiful Sussex

without saying a word or two about its grand coast. From the white cliffs of Dover to the shores of Brighton and Bognor, it is watered by the sea of the Channel; here and there presenting a bolder front to the waves that roar and fret against its cliffs, as

at Beachy Head, a grand headland that has seen many a storm and hostile fleet pass by it, when French, Spaniards, and Dutch have tried unsuccessfully to win in many a sea fight of past centuries the tight little island.



BEACHY HEAD.

ROCHESTER:

THE TOWN AND CASTLE.



VERY quaint old-world town is Rochester, though its cathedral, and the near military and naval station of Chatham, redeem it from the stillness and monotony of most small country towns.

Its castle, high above the swift Medway, is most picturesque; indeed, a prettier picture than castle and river from the opposite bank can scarcely be conceived. There was from early times a fort here; for the passage of the Medway was important, and had to be defended, whether by Romans, Saxons, Danes, or Normans. A great fighting place, therefore, was Rochester, and its castle stood many attacks at that time.

Rochester town and castle were besieged by Rufus during the civil war in Kent in his reign. The town was soon taken, and then the king closely pressed the castle for six weeks. Within its walls was Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the valiant priest who rallied the Normans at Hastings, and he was not likely to yield easily, especially as the castle was his own. A contagious disorder, however, broke out in the garrison, and he offered to capitulate; but Rufus would not accept his terms for a time. At length, persuaded by his barons, he permitted the besieged to march out with their arms and horses, on condition that they should leave the kingdom and forfeit their estates. Odo alone was made prisoner, and was sent to Tunbridge Castle; but afterwards received his liberty and the sentence of banishment.

Rufus probably suspected that Gundulph, the bishop, was inclined to the side of Odo,

for he refused (after the castle was yielded up) to confirm a grant of the manor of Hadenharn, in Bucks, which Archbishop Lanfranc had given to the see of Rochester. But being entreated by Robert Fitz Hamon and the Earl of Warwick, he consented, on condition that the bishop should spend sixty pounds in repairing the injuries the castle had received in the siege, and make other additions. Gundulph repaired the walls, and commenced building the great square tower; but he died twelve years after it was begun, and left it unfinished. It is still called Gundulph's Tower. It is quadrangular, and about seventy feet square at the base.

The present ruin is that of the castle built by this Gundulph, a monk of Bec in Normandy, who was Bishop of Rochester and the best architect of his time. He also built the White Tower of the Tower in London.

One enters the pretty gardens now spread beneath the ancient keep, by an ascent formed by two arches turned over the castle ditch, and one finds one's self in a lovely spot, full of roses and lilies; and one is greeted by a rush of wings and the soft coo of doves, as the castle pigeons of all hues flutter round one. They are so tame that they will take food from the hand, and perch on one's head and shoulders. Under the protection of the lodge-keeper they are safe, and know it. What flocks there are of them!

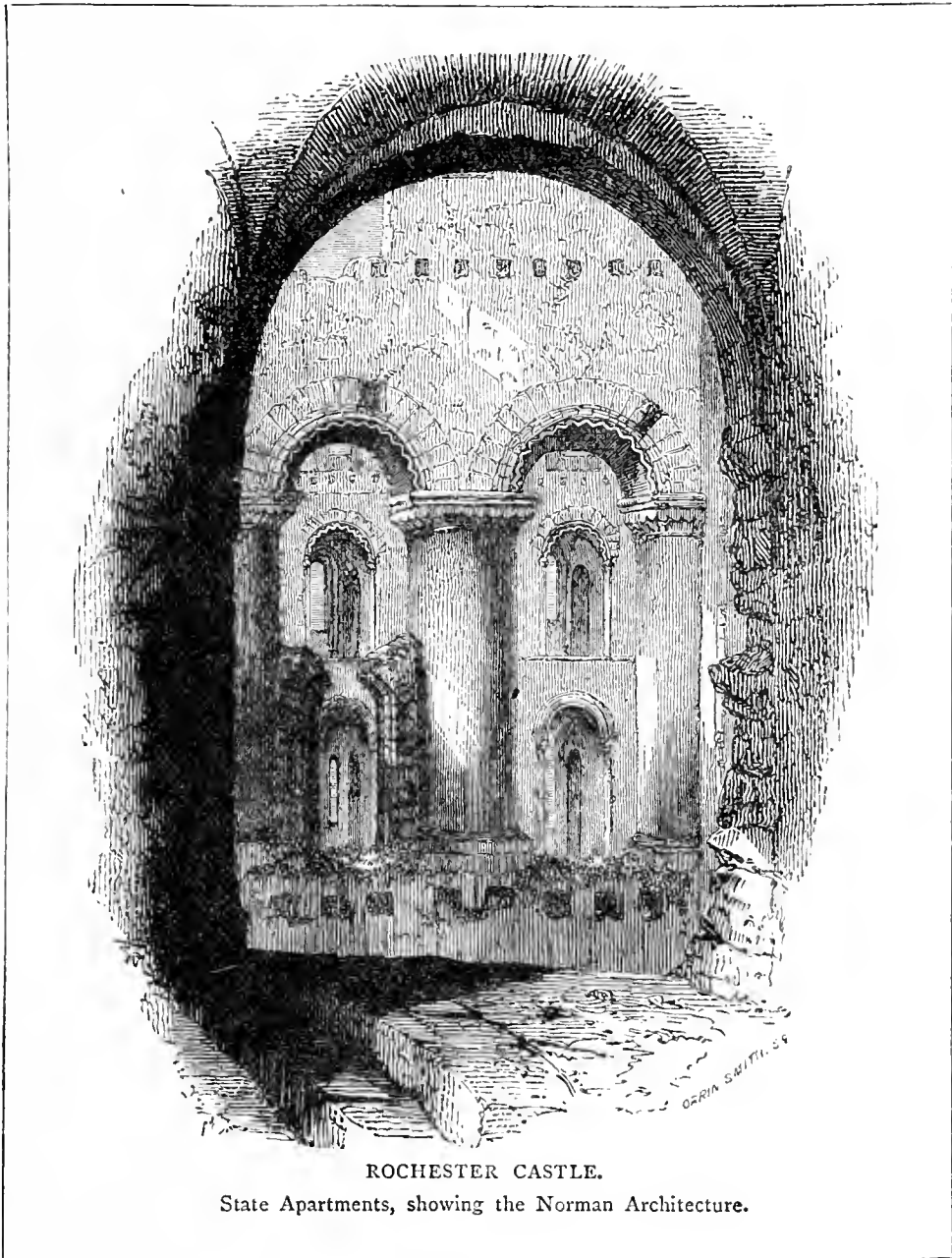
The keep, noble even in decay, is at the south-east angle, and is so lofty that it can be seen twenty miles off.

The points most observable in Rochester ruins are the well, which is built in the centre of the great tower, and its contrivances for supplying every floor with

water; the columns and arches of the chapel in the second storey, and the extreme massiveness of the walls, which are twelve feet thick.

From the floor glancing upwards one sees the whole height of the interior. The

space enclosed by the walls of the castle is about 300 feet square. The tenure of the fortress is perfect castle guard. On St. Andrew's Day, old style, a banner is hung out of the house of the receiver of the rents, and every tenant who does not pay



is liable to have his debt doubled on the turn of every tide in the adjacent river during the time that it remains unpaid. Much land in Kent is held on this tenure from the castle.

Adjoining to the east angle of the tower

is a small one, about two-thirds of the height of the keep and about twenty-eight feet square. The grand entrance was by this small tower, ascending by a noble flight of steps through an arched gateway. Here, in old days, was a drawbridge, under

which was the entrance to the lower apartments of the great tower, which were probably designed for store rooms, and are very dark and gloomy. Air and light were admitted only through narrow slits in the walls. They are divided by a partition wall with arches in it, by which the rooms communicate. There is a vault under the small tower, which was doubtless the prison of the castle. The great tower is ninety-three feet high, and has a battlement round it seven feet high, with embrasures. At each angle of the roof is a battlemented tower, twelve feet square. The whole height of the keep, including these towers, is a hundred and twelve feet from the ground. The rooms have fireplaces and arched chimney-pieces, but no chimneys; the smoke was supposed to be carried off through small holes made in the outer wall near each fireplace. As we ascend to the next floor, we find a narrow arched passage in the main wall, running all round the tower. In the tower of the castle near the bridge is an open space from top to bottom of the wall for the secret conveyance of provisions to the garrison.

The first event that occurred at the castle after its siege by Rufus was the imprisonment in it of the gallant Robert, Earl of Gloucester, by the adherents of King Stephen. He had been the general of the Empress Maud, his half-sister, and was taken prisoner at Winchester after effecting the escape of the empress. There is something absurd in the fact that Stephen himself was at the same time the prisoner of Maud! The king and earl were exchanged.

Among the articles of complaint preferred by Becket against Henry II. was

that of the king having unjustly deprived him of Rochester Castle, which had been annexed to the archbishopric by Henry I.

Rochester had a large share of the civil strife in the infamous John's reign. William de Albini held the castle for the barons, and defended it bravely for three months, till famine was added to his difficulties, and the garrison had to kill their horses, and finally to surrender, when John had all the soldiers, except the crossbowmen, hung.

Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, also besieged the castle in the next reign. It held out for King Henry III., however, successfully; and after seven days the great rebel retired, and the force he left behind him was put to flight by the besieged.

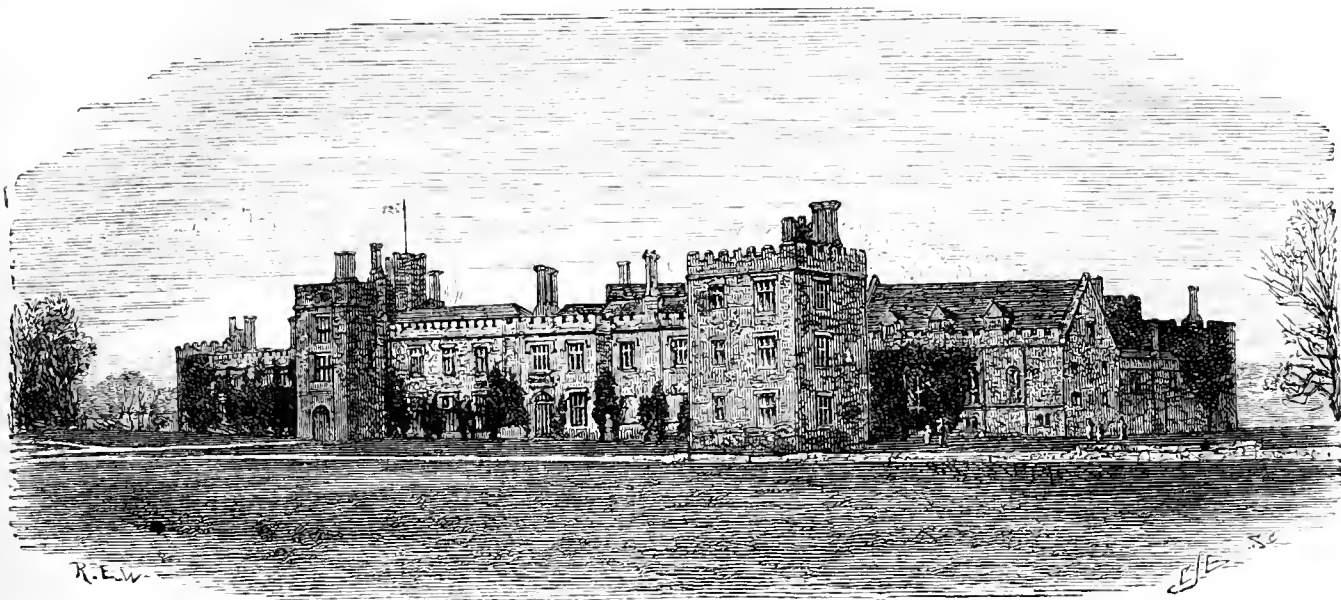
James I. granted Rochester Castle to Sir Anthony Weldon. His descendants destroyed the interior to sell the timber. The noble ruin is now the property of the Earl of Jersey.

Close to the castle is the fine cathedral of Rochester (it is said that there was a subterranean way between the fortress and the church), and in a house near it Queen Elizabeth stayed when on a visit to the town.

The view of the castle towering over the Medway is, as we have said, highly picturesque.

The town also has one or two quaint old houses, and its High Street is interesting. The Bull Hotel is immortalised in "*Pickwick*," and the place of the duel between Messrs. Winkle and Slammer can be identified on the hill by the military hospital.

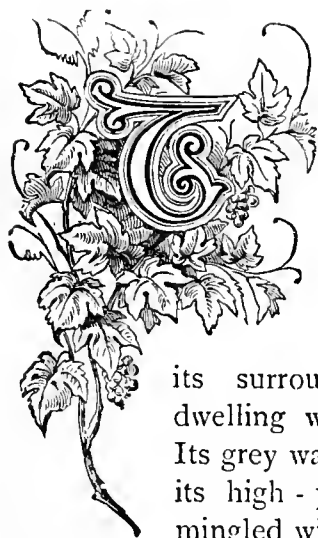
Indeed, the localities of *Pickwick* make both town and neighbourhood interesting. Edwin Drood also belongs to Rochester.



PENShurst.

PENShurst PLACE.

“Tread,
As with a pilgrim’s reverential thoughts,
The groves of Penshurst.”



THE fine old home of the Sidneys has given great men to serve our country, and is beautiful enough, from its surroundings, to be a dwelling worthy of the race. Its grey walls and turrets, and its high-peaked, red roofs, mingled with the more recent buildings of fresh stone, give it a striking and venerable appearance. But the lovely valley above which it rises, the woods and park stretching northwards, and the old church and parsonage grouped in front, are its chief claims to the picturesque. Valleys run out in every direction from the one in which it stands, and the hills rise and wind charmingly at a little distance covered with woods and fields and the graceful hop

plantations. The park has ancient and renowned trees in it; there are Sir Philip Sidney’s Oak, Saccharissa’s Walk and Gamage’s Bower.

The house has two principal fronts—west and north. They are both of great length. The western front is of several dates and styles of architecture; the façade is battlemented, and the centre division has large windows of triple arches, with armorial shields between the upper and lower stories. The south end is very ancient, with smaller mullioned windows; the northern end has windows similar to the centre, but plainer and smaller. At each end of this façade projects a wing with towers of various heights and sizes; stone ones that are square, octagon ones of brick, etc. The northern front facing up the park has been restored, and presents a battlemented range of stone buildings of various projections; towers, turrets, and

turreted chimneys. The old gateway tower forms the principal entrance, and from the eastern end of this front runs a fine avenue of limes.

The south side of Penshurst has all the irregularity of an old castle, with its towers, projections, buttresses, and gables. The court that used to be on this side is now a lawn.

The old banqueting hall is a grand specimen of the ancient baronial hall of the fourteenth century, with its raised daïs, its tall Gothic windows, and the space marked out in the centre of the hall where of old the fire burnt on the dogs, the smoke escaping through the centre of the high oak roof.

On the right hand of the daïs is the entrance into the cellar, from whence many a stoup of wine or ale was wont to be brought to the great tables in the hall. Passing this cellar entrance and ascending the loo stairs, the ball room is reached—a large room with columns of verde-antique giallo and porphyry from Italy.

It is said that Queen Elizabeth, when visiting Sir Henry Sidney, furnished one of the apartments very splendidly. It is now called Queen Elizabeth's room. The gilt chairs were covered with richly embroidered yellow and crimson satin, and the walls of each end with the same, the embroidery having been done by the queen and her ladies. But the chief interest of the apartment is in the three portraits it contains of Sir Philip, Algernon, and Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke.

Sir Philip Sidney—a perfect match for the French Bayard—is one of the glories of England. The story of his gallant death, and of his generosity at the battle of Zutphen in giving the water, for which his burning lips craved, to a dying soldier, are known to all. But he was not only a gallant and generous soldier, he was a poet and novelist; some of his sonnets are very beautiful, in spite of the old language of his day being slightly different from our present English. Here is one of them.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep ! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low ;
With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw :
O make in me those civil wars to cease ;
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light ;
A rosy garland and a weary head ;
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

It was at Wilton, when with his accomplished sister, that Sidney is said to have written the greater part of his "*Arcadia*," the first original prose romance in our language. It is full of quaint beauties and brilliant thoughts. He wrote also "*Astrophel*" and "*Stella*" and "*Defence of Poetry*."

The "*Arcadia*" embodies the very spirit of his age, and an heroic tone of thought. Pamela's prayer in it was used by Charles I. before his death, and has therefore a most touching interest for us. We will add the closing portion of it as a specimen of the noble nature of the poet and of the king who sympathised with him. "Let the power of my enemies prevail, but prevail not to my destruction. Let my greatness be their prey; let my pain be the sweetness of their revenge; let them, if so it seem good unto Thee, vex me with more and more punishment; but, O Lord, let never their wickedness have such a hand, but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body."

This warrior and poet was also the very model of a courtier, but without the baseness of the mere flatterer. Elizabeth called him the brightest jewel of her Crown, and Lord Brooke thought it the greatest glory of his life that he could have inscribed on his tomb, THE FRIEND OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

His domestic virtues were equally remarkable; he was the best of sons to a most noble father—Sir Henry Sidney (in whose arms King Edward VI. died), and he was the most affectionate and generous of brothers to young Robert Sidney and his beloved sister Mary. The latter, the Countess of Pembroke, equalled him in

fine qualities and intellectual gifts. He was the idol of his times, both in his native home and on the Continent, and for his chivalrous character and virtue the Crown of Poland was actually offered to him.

Sir Philip's portrait must have been taken when he was about two or three and twenty. His dress is a rich laced doublet of pale crimson, a ruff round his neck, and a scarlet mantle hanging loosely from his shoulder. He has clear earnest eyes and ruddy brown hair. He is standing reading with a staff of office in his hand.

Algernon Sidney's portrait is similar to the engravings of him. He is standing by a column, leaning on a folio book labelled *LIBERTAS*; his buff coat, scarlet sash, and steel cuirass are the dress of the age. His is a stern and melancholy countenance, and as in the background are the Tower and the axe, it must have been painted after his execution.

The women of the house of Sidney have also been distinguished. Dorothy Sidney, "Saccharissa," was immortalised by Waller,

and at Penshurst a noble avenue of beeches is still called Saccharissa's Walk.

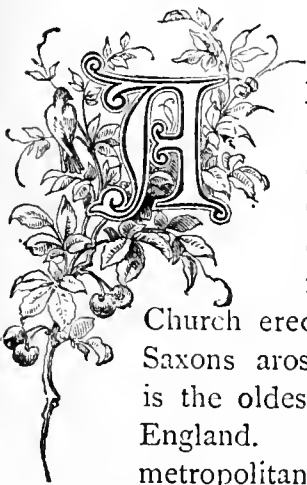
FOR A TABLET AT PENSHURST.

Are days of old familiar to thy mind,
O Reader? Hast thou let the midnight hour
Pass unperceived, whilst thou in fancy lived
With highborn beauties and enamoured chiefs,
Sharing their hopes, and with a breathless joy,
Whose expectation touched the verge of pain
Following their dangerous fortunes? If such love
Hath ever thrilled thy bosom, thou wilt tread
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts
The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born,
Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feigned,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady,
With courteous courage and with loyal loves.
Upon his natal day an acorn here
Was planted; it grew up a stately oak,
And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourished, when his perishable part
Had mouldered dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath mouldered now, but Sidney's fame
Endureth in his own immortal works.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Sir Philip Sidney was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. "His wit and understanding," says his friend Lord Brooke, "beat upon his heart to make himself and others, not in word or opinion, but in life and action, good and great."

CANTERBURY.



ANCIENT, beautiful and full of historical memories is Canterbury Cathedral. Here the first Christian

Church erected by the Anglo-Saxons arose, and Canterbury is the oldest Episcopal city in England. Its archbishop is metropolitan, and has suffragan bishops subject to him; he is also primate of all England, and first peer of the realm.

Many of the Roman legionaries were Christians, and they had built two churches at Canterbury, which were still standing

when Augustine arrived at the court of the king of Kent. Every one knows how Gregory the Great, enchanted with the beauty of the Anglo-Saxon children in the slave-market where they were exposed for sale, despatched Augustine on a mission of conversion to Britain. He (Augustine), decided on going to Canterbury first, because Ethelbert's queen, the lovely Bertha of France, was a Christian, and had stipulated when she married for the free exercise of her religion, and for a chaplain and some minor ecclesiastics to perform mass for her; the missionary was consequently sure of a welcome from the royal lady and her priests. With great pomp, and in solemn

procession, Augustine and his forty attendant monks presented themselves to the King and Queen of Kent. Ethelbert received them courteously, and appointed them a residence in his chief city, Canterbury. Very soon the king became a convert to Christianity and gave liberty to the monks to preach freely and build churches throughout his kingdom, and Pope Gregory declared that hereafter the Church of Canterbury was to be paramount over all others in England, "for," said the good Pope, "where the Christian faith was first received, *there* also should be a primacy of dignity."

On the death of Ethelbert the infant Church was exposed to great perils. Ethelbert's son and successor, Eadbald, was a pagan and a persecutor; the enemies of Christianity ruled in Kent, and the bishops of London and Rochester, who had been appointed by Augustine, fled from the country, forsaking their sees in order to save their lives. Bishop Lawrence, Augustine's successor, was about to fly also, when he was stayed by a miracle, real or pretended.

The night before his intended departure Lawrence slept in the church, and dreamed that the Apostle Peter appeared to him, and reproaching him severely for his cowardice in forsaking the flock entrusted to his care, proceeded to beat him severely with his pastoral staff. Lawrence awaking in pain, found that a portion of his dream had been a reality, for he was stiff with bruises and weals, and his shoulders were severely lacerated.

The bishop at once proceeded to the palace, asked to see the apostate king, and laying bare his wounded shoulders, told Eadbald the vision. The king became from that hour convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, for he could not suppose that Lawrence would have willingly inflicted such injuries on himself. If he had, or if he had ordered one of his monks to do it, the pious fraud had greater success than it deserved, for the king of Kent now supported the church he had persecuted.

Canterbury was sacked in after years by the Danes, who massacred the archbishop and all his monks—for the church was also a monastic institution, and the archbishop an abbot. Canute, to atone for this cruel sacrilege, repaired the church and restored the body of the murdered archbishop to his monks. But in the time of the Norman Conquest the church was completely burned down, and not a single fragment remains of St. Augustine's Church.

Lanfranc rebuilt it and Anselm built the choir in such splendid style that according to William of Malmesbury, "it surpassed every other choir in England," in the transparency of its glass windows, its beautiful marble pavement and the painting of the roof. Prior Conrad completed the chancel, and the magnificent cathedral was dedicated in 1130, in the presence of Henry I. of England, David, king of Scotland, and all the bishops of the English Church.

In 1170 Becket was murdered in this church, and it was in Conrad's choir that the monks watched his body the following night.

It is a sad story—a few hasty words spoken by the king, who had certainly been greatly tried by the haughty prelate, and four knights, Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Morville and Richard Brito set out to rid Henry of his foe.

On the 29th of December they proceeded with a number of followers and citizens to the Monastery of St. Augustine, the abbot of which was loyal to the king; from thence they proceeded to the archbishop's palace, and entering his apartment abruptly at about two in the afternoon, seated themselves on the floor without saluting him in any way. There was a pause: then Becket asked what they wanted; they did not answer immediately, but sat gazing on him with haggard eyes. At length Reginald Fitzurse spoke: "We come," he said, "that you may absolve the bishops you have excommunicated; re-establish the bishops you have suspended; and answer for your own offences against the king."



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Becket replied with boldness and great warmth, saying that he had published the papal letters of excommunication with the king's consent; that he could not absolve the Archbishop of York, whose case was heinous, and must be brought before the Pope alone; but that he would remove the censures from the two other bishops if they would swear to submit to the decisions of Rome.

"But of whom, then, do you hold your archbishopric," asked Reginald — "of the king or the Pope?"

"I owe the spiritual rights to God and the Pope, and the temporal rights to the king," answered Becket.

"How! Is it not the king hath given you all?"

Becket replied in the negative; "and the knights furiously twisted their long gloves."

Becket then reproached three of them, who had been his liegemen in the days of his vainglory and prosperity, for forsaking him, and said that it was not for such as they to threaten him in his own house, adding that if he were threatened by all the swords in England he would not yield.

"We will do more than threaten," replied the knights, and departed. When they were gone Becket's attendants blamed him for the rough and provoking tone in which he had replied to his adversaries. He answered that he had no need of their advice; he knew what to do. The barons, who seem to have wished to avoid bloodshed, finding that threats were useless, armed themselves and returned to the palace, but they found the gate had been shut and barred by the servants. Robert de Broc endeavoured to break it in with his battle-axe, and his blows rang on the air.

Becket's servants, greatly alarmed, besought him to escape, but he refused even to take sanctuary in the church, perhaps from fear of the holy place being contaminated by crime and bloodshed, but at last, as the bell tolling for vespers reached his ears, he said he would go to the service, and

making his cup-bearer precede him with the crucifix uplifted, he passed through the corridor with a solemn and measured pace, and entered the church. His servants wished to barricade the doors, but Becket forbade them. "No one," he said, "should be debarred from entering the house of God."

The terrified monks, as the noise outside became greater, fled to hide themselves; only three—Canon Robert of Merton, Fitz Stephen, and the faithful Gryme remained with him. He was ascending the steps that lead to the choir when Reginald Fitzurse appeared at the west end of the church, waving his sword and shouting, "Follow me, loyal servants of the king." The other conspirators followed him closely; four mailed figures gleaming, whenever a faint light from a shrine fell on their armour. But the shades of evening were closing in the short December day, and the vast church was in obscurity. Becket might easily have escaped and hidden himself in the intricate crypt underground, or in the chapel beneath the roof, and the monks urged him to do so, but he refused, and boldly advanced to meet the intruders, preceded by his cross-bearer, Edward Gryme, or Grim, a German monk.

A voice shouted, "Where is the traitor?" Becket made no reply; but when Fitzurse said, "Where is the archbishop?" he answered, "Here am I, an archbishop, but no traitor, ready to suffer in my Saviour's name."

Tracy pulled him by the sleeve, saying, "Come, thou art our prisoner."

He pulled back his arm so violently that he made Tracy stagger.

"They advised him," says Knight in his "Pictorial History," "to flee, or to go with them; and on a candid consideration it seems to us that the conspirators are entitled to a doubt as to whether they really intended a murder, or were not rather hurried into it by his obstinacy and provoking language."

It does, indeed, seem as if Becket desired what he considered martyrdom. Turning

to Fitzurse he said, "I have done thee many pleasures, why comest thou with armed men into my church?" They told him he must instantly absolve the bishops. "Never, till they have offered satisfaction," he replied, and he addressed a foul term to Fitzurse.

"Then die," exclaimed Fitzurse, striking at his head; but the faithful Gryme interposed his arm, which was nearly cut off, and the stroke only just reached the primate, and slightly wounded him. Another voice cried, "Fly, or thou diest!" but still Becket did not move. With the blood running down his face, he clasped his hands, and bowing his head exclaimed, "To God, to St. Mary, to the holy patrons of this church and to St. Denis, I commend my soul and the Church's cause."

Blow now followed blow, and one from De Tracy brought him to the pavement; another was given with such force that the sword broke against the stone flooring. The blow had cleft his skull, and the brains were scattered about. Hugh of Horsea, one of their followers, then put his foot on the archbishop's neck, and cried, "Thus perishes a traitor."

The conspirators then left the church in safety, and went their different ways.

There are memorials of Becket's assassination in the cathedral itself. There is the Transept of Martyrdom; the door by which the knights entered the church; the wall in front of which the archbishop fell, and there is reason to believe (antiquarians tell us) that the pavement in front of the wall is the same now as then. It is of hard Caen stone, and a small square piece has been cut out of it, probably as a relic.

The steps up which pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas climbed on their knees still remain; and the indentations in the stones from wear yet tell of the pious multitudes that sought from him protection or pardon.

In 1174 Canterbury Cathedral was on fire, and the whole of the choir was destroyed. It was restored by William of Sens, and William Anglus, *i.e.* English

William, under whom the choir and other buildings were completed, 1184. Prior Challenden took down Lanfranc's nave, and erected a new one with transepts, and Prior Goldstone added the great central tower.

In 1692 Canterbury suffered with all the other cathedrals. The centre of the great window of the north transept, in which Becket was painted robed and mitred, was demolished by a Roundhead.

The present cathedral, consisting of the different buildings thus erected, combines specimens of all classes of pointed architecture—transition, Norman, and perpendicular. The interior is much finer than the exterior. It is in the form of a double cross, and consists of a nave and aisles, a short transept with two chapels, a choir and aisles elevated above the nave by a flight of steps, another and larger transept with two semicircular recesses on the east side of each, and two square towers to the west.

East of the choir is Trinity chapel, which contains Becket's shrine and the corona, with the monument of Cardinal Pole.

Canterbury is distinguished from all other cathedrals by the choir rising so high above the nave. It is reached by a stately flight of steps, and this magnificent approach (with the massive piers rising like a forest of stone) is one of the chief beauties of the great cathedral.

Pilgrimages to the shrine of Becket (who was canonised) were frequent during the Middle Ages, and to them we owe the chief poems of our first English poet, Chaucer, the "Canterbury Tales." The murder of Becket and his following canonisation, were indeed most important events in the history of the cathedral. To him it owed its fame and wealth and artistic decorations.

The great window of the north transept was, as we have said, destroyed by a Roundhead, named Richard Culmer or Blue Dick, with his pike; the destructive Puritan, however, narrowly escaped with

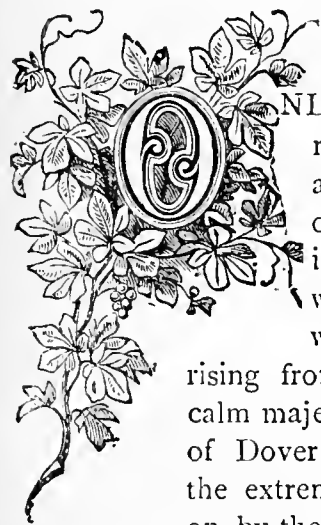
his life, for a loyal fellow-townsmen threw a stone at him with so good an aim that, if Blue Dick had not ducked, he might have laid his bones there.

There is still existing a grace cup, believed to have belonged to Becket, and legends and initials confirm the ancient possession. Round the lid is the motto *Sobrii estote*, with the letters T. B. support-

ing a mitre. Round the cup is chased *Vinum tuum bibe cum gaudio*. Round the neck is the name "God. Ferare," probably the name of the goldsmith. The cup of ivory probably did belong to Becket, but the setting is not earlier than towards the close of the fifteenth century.

It is in the possession of the Arundel family.

DOVER.



ONLY those who have returned home after a long absence in other climes can realise the rapture with which one sees the white cliffs of Albion rising from the sea in their calm majesty. The high cliffs of Dover are picturesque in the extreme, and were looked on by the Britons of the ear-

liest times as the vanguard of the British defences. They had a rude fort there long before the invasion of Cæsar.

When threatened with invasion by Napoleon, the English Government put the castle into a state of strength sufficient to stand a siege by a modern army. The works then constructed consist of different batteries, containing a formidable train of artillery; casements dug in the solid chalk rock; magazines, covered ways, various subterranean passages, and lodging for 2,000 soldiers; light and air being conveyed by shafts and side openings through the rock to the face of the cliffs.

Within the Keep is an ancient well, said to be 370 feet in depth, and near it, within the Saxon works, are three other wells, nearly as deep. The large well is men-

tioned in the document by which the castle was surrendered to William the Norman.

The castle consists of two wards, an upper and lower, and occupies about thirty-five acres of ground. The lower ward is surrounded by an irregular wall or curtain, flanked at unequal distances by towers of different shapes. The oldest of these towers is said to have been built by Earl Godwin, the father of Harold, and still bears his name.

The Constable's Tower is the principal entrance to the lower court; this entrance has a deep ditch, crossed by a drawbridge, massive gates and a portcullis.

The Keep, re-built by Henry II., is very like the keep of Rochester Castle. It is in good preservation, and is used as a magazine. The walls are from eighteen to twenty feet thick, and in their thickness run galleries almost entirely protected from missile weapons. The summit of the keep is embattled, and at each angle is a turret. During the last wars it (the summit) was made bomb-proof, and several cannon are mounted on the top.

Near the edge of the cliff is a beautiful brass cannon, twenty-four feet long, cast at Utrecht in 1514, and presented by the States of Holland to Queen Elizabeth. It is called "Queen Elizabeth's pocket pis-

tol!" It carries a twelve pound shot, but is quite unfit for use. There are several curious devices upon it, and some lines in old Dutch, which have been thus translated:

"O'er hill and dale I throw my ball;
Breaker (my name) of mound and wall."

Shakspeare has left us a fine picture of Dover cliffs, with which we will close our description of them:

"There is a cliff whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confinèd deep.

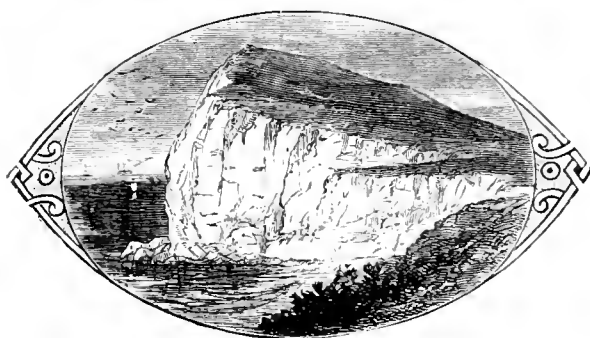
* * * * *

Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still:
How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yond' tall anchoring bark,
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight; the murmuring surge
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high; I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

* * * * *

From the dread summit of this chalky bourn
Look up a height; the shrill songed lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard."



SHAKSPEARE'S CLIFF.

It was from the cliffs of Dover that the Roman galleys approaching the shores of Britain were seen by the gallant people, who resolved to sell their lives and liberty dearly. They watched the invaders from these cliffs as they sailed along the coast to find a landing place, and following all their movements, descended. Sending their cavalry and war chariots before them, and marching rapidly after them with the body of their troops, they prepared

to oppose the Romans' landing. Cæsar, however, favoured by both wind and tide, determined to disembark his forces on the open flat shore between Walmer and Sandwich. But the Roman soldiers hesitated to leave their galleys (deterred according to Cæsar's account by the depth of the water). The standard-bearer, however, of the famous tenth legion, was equal to the occasion. Shouting with a clarion voice, "Follow me, fellow-soldiers, unless you will give up your eagle to the enemy; I, at least, will do my duty," he sprang into the sea, and dashed with his eagle into the ranks of the British. The soldiers instantly followed the heroic Roman, and the troops from the other galleys hesitated no longer. The contest that followed was a severe one, and Cæsar himself acknowledges the valour of the Britons. They rushed into the sea to encounter and drive back the invaders; but Roman discipline and arms prevailed, and Cæsar landed his two legions, and finally defeated the natives of the island.

He was unable to follow up his victory on account of the absence of his cavalry, and a hollow peace was made with the Britons; but as we all know, the conquest of Britain was finally achieved. It became a Roman province, and one of the first buildings erected by the conquerors was a watch-tower or Pharos, which still exists on Dover cliffs. It is unmistakably a Roman work, and is now about forty feet high; but the upper part is more modern, and appears to have been added by Sir Thomas Erpingham (he who gave the signal to begin the battle of Agincourt), as he repaired the Pharos when constable of the castle in the reign of Henry V., and his arms are sculptured on the north front.

Close by the Pharos is an ancient church, generally said to have been built by King Lucius in the second century, but the walls are of a much later period, though Roman materials are worked up in them. The church has been restored by Government, and is now used as a garrison chapel.

The Castle is magnificently situated on the summit of a cliff more than 300 feet high. William of Normandy took possession of it immediately after the battle of Hastings. Creating his half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, Earl of Kent, he gave the castle into his custody, wisely considering it the key to the island. But Odo of Bayeux was a stern, tyrannical man, and much hated by the Saxons.

The men of Kent were not inclined to submit to him, nor, in fact, to William himself, and they resolved to retake their castle. They sent to Eustace, Count of Boulogne, entreating his aid; it was readily yielded, and the count managed to cross the Channel unobserved by the Normans. The Kentish men met him on the shore. He had brought a number of scaling ladders, intending to surprise the fortress. They were descried, however, by the soldiers in the castle, who allowed them to approach and to begin scaling the wall; but then they opened the gates, sallied forth, and attacked the assailants with such fury that Eustace and a few others were the only ones who escaped. They succeeded in reaching their ship, but the rest were either slain by the sword, crushed by falling from the cliffs, or "devoured by the sea."

A terrible scene Dover cliffs must have presented on the dawn of the next morning.

Odo of Bayeux being suspected by William of disloyalty or treachery, was sent prisoner by him to Normandy, and his possessions were confiscated; the king seized Dover Castle and fortified it anew, appointing not one custodian, but nine. These were trusty knights, who by tenure of lands were each bound to find and maintain a hundred and twelve soldiers; and they were appointed to perform watch and ward, each in particular towers, turrets and bulwarks, which bore the names of their respective captains.

Henry II. rebuilt the keep, and reforti-

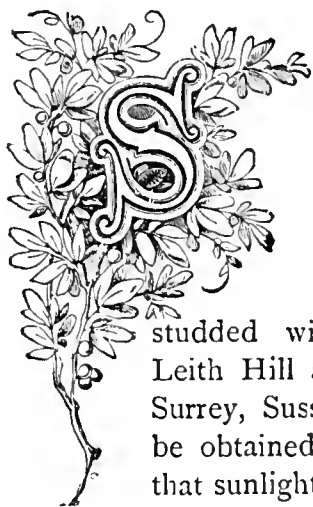
fied the castle. It was twice besieged by Louis the Dauphin, when he was called over by the discontented barons in John's reign, but it was so gallantly defended by Hubert de Burgh, the governor, the first time with a garrison of only a hundred and forty soldiers and his own servants, that the French retired with loss. Once again Louis besieged Dover Castle, and this time endeavoured to bribe Hubert to surrender it to him; but De Burgh was inflexibly honest and treated his offers with contempt. Our readers will recognise in Hubert de Burgh the Hubert of Shakspeare's magnificent tragedy of King John."

But though Dover Castle was saved from the surprise intended by Eustace de Boulogne and the men of Kent, it was not so fortunate during the civil war in Charles I.'s reign. A certain merchant, named Drake, resolved to obtain possession of it for the Parliament, and on the night of August 1st, 1642, with the aid of only twelve men he resolved to make the attempt.

The cliff on the seaside being considered inaccessible, was left unguarded. The brave Drake, with ropes and scaling ladders led his followers up this terrible path in the faint starlight. They succeeded in reaching the top unobserved, and he instantly made his way down to the entrance; here he seized the sentinel, and threw open the gates. The officer on duty believing that Drake had a strong force with him, and that resistance was hopeless, surrendered at discretion. Drake immediately despatched messengers to Canterbury, where Lord Warwick was with his troops, and the Earl instantly sent him one hundred and twenty men to help him retain the castle. The Royal forces shortly after besieged the daring conqueror, but the Parliament sent a superior force to his relief, and the Royalists were compelled to raise the siege.

This is the last adventure recorded of Dover Castle.

SURREY:



ITS HILLS AND CAVES.

SURREY is a perfectly English county in point of rural beauty. It is rich in pastures and streams and thickly studded with woods. From Leith Hill a perfect picture of Surrey, Sussex, and Kent may be obtained, and very lovely is that sunlighted, rich champaign country, the variety of woods, fields of corn and pasture, and clumps, groves, rows of stately trees, render it equal to any part of picturesque England.

The beautiful vale on which we gaze from Leith Hill is about thirty miles in breadth and sixty in length, and is terminated at the south by the majestic range of the southern hills and the sea; about noon on a summer day, when the air is serene and clear, one can see the line of sea water through a chasm of the South Downs called Becting Gap. Then turning northward, one looks over Box Hill and sees the country beyond, between it and London; from this point Box Hill appears insignificant, whilst the richly clothed hills of Norbury form a charming perspective.

The whole circumference of this view is at least 200 miles, and it far exceeds that from the keep or terrace of Windsor Castle. The country looks like one fair garden spread before us; the fields of yellow, russet, or dark brown softening the brilliant green of the pastures. When we have descended from the hill to the main road, we have again to ascend and take the left turning to reach Abinger. Proceeding to Abinger Cross-ways and walking for about a quarter of a mile northward, we reach Evershed's Rough, where a memorial cross—a

granite monolith—marks the spot where Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, one of the wittiest and most eloquent of prelates, was killed by a fall from his horse, July 19th, 1873.

Wotton, famous as the birth-place and residence of John Evelyn, lies to the right of the turnpike, in the direction of Leith Hill; a fine old place that has been in the Evelyn family since the reign of Elizabeth Evelyn, known to us by his "*Sylva*, or a Discourse on Forest Trees" and by his "*Diary*" is stated to have covered a great part of the parish of Wotton with trees of his own planting. He was one of the most excellent of men in a profligate age.

Reigate, not far from Dorking, is a town of great antiquity, nestling amongst hills and trees. Its old church, situated on a rising ground to the east of the town, with its square embattled tower, is highly picturesque.

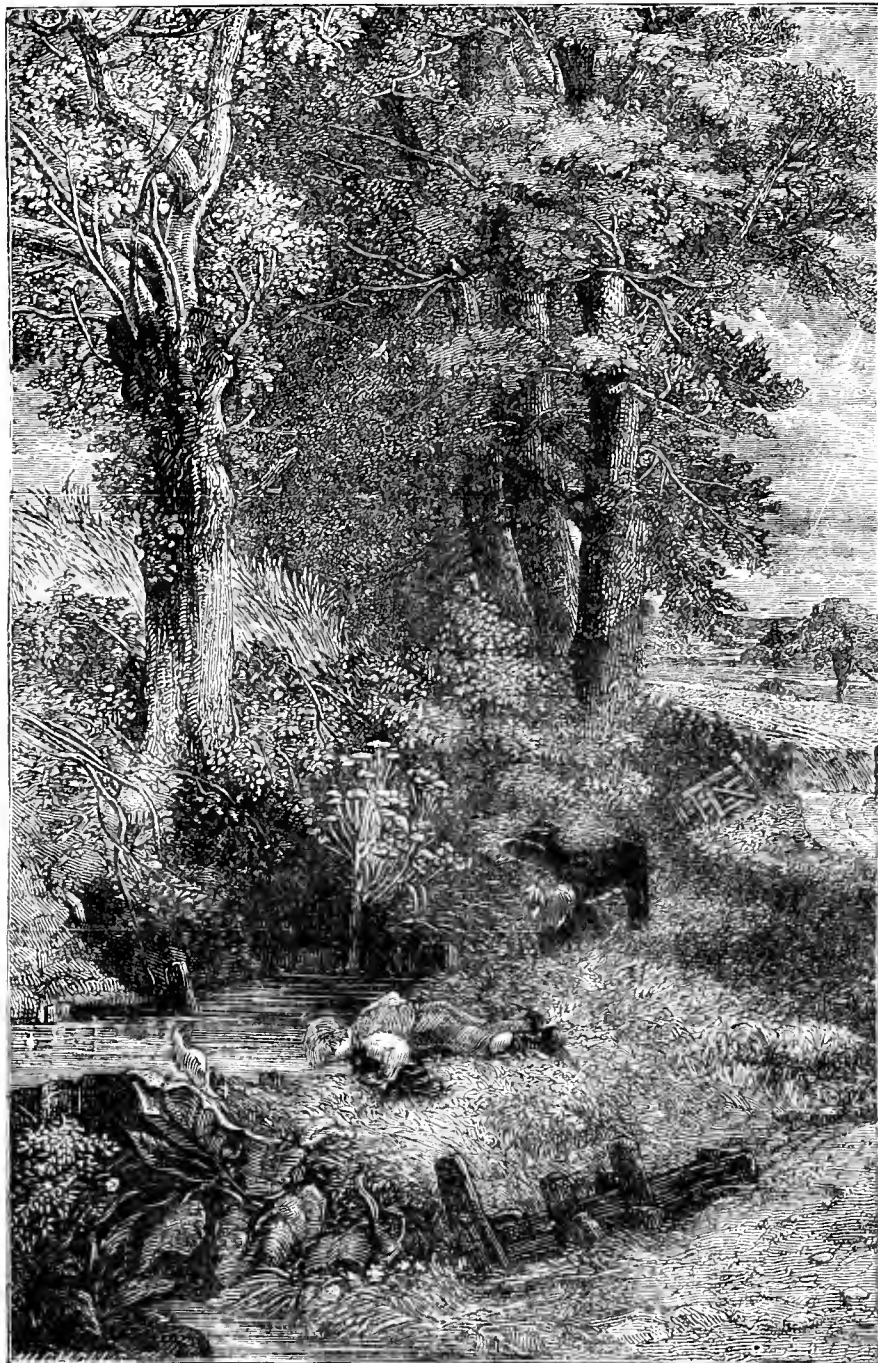
Reigate had once a castle, said to have been built by the Earls of Warren and Surrey, but William, Earl of Warren, in the reign of John, is the first of his family mentioned as its owner by Dugdale.

The earl hesitated between the barons and the king, and, in consequence, lost his castle, which for a time was in the possession of Louis, the Dauphin of France, whom the barons had called in to oppose John. His occupation of it is shown by the French coins that have been found at times in the ground near the ruins.

But the castle that once crowned the heights above the town is entirely gone, not a vestige remains of it; and where it once stood on the top of the hill are now public gardens, prettily laid out, and fragrant in summer with lilies and roses, and with a velvet lawn bordered by flowers. On this

height the air is very pure and fragrant, and there is an extensive view of Reigate Park to the south, Leith Hill and Reigate Hill on the west and north, the red roofs of the town clustering in the valley below.

In the centre of the lawn is a small pyramid of stones, having an opening in it which is an entrance to the singular and interesting caves below. A flight of rough steps, eighteen feet deep, and a descending



A SURREY HEDGEROW.

passage of twenty-six feet or more, lead to a small cave which has the appearance of being a guard-room, at the bottom of this entrance, but no one is now allowed to descend the steps to it. To see the caves,

we had to call on the gardener, who has a pretty cottage near a stone archway (erected in 1777), and ask him to conduct us to the caves. Walking down towards the ancient moat, and half round the mount,

we descended some steps, the guide opened a door, and we entered the caves. Candles in holders are placed along the walls, and these the guide lighted as we proceeded, and we saw by their dim light the interior of the caves. From the small chamber at the entrance we passed into a passage rather more than a yard wide, and eight feet high, which widened to double the size as we advanced.

Our feet were on pure dry silver sand that carpets all the cave, and glitters delightfully. It is never damp there, the guide told us.

On the white sandstone of the sides of the passage are a great number of wonderful carvings. Several heads are Roman in feature, and wear the Roman casque, and in one or two places we recognised the white horse of the Saxons. Had time and light allowed, one might have deciphered something like a story inscribed on these stones.

The cave passage runs on till another joins it, that is about twenty-seven feet long, and opens into a cave called the Barons' Cave. It is rounded into the segment of a circle, and at the end is a stone seat, on which tradition says the barons sat when, in the security of this earth chamber, they deliberated on the demands to be made in *Magna Charta*. It was interesting to believe that we looked on the spot where the charter of our freedom was concocted; but unfortunately there is no proof of the truth of the tradition.

On the ground lay an immense stone cannon ball, that the guide told us was used to summon the soldiers from the guard-room. He lifted it and let it drop, and the sound reverberated through the caverns. The cave-passages lead direct to the guard-room, a good-sized cave, from which the passage and steps ascend to the garden; a very few men could have protected the barons from foes descending them, or entering by the doorway; and the cave is certainly well fitted as a meeting-place for conspirators. The Barons' Cave is thirteen feet wide.

There are other caves in Reigate, some of which were discovered when the railway was made. One of them under the railway is used as a wine vault. It is of some extent, and has rather dangerous pits in it. We saw it, by courteous permission of the owner, lighted by a guide with a tallow candle on a rod, that faintly illumined the surrounding darkness. A little boy of the party ran away, and the guide was evidently uneasy till he came back again, as we could not have found him if he had hidden in the great dark caves, or he might have fallen into a sandpit.

Were these caves (said to extend for eight miles) refuges for the Surrey women and children when the Danes invaded England? For the inhabitants of this district were so successful in repelling them (the Danes), that they gave rise to a proverbial distich attributed to them by Camden,—

“The vale of Holmes dale
Never wonne; never shall.”

The reason that doubt has been cast on the story of *Magna Charta* having been concocted in the Barons' Cave, is that the Earl of Surrey of that time continued faithful to the king till resistance to their claims became hopeless. “It cannot, therefore,” says Timbs, “be supposed that his castle would be chosen for their deliberations.”

It is quite possible, however, that Lord Surrey and his friends may have held secret consultations in the Barons' Cave.

In 1265 a crime tarnished the reputation of John de Warren, Earl of Surrey. He had a lawsuit with Alan, Baron de la Zouche, about the title of a certain manor. The cause was decided against the earl, who was so exasperated that he insulted the baron, using abusive language to him. Surrey had armed retainers with him, though their weapons were concealed; De la Zouche and his son were unarmed. By order of the earl, it is said, the followers of Surrey drew their swords and assaulted the unarmed gentlemen. Perceiving their danger, the father and son fled towards the king's chamber in the palace of West-

minster; but the assailants followed, and wounded both De la Zouche and his son, the latter mortally.

The earl fled with his servants after this violence to the Thames, crossed the river, and took refuge in Reigate Castle.

Henry III. and Prince Edward thought it impossible to overlook so great a crime, though the earl had been to them a useful and loyal subject. They ordered Surrey to appear before the Court to answer for his offence. The earl refused to obey, and Prince Edward, accompanied by the Archbishop of York and other nobles, proceeded to Reigate to take the culprit into custody.

At first he seemed resolved to defend the fortress, but he was persuaded to surrender. He was tried, and asserting in his defence that the act was one of sudden anger and not premeditated violence, he was merely fined 10,000 marks to the king, and 2,000 marks to the injured baron.

In the third year of Edward I. he visited Earl Warren at Reigate, and was magnificently entertained by him. In return, the king remitted 1,000 marks of the fine that still remained unpaid.

In Reigate parish church lie the remains of the great Lord Charles Howard, of Effingham, who fought so gallantly against the Spanish Armada in Elizabeth's time. He was buried here. About a hundred years ago the vault was opened, and the following inscription on a brass plate, fixed to a leaden coffin, was seen:—

“Heare lyeth the body of Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admirall of England, Generall of Queene Elizabeth's Navy Royall at sea against the Spanyard's invinsable navy in the year of our Lord, 1588; who departed this life at Haling House the 14 day of Dec., in the yeare of our Lord, 1624. *Ætatis suæ, 87.*”

BOX HILL.—This small but remarkable hill of trees, situated 445 feet above the level of the river Mole, is a very delightful spot to wander on, amidst trees and wild flowers that are here of great beauty. The

view from the summit is that of the fertile and lovely land that has been often called the Garden of England,—a name worthy of the rich and beautiful pastoral county in which the hill stands.

The box trees are said to have been planted by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, who intended to build a house here, but had to forego his purpose on account of want of water. In 1800, the then owner of Box Hill and Betchworth Park sold the box on the hill for £15,000, the purchaser being allowed fourteen years to cut it down.

At the side of the main path, Major Labellière, an eccentric person, was buried in 1800 at his own request, with his head downwards, as he believed that the world would be turned upside down, and then he would be in a right position.

Boxhill belongs to the Hope family; on the summit of the hill Mr. Hope built a cottage where those who visit the spot, either as travellers, or for the purpose of playing any of the national sports, can get refreshments.

Descending the hill on the opposite side to Burford, and taking the path leading to the Betchworth road, we come to the principal entrance of Betchworth Park, about a mile east of Dorking. It forms a portion of the lovely Deepdene estate, where thick groves and fine avenues offer delightful walks to pedestrians. Here, also, beneath stately chestnut trees, are seats erected; and to this pleasant rural scene the people of Dorking proceed on Sunday afternoons to enjoy all the sweetness of nature in her summer garb of foliage and flowers, which the generous consideration of the owner allows them to share.

Deepdene is an Italian villa, surrounded by fine grounds, which, as Timbs says, “display unceasing variety in their disposal”; and in truth every portion of this princely domain, whether viewed in the palmy days of summer, or in the shady splendour of autumn, abounds with positive proof of the highly cultivated tastes of the late proprietor and his predecessor;

the ornamental bridges, porticoes, lodges, vineries, gates, and even rustic seats, have some peculiarity which denote that they were designed by no ordinary skill.

Lord Beaconsfield wrote "Coningsby" amid the shades of Deepdene.

The house contains a gallery of exquisite sculpture, a collection of fine paintings, a number of valuable Etruscan vases, and an extensive and well-chosen library. Mr. Hope's great wealth enabled him to travel and collect the treasures placed here; he was known as a man of genius and of the most highly cultivated taste.

NORBURY.—Writing in his diary August 27th, 1655, Evelyn says:—

"I went to Box Hill to see those rare natural bowers, cabinets, and shady walks in the box-copses, and then walked to Mickleham and saw Sir F. Stidolph's seat environed with elm trees and walnuts innumerable, from which last he told me they derived a considerable revenue. Here are such goodly walks and hills shaded with yew and box as render the place extremely agreeable, it seeming, from these evergreens, to be summer all the winter through." Sir F. Stidolph's place was Norbury Park, the most beautiful spot in beautiful Surrey.

Edward the Confessor found the remains of a Roman stronghold at Norbury. He converted it into a district lordship held direct from the Crown. At the Conquest it was given to Richard of Tunbridge, and from him was inherited by Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester. He—the earl—may have taken hither the lovely little princess Joanna, when, after their marriage, she loved to visit his noble castles before settling down in their rural home of Clerkenwell. For many generations the Husee family were tenants of the Earls of Gloucester, and at length they purchased Norbury. A daughter received it as her portion when she married Wymeldon in the reign of Henry VI. Heirs male failing, Norbury passed to the Stidolphs, an old Kentish family. In time the Stidolphs also died out, and Norbury was sold to a man by the

name of Chapman, who bought it to make money out of it, and cut down every saleable tree. Beautiful Norbury would have been destroyed had not Mr. Lock bought it of him in 1774.

He was a man of great taste, and restored and improved the place, building a fine house on the crest of the hill. The windows commanded an exquisite view, and the decorations of his saloon were so fine that they became the talk of the time.

He entertained here Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke and Gibbon, and all the most distinguished characters in England.

When the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror drove the *noblesse* of France into emigration the fame of Mr. Lock's house and hospitality, which had long before reached Paris, brought some remarkable exiles to Surrey. At Juniper Hill Madame de Staël established her *ménage* with Talleyrand, the Comte de Narbonne, the Duc de Montmorency, Monsieur Sicard and General D'Arblay; they were all entertained at Norbury. Fanny Burney, the novelist, used to stay at the house, and there fell in love with General D'Arblay. They were both very poor, but Miss Burney had a pension of a hundred a year from Queen Charlotte, in whose hard service she had spent the best of her life, and she made money by her pen, though not to any great amount. However, they married, and Mr. Lock gave them "a piece of ground in his beautiful park," she writes, "upon which we shall build a little neat and plain habitation." Her novel "Camilla" furnished the funds for building the house, which was finished in 1797, and called after the book, Camilla Cottage. It is now Camilla Lacey. Her diary contains amusing and graphic accounts of their residence here, of General D'Arblay cutting down asparagus with his sword, etc., etc.

At Norbury, in 1819, Mr. Lock's son died, and the property was sold to a Mr. Robinson, then to Mr. Fuller Maitland, who exchanged it with Mr. Speding. At

length it was bought, in 1848, by Mr. Grissell, grandson of the builder of the new Houses of Parliament, who has greatly improved the grounds. There is a grove of yews here that are a perfect show, and Sir Joseph Paxton has been seen to embrace and kiss the bark of a magnificent beech here: he declared that the yews

and beeches of Norbury were the finest in England.

About a mile distant from Norbury is the inn at Burford, where Nelson spent his last days in England, and where, about ten or eleven years afterwards, Keats, then barely twenty-one, wrote the latter part of his fine poem "Endymion."

MOOR PARK.



THIS house has so many memories attached to it that we must have noticed it even if it had not been, as it is, a picturesque place. It lies at the foot of the hills that bound the heaths towards Farnham, and is near Waverley Abbey. It is a spacious mansion of three storeys, and was the residence of Sir William Temple, long ambassador to the Hague, and a man of great ability as a statesman and essayist. He died at Moor Park in 1698, and beneath a sundial in the garden, near the east end of the house, his heart is buried; his body lies in Westminster Abbey.

He engaged Jonathan Swift, a distant relation of his own, and then a young man, to read to him and occasionally to act as amanuensis at a salary of £20 a year and his board. At first the accomplished courtier and statesman could scarcely endure the rough manners of the poor Irish lad, seldom talked to him, and never let him sit at his table. But Swift *saw* what good manners were in his brief interviews with Temple, and also what education could do. He resolved to improve himself, and studied eight hours every day. At the end of two years he was obliged to leave Moor

Park, and go to Ireland for his health sake. He had foolishly eaten at one time a dozen Shene pippins, and they made him extremely ill. Sir William missed his clever amanuensis during his absence, and when Swift was able to return to him he occupied a far different position; he was now Temple's confidential secretary, and was permitted to be present at his employer's interviews with William III., who was much attached to Sir William. Whenever Temple had the gout and was unable to attend on his sovereign, he deputed Swift to do so, and the king seems to have liked the young secretary very much. Swift said that William III. taught him to eat asparagus Dutch fashion, that is to consume the whole of it—not only the ends—a good way of eating it if the stalks are green and tender, but impossible when they are white and hard. William must have felt very much at home in Temple's lovely but formal gardens, for they were laid out in the Dutch style, and must have constantly reminded him of Holland. He was so pleased with Swift that he offered him the favour he would himself have most appreciated: he told him that he would make him a captain of cavalry. But Swift had no inclination for a military life, and declined it. He had a good excuse for his refusal in the frequent attacks of giddiness from which he suffered all his life. It was at Moor Park—or

rather in a cottage near it—that Swift met and loved the unfortunate Stella. Her true name was Esther Johnson, and she was the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward. In consideration of her father's faithful service Temple left her at his death a legacy of a thousand pounds. Sir William constructed a canal—his tastes were wholly Dutch—in his park, and there were grass walks at the sides bordered with the most beautiful flowers.

In 1699 Temple died, and left a legacy with his MSS. to Swift, after having, before his death, obtained a promise from the king that he would give the secretary the first prebend's stall vacant at Westminster or Canterbury. But William forgot his promise, though Swift had dedicated Sir William Temple's posthumous works to him.

Lord Berkeley then invited Jonathan to accompany him to Ireland as his private secretary, and he went; but he did not retain the situation long, as the earl had been told that the office ought to be held by a clergyman. Swift took orders in the Church, but was disappointed of the deanery of Derry through the same malign influence that had caused his dismissal from his secretaryship, and had to be content with the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin, in Meath.

He increased the parochial duty at Laracor by having prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and certainly endeavoured to do his duty as a clergyman. He invited Esther Johnson and a Mrs. Dingley with whom she lived to Dublin, and it is said on reliable authority, secretly married her, but would never acknowledge her as his wife, or even see her alone, spending, however, much of his time with the two ladies. From this time Swift appears as an author, and wrote the "Tale of a Tub."

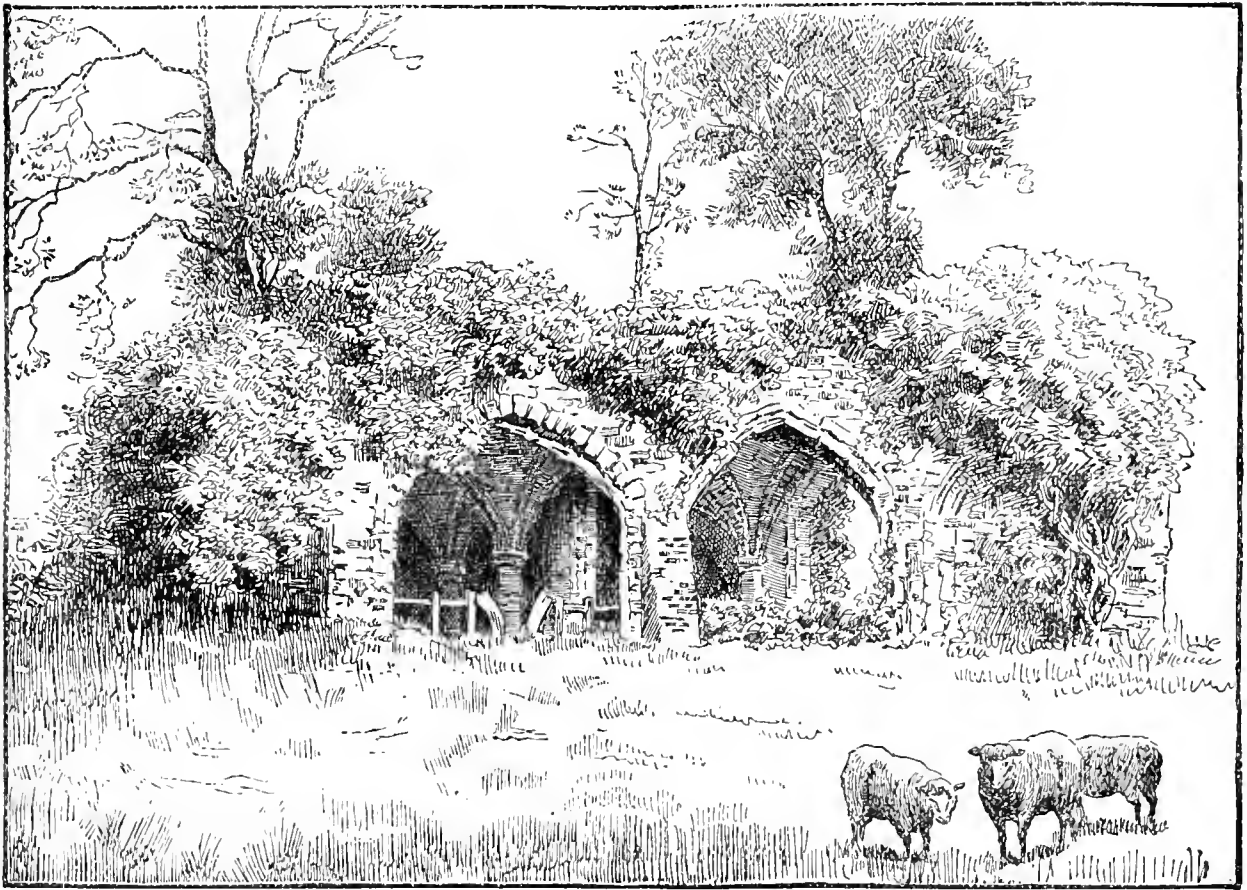
It was not, however, till nine years afterwards that Swift, entrusted with a mission from the Irish Primate to the minister Harley, saw opened before him a field for the exercise of his great talents. But

though recognised as one of the first literary men of his time, Queen Anne's strong prejudice against him prevented Harley from promoting him in the Church; nor can we blame Anne, as some of his writings were very objectionable, and would have been most unfitting from a bishop. Swift returned to Dublin to pass the rest of his life as Dean of St. Patrick's; from this abode issued his famous "Gulliver's Travels" and poems, and he won the adoration of an entire people by the publication of the "Drapier's Letters." But much trouble came into his life, the consequences of his own faults, and the end was, indeed, misery. He lost his reason entirely, and died mad.

We have not space to enter here into the sad story of his conduct to Miss Vanhomrigh (the Vanessa of one of his poems), and his strange love for Stella. There is every excuse for him in the incipient insanity which at the end revealed itself. Both Scott and Thackeray have written the life of this gifted but most unhappy man, whose memory will always linger about Moor Park.

There is an old cavern in the sandstone rock that bounds Moor Park, that is called "Mother Ludlam's Hole," from Mother Ludlam, a rather amiable and popular witch, having lived in it. At the bottom of it flows a small stream from some hidden spring. The water is very transparent and pure, and it was from it that the monks of Waverley Abbey obtained their supply.

Above this cave is a deep fox-hole in the sand. A person named Foote, who had become disgusted with the world, took refuge here. He remained till he was nearly starved to death; then his thirst becoming unendurable he crawled down to the stream to drink, and was found by it—dying. He was taken to the nearest cottage, and then to Farnham workhouse, where he died in 1840. His last words were, "Do take me to the cave again."



WAVERLEY ABBEY.—THE VAULTED CRYPT.

WAVERLEY ABBEY.



ON the borders of Moor Park are the ruins of the once celebrated Waverley Abbey.

They stand in a large green meadow, round which the river Wey winds on three sides, overshadowed by low wooded hills. It is just such a valley as the Cistercian Monks were wont to prefer to heights.

It was the first monastery of the White, or Cistercian Monks in England, and was built by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, who brought twelve monks and their abbot to it in 1128, from the Abbey of Eleemosyna, in Normandy. It soon

began to receive gifts of granges and manors, and in about fifty years it had seventy brothers in it, and a hundred and twenty lay brethren. It kept also about thirty ploughs always at work. King John persecuted them for their wealth, and the monks had to disperse and fly; but they soon returned, and on St. Thomas's Day, 1230, they entered in procession their new church, which had been thirty years building, and was opened that day.

The annals (or chronicle) kept in this abbey were published in Gale's *Hist. Anglicanæ Scriptores*. They begin in 1066 and end in 1291, and are very interesting. Waverley colonised several abbeys in the south, from Kent to Devonshire; but at the Dissolution it was not a very rich abbey, though it had a fairly

good income of £174 8s. 3½*d.* It was granted by Henry to his treasurer, Sir W. Fitzwilliam.

The precincts of this abbey had the full privilege of sanctuary, the same as if the applicant clung to the altar, and they held tenaciously to this right, of which a singular instance is given in their annals.

During the abbacy of Bishop Giffard in 1240, a young man offered himself as shoemaker to the fraternity, and was received into the abbey; but in the August following, some officers of justice appeared and arrested him on a charge of murder. In vain the monks and their abbot represented that the man was in sanctuary; the officers carried off their prisoner. The abbot and monks, greatly alarmed by this invasion of their privileges, agreed not to hold any divine services in the abbey till the wrong done it had been righted. The abbot was deputed to go and represent the facts to the Pope's Legate, who then happened to be in England. The Legate heard, but—all circumstances considered—refused to interfere. The abbot then proceeded to the king (Henry III.), demanded the punishment of his officers for violating sanctuary, and craved the return of the prisoner.

The Lords and councillors of Henry, however, interfered, and insisted that the abbot should first remove the interdict on his abbey, and produce his charters and muniments that the case might be thoroughly examined and considered. The bishop complied, and his charter being examined, it was found that the Abbey had the right of sanctuary he claimed, and his petition was at once granted. The suspected murderer was restored to the monks;

the officers were condemned to ask pardon of Holy Church and to be whipped at the gate of the monastery. This sentence was executed by the Dean of the Abbey and the Vicar of Farnham. The poor men were then absolved and dismissed.

It is to be hoped that the monks believed the culprit not guilty of the charge against him; but no such motive, we may be sure, inspired their action. They only sought to protect the rights of sanctuary, which gave them so much power, and of which this incident shows the injurious side.

In cases where sanctuary would have saved an innocent political applicant for it, it was often found powerless, as for example in the case of poor little Prince Richard of York, and of Perkin Warbeck, both of whom were removed from sanctuary against their own will or that of their guardians.

Of the existing remains of the abbey there is a fairly perfect vaulted crypt of the early English character. Near it is the solitary wall of a room, with three lancet windows in it; this, it is thought, may have been the refectory. Trees and ivy overshadow the remaining pieces of wall, and grow in and out of them, so close to the river that the abbey must have suffered from inundations whenever it overflowed its banks.

It is a tradition of the neighbourhood that there is concealed treasure in the ground, but no trace of it has ever been found.

The gardens of the abbey were once some of the most productive in England, the wall-fruit being especially fine and abundant.

LOSELEY HOUSE;

OR, A POET'S LOVE STORY.



THIS very ancient mansion is situated about two miles south-east of Guildford. It was much neglected for some years, but it retains a most beautiful chimney-piece in the dining-room, exquisitely carved, and a beautiful ceiling in the drawing-room of Gothic tracery and pendant corbels. In one of the cornices is a mulberry tree with these inscriptions on each side of it: *Morus tarde Moriens*, on the other, *Morum cito Morituum*—a rebus on the family name. In one of the bedrooms is also a beautiful ceiling, in some of the compartments of which a moor cock and moor hen are introduced—the badges of the Mores.

Loseley had the same name before the Conquest. It was given by Osmund to Edward the Confessor, and after William the Norman had gained possession of it as Crown property, he gave it to Robert de Montgomery, one of his bravest followers at Hastings. From him it passed into several hands, till it was purchased by Christopher More, the son of a Derbyshire gentleman in the reign of Henry VIII.

His son William was knighted by Leicester in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, and built the present house to the north of an earlier one, completing it in 1568.

To Sir William succeeded Sir George More, who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and who, under James I., was Lieutenant of the Tower and Treasurer to Henry, Prince of Wales. In 1689, the male line failing, the estate devolved on the

last heir's sister Margaret, who married, and took it to, Sir Thomas Molyneux, knight, in whose family it has continued.

In the time of Sir George More—1600 to 1632—a pretty love story became connected with Loseley.

A daughter of Sir George met at her aunt's house, with whom she lived, the celebrated scholar, poet and divine, John Donne. He was secretary to her aunt's husband, the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, with whom he had lived five years when he fell in love with Anne More, and she with him. Sir George received a hint of this love and removed the young lady in haste to Loseley House, Surrey. But too late!

The lovers must have met in Loseley Park, whenever an interview would be safe, and at last, despairing of ever winning Sir George More's consent to their union, they took an opportunity, and were privately married by the Rev. Samuel Brooke, the master of Trinity College,—Christopher Brooke, his brother, giving the bride away. How anxious and yet how happy must Anne Donne have been in her lovely home of Loseley, till at length Henry, Earl of Northumberland, Donne's great friend, revealed the secret to her father. Sir George flew into a fury of rage at the news, and at once used all his influence to get Mr. Donne, the clergyman who had married him and Mr. Christopher Brooke committed to prison, and Mr. Donne dismissed by the Lord Chancellor. Lord Ellesmere was very reluctantly persuaded at last to yield to his brother-in-law's entreaties, and Donne was dismissed from his employment and soon after imprisoned. But when he dismissed him Lord Ellesmere said: "I have parted with a friend, and such a

secretary as was fitter to serve a king than a subject." Donne wrote a sad letter to tell his wife of his dismissal and signed it, "John Donne, Anne Donne, undone." He was not long kept in prison, and once released never rested till he had procured the freedom of his two friends. His wife, however, was shut up by her father at Loseley, and he had to enter on a long and expensive law-suit to gain her. His original fortune was only £3,000, and he had spent some of this in travelling about Europe. When, therefore, he gained his bride, they were both extremely poor. Donne felt this, not for himself, but for his wife, who had been accustomed to live in great luxury; but she bore it bravely, happy in his love. At length their noble kinsman, Sir Francis Wolley, of Priford, Surrey, entreated them to share his house, and they accepted his offer. For some years they dwelt under his roof, and as their children increased—they had one yearly—his generosity and love seemed to increase with them. They remained with this true friend for some years, until his death; before which he had succeeded in reconciling Sir George More to his daughter and her husband. Sir George then gave his daughter £800 as her dowry, paying £20 quarterly for their maintenance, till the said portion was paid.

After Sir Francis Wolley's death Donne settled his wife and children at Mitcham, in Surrey, and took lodgings for himself in London, to which he went occasionally, and was visited by the nobility, who asked his advice in all difficulties. Still he and his family were very poor, and he writes pathetic letters of the whole family suffering with illness, and of his being so poor that he can scarcely pay a doctor, and "could not bury them if they died."

But help came again. Sir Robert Dewry, a rich and liberal man, offered him apartments in his own large house in Drury Lane, rent free, and here he moved his family. Whilst he was living here, Sir Robert resolved to go to France with Lord

Hay, who was sent there on an embassy by James I. to Henry IV., and he asked Donne to accompany him. The latter could scarcely refuse such a request from such a friend, though his wife was reluctant to let him go, and they departed together.

It was during this absence that Mr. Donne had the singular vision which has been recorded by Izaak Walton.

"Two days after their arrival" (in Paris), says Walton, "Mr. Donne was left alone in the room in which Sir Robert and he and other friends had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour, and as he left so he found Mr. Donne alone; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him, insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer, but after a long and perplexed pause did at last say, 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you; I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms; this have I seen since I saw you.' To which Sir Robert replied, 'Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.' To which Mr. Donne's reply was, 'I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you, and am as sure that at her second appearance she stopped and looked me in the face and vanished.'"

The next morning Donne was still firm in his belief that he had seen a vision, and Sir Robert, very curious on the subject, sent a servant at once to Dewry House to inquire how Mrs. Donne was. The twelfth day from his departure he returned, with an account that Mrs. Donne was very ill and very sad, and that she had had a dead child; its birth had happened the same day and about the same hour that Mr. Donne had seen the vision. It was

probably a dream, as Sir Robert said, but the sympathy between the wedded lovers must have been very strong to have produced it at the same hour as his wife's sorrow.

"Though it is most certain," says

quaint Izaak Walton, "that two lutes being strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other that is not touched being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will, like an echo to a trumpet, warble a faint audible harmony in answer



LOSELEY PARK.

to the same tune, yet many will not believe that there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls, and I am well pleased that every reader do enjoy his own opinion."

Donne took orders in the Church, and James I. made him his Chaplain in Ordinary. He might now hope to become

a prosperous man, but a heavy sorrow fell upon him in 1617, when his beloved wife died. He was still poor, and the father of seven living children (five were dead), and he then promised them that he would never give them a step-mother. He kept his word, remaining faithful till his death

to the beloved woman who had given up the world for him.

James created him Dean of St. Paul's, and he received also the Vicarage of St. Dunstan. He became a man of whose alliance any family might have been proud, and Sir George More became one of his greatest admirers. But Donne's wife was no longer with him to partake of his prosperity, and he must often have looked back with a sad sigh to the days of his happy though secret love at Loseley House.

Donne's poems are too quaint to suit the taste of the present day, but it may not be uninteresting to our readers to see one of the poems that charmed the heart of Anne Donne.

"Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me ;
But since that I
Must die at last 'tis best
To use myself in jest,
Thus by feigned death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day,
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way :
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeyings since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour
Nor a lost hour recall ;
But come bad chance
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length
Itself or us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away,
When thou weep'st unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lovest me as thou say'st
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil ;
But think that we
Are but thrined aside to sleep ;
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be."



FARNHAM CASTLE.

THIS fine old castle has a most picturesque appearance from the road by which it is approached. It is not more than a pleasant walk from the camp at Aldershot, and stands on a lofty and commanding eminence. The castle buildings are nearly quadrangular, and enclose a large court in connection with the keep, which is hexagonal in form, but is entirely unroofed. It is entered by a high flight of steps leading up an arched avenue of strong masonry. On the eastern side of the

great court was another avenue leading to the ancient sallyport. The servants' hall formed a part of the original structure, and it has consequently round columns and pointed arches. The outer walls still retain some square bastions, and are surrounded by a wide and deep fosse, in which, at one part, oak and beech trees flourish.

The Episcopal Palace of the Bishop of Winchester is erected within the precincts of the fortress, and includes some portions of the original castle, as, for instance, the servants' hall already mentioned.

The state apartments of the palace are very fine, and there is a handsome chapel. The library is large, and there are many portraits.

The kitchen and flower gardens occupy a considerable extent of ground, and the park is lovely and full of splendid old trees. There is an avenue of elms three-quarters of a mile long, ending in two remarkably large trees, the bole of one being nineteen feet round, a yard from the ground, and the other eighteen feet six inches. In this park one may wander in summer into lovely nooks, overshadowed by oaks and beeches, with softest mosses, turf and wild flowers to rest on, and fresh scents of lime leaves

and grass stealing on the air, while the song of birds and the murmur of the little river Lodden charms the ear.

The manor of Farnham was given to the See of Winchester by Ethelbald, king of the West Saxons, and it has belonged to it ever since. A castle, as a residence for the bishops, was built by Henry de Bois, Bishop of Winchester and brother to King Stephen, at the time when that monarch had given permission to all his partisans "to build castles."



THE PRIVATE CHAPEL, FARNHAM.

Becoming "a retreat for rebels," says Camden, "this castle was razed by Henry III., but afterwards rebuilt by the Bishop of Winchester, to whom it still belongs."

The "rebels" here alluded to were the barons who had called in Louis the Dauphin of France, in the contest with King John, and who had seized the castle in June, 1216.

A story illustrating the chivalrous character of Prince Edward, the elder son of Henry III., afterwards our famous king, is told of Farnham.

Not long after Edward had brought his young and beloved bride, Eleanor of Castile, to England, and while she was living at her dower castle of Guildford, the prince heard of a noted outlaw, who was lord of Selborne Manor (Gilbert White's Selborne), and who kept the country in perpetual fear of him, preying on all the lands of those who were adherents of the king. Adam Gurdon—that was his name—had fought on Leicester's side, and had escaped from the last battle of Eversham,

but now lived by rapine and plunder, haunting a woody height near the road, between the Castle of Farnham and the town of Alton.

As he was famed for his strength and courage, Prince Edward determined to put his valour to the test. He came suddenly on the outlaw, who was alone, with a strong body of men; but he ordered his followers not to interfere, and dared Gurdon to a single combat. The outlaw gladly accepted the challenge, and he and the prince encountered each other with the sword. They fought long and gallantly, and their strength and skill seemed so equal that Edward, struck with the bravery of the outlaw, dropped his sword and called on his brave opponent to surrender, offering him life and pardon if he would. Adam Gurdon saw that he had at last met his match, and won also by the frank generosity of the royal hero, he laid his sword at the feet of the prince, who took him with him to Guildford Castle to present him to his princess.

“ Prince Edward hath brought him to Guildford
Tower,
E'er that summer's day is o'er,
He hath led him into the secret bower
Of his wife, fair Elianore.

His mother, the ladye of gay Provence,
And his sire, the king, were there;
Oh, scarcely the Gordon dare advance
In a presence so stately and fair.”

But Edward, kneeling before his father, besought him to grant a pardon to Adam Gurdon; the Princess Eleanor knelt also, and joined in the supplication, and Henry, who loved to pardon, forgave the outlaw and granted him life and land. We are told by one chronicler that the prince henceforward found Gurdon a true and faithful subject; another says that he resumed his old ways, and robbed the neighbourhood of their sacks of meal and malt again, not even sparing the property of the Bishop of Winchester.*

Elizabeth several times visited Farnham

Castle in her progresses, and in Bishop Horne's time she was twice there, in 1567 and 1569. During this last visit the Queen invited the Duke of Norfolk to dine with her, and on rising from table advised him (but not angrily) to be “careful on what pillow he laid his head”—a significant hint, showing that she had learned of the duke's desire to wed the Queen of Scots. But he did not take it, or see the danger he was in, and rushed to his doom. Two years afterwards he was beheaded on Tower Hill.

Elizabeth visited Farnham again in 1591, when Bishop Cooper was her host; and in 1601, when Bishop Montague entertained her.

In the civil war between Charles and his Parliament, Sir John Denham, high sheriff of the county, garrisoned the castle for the king, and in 1642 was appointed governor. But soon after he quitted it, and it surrendered to the Roundhead general, Sir William Waller, by whom it was said to have been blown up but this was not the case, as the next year it was again garrisoned with several companies of soldiers, who in 1643 joined with Waller's army and its London auxiliaries in an unsuccessful attack on Basing House—not the last and fatal one. After besieging it for some days Waller left it, took up his quarters at Farnham Castle, and began to fortify the tower. Twice he drew up his forces in Farnham Park on hearing that the Royal troops were about to attack the place. The Cavalier force did, at last, come in sight, but made no assault, though the ordnance from the castle and park killed some of their men and horses. On the 13th of December Waller marched with the Londoners to Alton, where the Royalists were. He attacked and defeated them, and took 800 or 900 prisoners, who were brought to Farnham and secured in the church and castle.

George Wither, the Roundhead poet, was afterwards made governor of Farnham Castle by the Parliament, but he proved a

* Strickland, “Lives of the Queens of England.”

feeble defender of it, and had to resign it to the Cavaliers.

In 1648 the fortifications were demolished by order of the Government.

After the Restoration, Charles II. restored Farnham to the See of Winchester, and Bishop Morley, who held it from 1662 to 1684, spent a large sum in restoring the Episcopal Palace within the precincts.

Farnham was the retreat of Bishop Fox, when afflicted with blindness; and it was the home of Bishop Sumner after his resignation of his see.

For more than ten centuries Farnham has now been the Surrey Palace of the

Bishops of Winchester, and at Loseley there is a document preserved by which we learn that in Elizabeth's reign the lawyers of the Temple drank their wine or ale out of green pots manufactured from the clay in Farnham Park. But in those days Farnham had two parks.

Close by it is the Long Valley, the great remarkable vale which the troops from the neighbouring camp at Aldershot use for their reviews, inspections, etc., etc. Farnham, it will be seen, is therefore on the very borders of Hampshire, as it ought indeed to be, since it belongs to the See of Winchester.

ELTHAM PALACE.



ONE of the most picturesque ruins to the south of London is Eltham, for more than two centuries a royal palace. It is only eight miles from town, on the Maidstone road, and is within a drive of Charlton and Woolwich. It is charmingly situated. We approached it by an avenue of noble forest trees, and the entrance on the north is across an ivy-mantled bridge of four groined arches of massive design. It probably replaced the drawbridge in the reign of Edward IV. East of the palace, and extending over five acres, are the original gardens, massive walls, and a lofty archway. The building was quadrangular in plan, and surrounded by a moat and external wall. There was a drawbridge on the south side, as well as on the north, but in its place now is a bank of earth.

The hall must have been magnificent. It is a perfect specimen of the banqueting

halls of the fifteenth century, at once an audience chamber and a refectory. It is of the grand dimensions of a hundred feet in length and thirty-six feet in breadth. It is fifty-five feet high. The high-pitched roof is of oak, with hammer beams, carved pendants, and braces supported on corbels of hewn stone. The hearth and louvre have disappeared, but there remained, a few years ago, when we saw it, the minstrels, gallery, and the oak screen below it, that hid the doors leading to the kitchen, butteries, and cellars. Over the chief entrance are the falcon, the fetter lock and the *rose-en-soleil*, the badges of Edward IV., who built the hall.

We may strive in fancy to recall the scene when Edward of York kept his Christmas here in 1482, "with great feasting entertaining 2,000 guests every day."

The hall, strewn with fresh rushes, is in all its newly built splendour; on the dais are seated at table the gallant white-rose King Edward; his lovely wife Elizabeth Woodville is on his right hand; on his left, two charming princesses, Elizabeth and

Mary of York, in the very bloom of their youth; too young indeed, as modern ideas would think, for such a feast; and next to them little York, with his pretty merry face, the archbishop stately and reverend, and next the queen's son Dorset. He has left the Prince of Wales at Ludlow Castle under the care of the queen's brother, Earl Rivers. The place of Clarence, the king's second brother, and that of his wife, are, alas! vacant, and the king looks worn and ill, his wife anxious amid all the gaiety. Next her is sitting the one man she most dislikes and distrusts, Richard of Gloucester, with his beautiful intellectual face and his crooked body, and by him that miserable Anne of Warwick, whom he had widowed by killing her brave young husband at Tewkesbury. By Richard's side sits the Lord Chamberlain Hastings, and down the long tables what a galaxy of nobles! Buckingham, Richard's friend; the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, the Earl of Oxford, Lord Stanley, Lord Lovel and Catesby, Blunt and Herbert, with many another noble; the Lord Mayor of London too, and some prominent citizens; while, below the salt sit the many guests, gentlemen, soldiers of fortune, yeomen, the people of the household, the many who dine daily at the royal expense.

The minstrels play on rebec, harp and lute, occasionally one sings of the glories of the White Rose. The dogs who beg a bone, growl on the rushes, and there is sound of laughter and merry voices. It is a great Christmas feast with boar's head and venison, and game and poultry, and puddings, and a mince pie like a huge cradle—which it represents. And by-and-by little York steals to his father's knee and makes him laugh, and the queen smiles at the child's precocious wit. Then by-and-by the nurse, in great state, brings in the last-born baby Plantagenet (now a child of two years old, and born at Eltham) for her father's Christmas blessing. Poor little Bride! six years afterwards she was consigned to the care of the Abbess of Dart-

ford, and became "a praying nun, not weeping queen," as her mother said. It was a splendid and gorgeous feast, but beneath the outward show there lurked fear, distrust, and murder.

In one short year "the Boar," as Richard of Gloucester was called, would rule as *Protector*, the king being dead, the queen in sanctuary—the princes in the Tower.

Henry VIII. also twice kept Christmas at Eltham, as so many kings had done before, and here created the "Stanley" of Marmion, Lord Monteagle for his services at Flodden Field. But Henry preferred Greenwich, and was generally there.

And now can we, any of us, think of Queen Elizabeth as a baby? Yet an infant princess of that name was frequently sent from Greenwich to Eltham by her father Henry VIII. for the benefit of the air, and must have toddled about and played in the garden and under the old trees of the picturesque palace.

Once after she was queen in 1559 she made a summer excursion hither, Sir Christopher Hatton being then keeper of the palace. James I. only once visited it.

In 1649, after the murder of Charles I., Eltham, then much out of repair, was sold for the materials valued at £2,753, and the manor and entire property were disposed of to different persons; but at the Restoration the whole reverted to the Crown.

Eltham Palace standing on an elevated site was, in some measure, protected from sudden attack, but sure means of escape for its royal inmates, in case of treason or the attack of rebels, were provided by a series of subterranean passages running in the direction of Blackheath or Greenwich.

Nothing certain, however, was known about these passages until 1834, when Messrs. Clayton and King commenced exploring them. They descended a ladder below a trap door in the yard on the south front of the hall, and found themselves in a subterranean room, from whence a narrow arched passage, about two feet in length, conducted them to a series of passages with

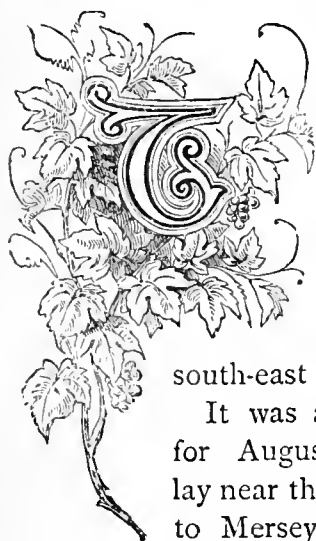
decoys, stairs and shafts, some vertical and others on an inclined plane, which were once used for admitting air.

The remains of two iron gates, completely carbonised, were found in the passage under the moats. There is a tradition that at Middle Park, through which the passages are believed to run, there are underground apartments sufficient to stable sixty horses. The date of these passages is assigned to the reign of Edward II., at the commencement of the fourteenth century.

In a yard on the north side we saw, when we visited Eltham, a curiously and prettily decorated wall; the gardener had hung all over it, by wires, pots of red and white geranium mixed with other flowers, so that the bricks were entirely covered, and it looked as if we were surrounded by a wall of flowers—a pretty and ingenious plan, which we have since practised in our London garden, and recommend to the reader.

Eltham is so near town that it ought to be better known than it is to Londoners.

ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY.



HIS beautiful ruin is situated on an estuary formed by the junction of the rivers Stour and Blackwater, about ten or twelve miles south-east from Colchester.

It was a noble foundation for Augustine Canons, and lay near the sea-coast opposite to Mersey Island, the parish being anciently part of the royal domains. Canute granted it to Godwin, Earl of Kent, and the great earl gave it to Christ Church, in Canterbury, by permission of Edward the Confessor.

But the first nunnery was founded for Osyth, daughter of Redwald, the first Christian king of East Anglia and of Wilburga, his wife, daughter of Penda, king of the Mercians.

She was, when very young, entrusted to the care of St. Modwen, at Pollesworth, in Warwickshire. While there she was sent with a book from St. Edith, Alfred's sister, to Modwen, fell off a bridge into a river, and was said to be drowned. Happily she

was restored to life by the prayers of St. Modwen.

Osyth's parents, as soon as she returned to them, betrothed her to Sighere, king of Essex; but as soon as she was wedded to him she told him that she had vowed herself to Christ, and could not be his wife. Sighere was generous and religious; he accepted her decision, and let her take religious vows. Then he gave her his village of Chich, and built a nunnery for her, of which she became the abbess. The house was of the order of the Maturines. But in October, 653, a band of Danes under Inguar and Hubba landed in the neighbourhood of Chich, and ravaged the country. They came to Osyth's nunnery, and, bringing forth the young abbess into the Nun's Wood, commanded her to worship their gods; she steadily refused; they threatened her with scourging and worse torments, but she continued faithful to her own creed: "she would worship only Christ." Then, infuriated, Hubba bade her lay down her head to be cut off. She meekly obeyed. Her head was severed from her body close by the fountain that still flows, and that is called by her name.

The monkish legend adds, that after her head was cut off the saint took it in her hands, and walked with it to the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, about one-third of a mile; stopping at the church door that was closed, she struck it, and fell dead on the threshold.

There is no reason to doubt that Osyth was martyred, and that the scene of her martyrdom was the Nun's Wood, but the legendary ending is, of course, an addition. Or is it possible that her head was not taken off, but her throat cut, and that she had yet strength to reach the church? We recollect, years ago, that a woman walked quite as far from Dulwich Wood to the turnpike with her throat cut; in St. Osyth's case this would appear a miracle.

The martyred princess was first buried in the church of Chich, which had been founded by her, but her father and mother soon removed her to Aylesbury. Many miracles were performed at her shrine, and after fully six years the body was taken to Chich, and deposited, with much solemnity, in Christ Church.

The nunnery was destroyed by the Danes at the time of the martyrdom; the church of St. Peter and St. Paul that she founded was on the site of the church now standing.

"Matthew Paris," says Timbs, "has a story how a certain husbandman named Thurcillus, who lived at Tidstude, a village in Essex, was taken into purgatory, hell, and paradise by St. James and other saints, and when he had come to the most holy and pleasant place in paradise, he saw St. Catherine, St. Margaret, and St. Osyth. This vision occurred in the reign of John."

"In those days," says Aubrey, "when they went to bed they did rake up the fire, and make a X on the ashes, and pray to God and *St. Sythe* (that is St. Osyth) to deliver them from fire, and from water, and from all misadventure."

According to local tradition, St. Osyth on one night in every year revisits the scene of her martyrdom, walking with her head in her hand!

In the reign of Henry I. the Bishop of London, Richard de Beauvays, built a religious house of regular canons of St. Augustine at Chich, in honour of the great apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and St. Osyth, virgin and martyr; and in the year 1120 obtained the manor of Chich, which then belonged to the See of London, giving in exchange fourteen pounds of land at Lodeswoode, and six pounds of land in Southminster.

Bishop Belmeis, or De Beauvays, had the arm of St. Osyth translated to the church in the presence of William de Corbill, the first prior of the house, who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and other bishops, remitting twenty days' penance to all that came to worship it, and relaxing every year seven days' penance to those who should devoutly come thither to celebrate her festival on August 7th.

The Priory was surrendered to Henry VIII. in 1539 by Prior Colchester and sixteen monks. It was given by the king to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex; on his attainder, however, it reverted to the Crown.

A canon of St. Osyth, William Barlow, was very active in helping forward the scheme for the dissolution of the monasteries. He was obliged, therefore, on Mary's accession to the throne, to fly from England, but he returned when Elizabeth succeeded her sister, and was made Bishop of Chichester.

Sir Thomas Darcy bought the Priory and other estates from Edward VI. for £3,974 9s. 4½d. the same year he was created Lord Darcy of Chich.

John, this Lord Darcy's son and successor, entertained Queen Elizabeth here, when the festivities were interrupted by a terrific thunderstorm and great rain; so severe was the weather that the people believed the day of judgment had come.

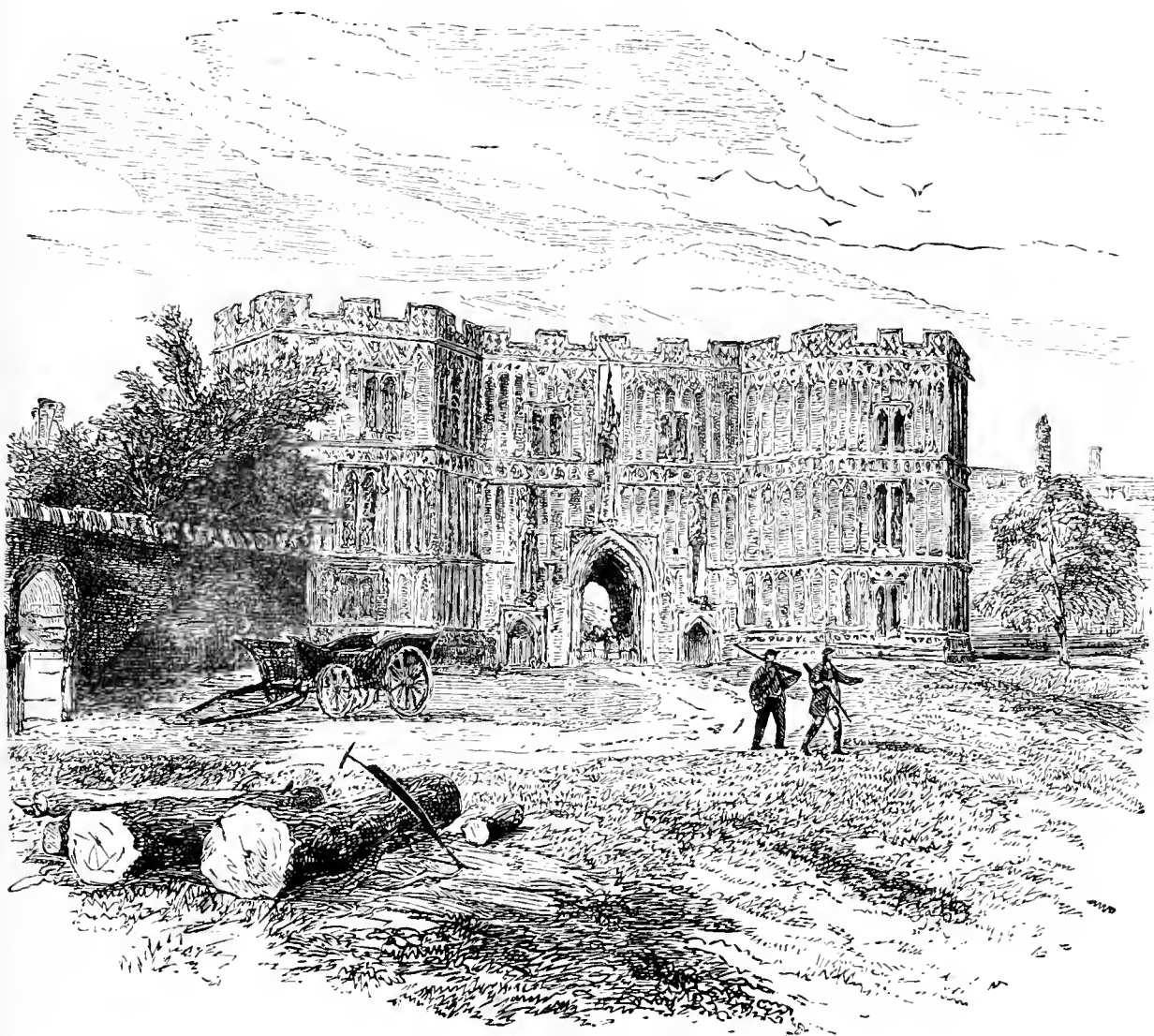
The Priory estates passed, at Darcy, Earl River's death, into the Savage family, but it was not inhabited by them, and probably began then to fall into decay.

The Earl of Rochford at length inhabited

it, and in 1768 he brought some poplar trees from Lombardy, of which four or five still stand in the park. They are supposed to have been the first planted in England.

On two occasions St. Osyth received royal visitors. George III., when he went to inspect the camp at Colchester, stayed

at St. Osyth, the guest of the fourth earl, and the king expressed his gratitude for the nobleman's hospitality by giving him two fine portraits of himself and Queen Charlotte in their coronation robes. Lord Rochford was a personal friend of two kings George II. and III. At George II.'s death



ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY.

he was Groom of the Stole, and as such was entitled to the furniture of the room in which the king died.

The ancient buildings of St. Osyth cover a large area. They are scattered in all directions round the modern dwelling-house. The greater part of these remains were built by Abbot John Vyntoner, the last abbot but one. At the time of the

Dissolution it must have been a magnificent building. There are few remains of any earlier date. The Norman archway on the Bury, part of another Norman arch at the back of the present house, some old walls, and the crypt, or chapel, alone belong to the earlier foundation.

The gatehouse, the abbot's terrace, the clock tower, and the beautiful oriel window

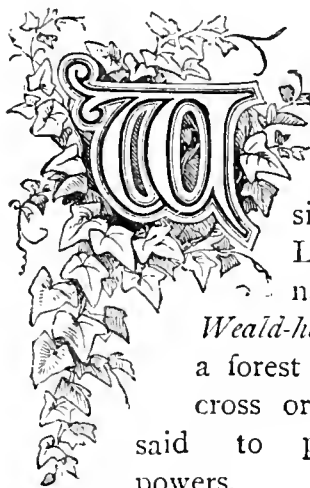
in the front of the house, date from the sixteenth century.

The tower gateway, which is the principal entrance to the Priory, is a noble structure covered with rich tracery, niches and ornaments. To the east of the gateway are three lofty towers, which can be seen out at sea. The gateway opens on a quadrangle, in the centre of which stands a figure of Time supporting a sundial. The quadrangle is almost entire, but some of the buildings are of modern date. On one side of it is a range of old buildings in the Tudor style, with sharp, pointed gables,

and an octagonal observatory rising from the centre. In the grounds, about sixty yards from the house, is a square brick pillar, surmounted by an urn, with the following inscription in Latin to mark the boundary:—

“This ancient wall, which you see, is preserved to declare the bounds of this reverend monastery; and you may rejoice at the happiness of your time between the mirth and pleasantry of this place, now that superstition has been banished from this stately mansion, which was consecrated to barrenness and sloth. 1760.”

WALTHAM ABBEY.



WALTHAM Abbey, or Waltham of the Holy Cross, is situated on the river Lea. It derived its name from the Saxon *Weald-ham*, a dwelling in a forest or wild, and from a cross or crucifix that was said to possess miraculous powers.

Edward the Confessor bestowed Waltham and the lands thereabout on Godwin's son, Harold, the king having married his sister, Editha; and Harold immediately built a monastery on it, and richly endowed it. Each canon had one manor appropriated for his support, and the dean had six—in all, seventeen.

As might be supposed, William the Norman had small liking for Harold's abbey. He robbed the Church of Holy Cross of its plate, gems, and rich vestments, but fortunately left it its estates and revenues.

Henry II. dissolved the foundation of

dean and eleven canons for their bad conduct, and settled regular canons there; declaring the church then exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, and granting the use of the mitre, crozier and ring to the abbot. Waltham is still exempt from the arch-deacon's visitation.

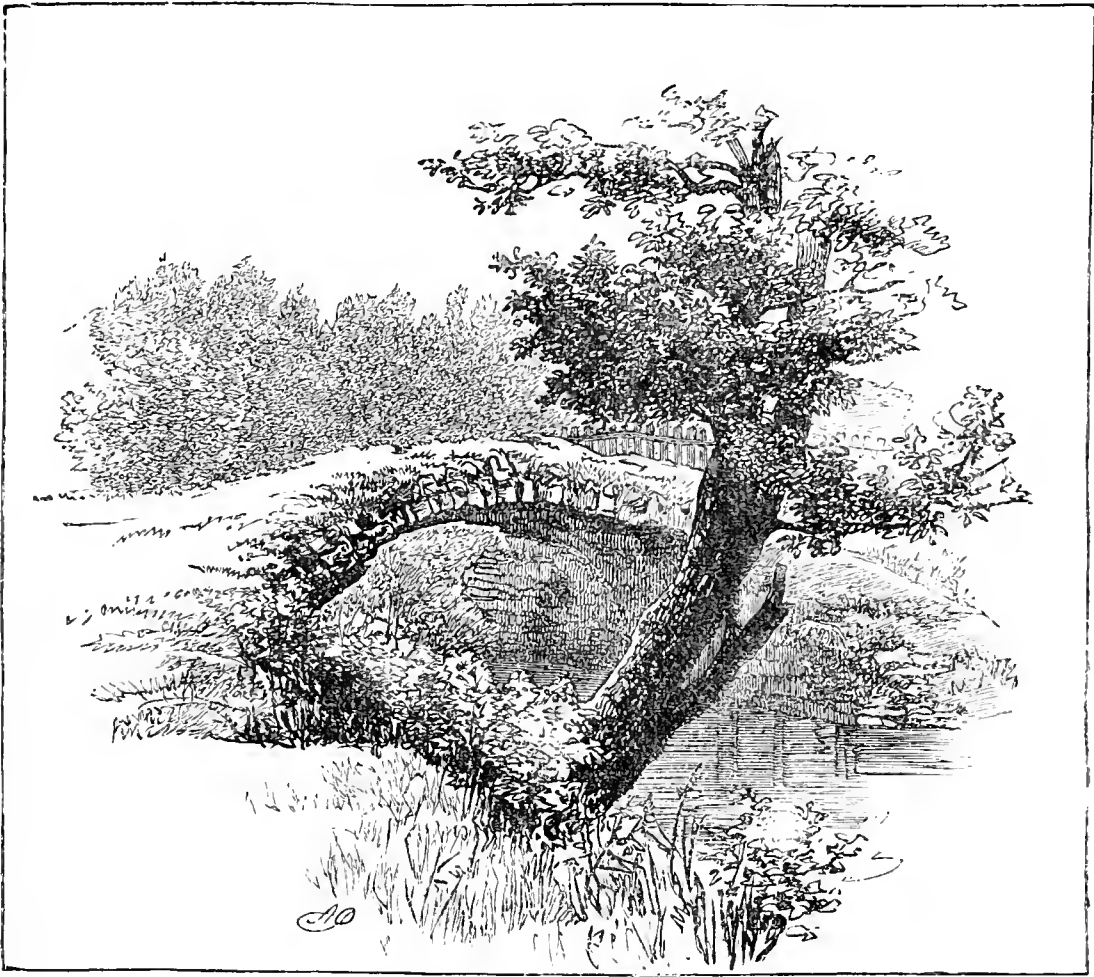
Favoured by succeeding sovereigns, the abbey grew very rich, and the monks were said to be jovial, and keep a good table. Rumours of this reached the ears of Henry VIII. The monarch, then a young and merry prince, determined to try the hospitality of the reverend fathers. He disguised himself in the dress of one of his guards, and contrived some excuse for arriving at the abbey about dinner time. He was at once invited to the abbot's table, and a fine sirloin of beef was put before him. He ate so heartily of it that the abbot said, "Well fare thy heart, and here's a cup of sack to the health of thy master. I would give a hundred pounds if I could feed so heartily on beef as thou dost, but my poor queasy stomach can hardly digest the breast of a chicken."

The king pledged him in turn, and having dined, thanked the abbot for his hospitality and departed.

A few days after the abbot was sent for to London, and on his arrival was committed to the Tower, and for some time fed only on bread and water. At length one day a sirloin of beef was placed before the

half-starved abbot, who attacked it at once, and ate as heartily of it as a ploughman might. In the midst of his feast the king burst into the room from a private closet, and demanded his hundred pounds for restoring the abbot's appetite.

The worthy Churchman, delighted to find his incarceration only a joke, readily paid



HAROLD'S BRIDGE, WALTHAM.

it, with many a compliment and laugh at the king's trick played on him, and went thankfully back to his abbey.

There may have been some memory of the wealth of Waltham Abbey in Henry's mind, when in 1539 he dissolved the house, and the last abbot, Robert Fuller, surrendered it to his commissioners. The site was granted to Sir Anthony Denny for thirty-one years. His grandson, created

Earl of Norwich by Charles I., was the next possessor; from him it passed to his daughter, who married James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, and next it went to the family of Sir William Wake, Bart.

Scarcely any part of Waltham Abbey remains but the nave, which is now the parish church; the Lady Chapel on the south side; some ruinous walls, a small bridge and gateway near the abbey mill;

but it was once a magnificent building, the earliest specimen of the Norman style of architecture in England.

The present stone tower at the west end of the church is eighty-six feet high, and was built in 1558.

But that which has rendered Waltham most memorable to Englishmen is the belief entertained that it is the burial-place of Harold. There are, however, very differing accounts of it. William of Malmesbury says that Githa, Harold's mother, begged the corpse of her son from the Conqueror, and had it buried in the Abbey of Holy Cross (Waltham), but the chaplain of the Norman duke declares that a body supposed to be Harold's was found between his dead brothers, Gurth and Leofric, and that though Githa offered its weight in gold for it, William was deaf to her prayers and tears, and ordered the dead king to be buried in the sands of the sea-shore, saying, scornfully, "Let him guard the coast that he so madly occupied." For Harold had been excommunicated by the Pope, and it was against the duke's opinions that an excommunicated man should sleep in consecrated ground.

The two monks of Waltham who had followed Harold to the battle-field tell a different story.

They assert that they sought Duke William when the strife was over, and offered him a purse containing ten marks of gold, for permission to find the body of Harold. The Conqueror refused the purse, but gave them permission to search for the corpse. But their search was vain, and they had to ask the assistance of the king's beloved Editha—the swan's neck—to discover amongst the slain her royal lover's body. They assert that the eyes of love

were keen ; she found the slain prince, and the faithful monks bore him back with them to Waltham Abbey, and buried him at the east end of the choir, with royal pomp and solemnity. His tomb bore only the touching epitaph :—

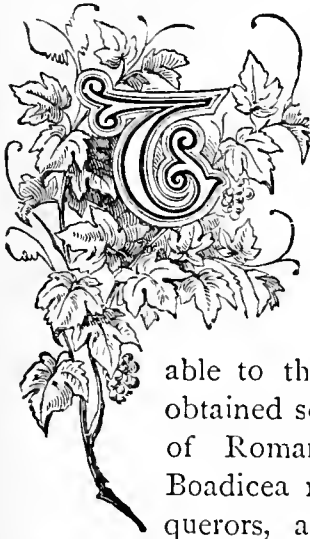
HIC JACET HAROLD INFELIX.

There is yet another legend. Near the fine old church of St. John, at Chester, close beside the Dee, there stood—the very spot marked by the tradition has been pointed out to the writer by the dwellers there—a cell or hermitage, where, about 1066, and many years after, an anchorite dwelt, who lived to a great age. He was blind in the left eye, and his face was deeply scarred. On his death-bed he declared to the monks surrounding him that he was King Harold. The two monks of Waltham and Editha had found him not quite dead, had borne him to a hiding-place, and buried one of his slain nobles in his supposed grave. As soon as it was safe to do so, he was removed to Chester, where he buried his grief and repentance in a living grave. Henry I. had once a long private interview with the anchorite, and is said to have been encouraged by him to invade Normandy. The day of vengeance for Hastings came at last, when at Tenchebraye, Henry I. conquered Normandy, and "God so disposed it," says William of Malmesbury, "that Normandy should be subjected to England the very same day (Michaelmas Day) wherein England was subdued to Normandy."

That was forty years after the brave struggle on the Sussex hills, and if Harold did really survive Hastings, he may possibly have lived to hear of the English victory.

ST. ALBANS:

ITS MARTYR AND ITS BATTLES.



THIS town is situated close to the site of the ancient Verulamium, a celebrated British town. Like London, Verulamium was favourable to the Romans, and had obtained some of the privileges of Roman citizenship when Boadicea rose against the conquerors, and in anger at the alliance of the town with the Romans subjected its inhabitants to a dreadful slaughter, destroying here and in London 70,000 Roman citizens and their allies. Suetonius Paulinus, the Roman governor, then attacked the British queen, gained a complete victory over her, and put 80,000 of her soldiers to the sword. Verulam was then rebuilt and remained eventless, and therefore, probably, fairly happy, till the reign of Diocletian, when the city was rendered famous by the martyrdom of the man from whom it has taken its modern name of St. Albans.

Alban was a heathen—a worshipper of the gods of Rome—but he was generous and hospitable, and when a Christian priest named Amphilabus craved shelter in his house from the persecutors—Diocletian had ordered a persecution of the Christians—Alban permitted him to enter, and concealed him. The fugitive spent days and nights in prayer, and Alban, questioning him as to his faith, was told the story of the Gospel, and believed it. For some days the Christian instructed his host, and his words fell on willing ears. But it was rumoured at last that Alban was hiding a Christian, and the governor of the city sent soldiers to search for him. Alban had

already effected the escape of his teacher, and to delay pursuit, probably, put on the priest's long cloak or habit and gave himself up to the soldiers. He was brought before the governor, who recognised him and reproached him for concealing a Christian. Alban's defence was that he also believed in the Christ, and was willing to die for his faith. The governor was at the time worshipping his gods and ordered the soldiers to drag Alban before the altar. Here he commanded the Christian to bow down before the statue, but Alban resolutely refused. The governor ordered him to be most severely scourged; but the confessor remained firm in his refusal to burn incense to Mars or Jove, and after further torture the Roman ordered him to be put to death.

On their way to the place of execution they came to a river that ran between it and the town. A great multitude of people had followed the martyr, "and in their sight," says the legend, "the stream dried up for Alban to pass over." The executioner, who walked beside him with uplifted sword, saw this miracle, and on reaching the fatal spot where Alban was to die cast down his sword, and throwing himself on his knees, prayed that he might suffer with the martyr, or in his place.

Alban then ascended the little hill; it was covered with flowers and sloped to a beautiful plain. Here Alban prayed for water, and a living spring broke out at his feet.

A soldier struck off the martyr's head, but as he did so his eyes dropped out and fell to the ground. Alban was buried in a woody place near the town, and his disgrace, as the Romans styled his martyrdom, was inscribed on the city walls.

But time went on; all Britain became Christian, and the Pelagian heresy made its appearance. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, were sent on a mission to Britain to preach against it. Germanus had the remains of the first British martyr exhumed, placed them in a wooden coffin, and put holy relics in it to preserve it; then he solemnly buried the body amidst tears and lamentations, and raised a small church of timber over his remains to the holy man's memory. Many miracles were said to have been shown at his sepulchre; but the Saxon invasion came, and the ruthless adventurers levelled the martyr's church, as well as many others, to the ground, and all trace of his last resting-place was lost. Now Offa, King of Mercia, had committed a great crime. He had invited Ethelbert, Prince of the East Angles, to his court on pretence of marrying him to his daughter; but had then killed him and seized on his dominions. Anxious to do something in expiation of this guilt, being much tormented by his conscience, Offa determined to find the body of St. Alban and place it in a shrine. He had, tradition said, been ordered to do so by an angel. It is certain that he did seek for and found the wooden coffin containing the bones of Alban and the relics just as Germanus had left them 344 years before.

Offa is said to have placed a circle of gold round the skull, with an inscription signifying its name and title. He also erected an abbey, in which the sacred bones were placed, and on which he bestowed great privileges. As Alban was our first martyr, Pope Honorius granted to the Abbot of St. Alban's a superiority over all others. A hundred Benedictine monks, carefully selected, were placed in the Abbey, and it prospered for three hundred years. Then, a short time preceding the Norman Conquest, Abbot Paul began to build the present Abbey Church, which was consecrated in 1115. It was partly constructed of the ruins of the preceding building. The in-

terior walls were full of Roman bricks, and the outside wall of the same. Nothing of the old abbey remains except the church and a large square gateway; all the monastic buildings were pulled down by Henry VIII. and Edward VI., but the townspeople purchased the church from the latter monarch for £400, and then made it their parish church. It is in the form of a cross; its extreme length is 556 feet, that is three feet longer than Winchester Cathedral, therefore longer than any of our cathedrals. There are two transepts 170 feet long, and a tower 150 feet high, of the Norman period. The carved oak ceiling of the Norman lantern is 102 feet from the pavement.

St. Albans was the scene of two of the sad battles of the Roses. The first encounter of the hostile factions took place there on May 22nd, 1455; it lasted only an hour, but was fiercely fought, and disastrous to Henry, who was wounded in the neck by an arrow, and became prisoner to the Duke of York. The king remained on the field till he was quite alone, then he sought refuge in a baker's shop. Here the conqueror found him, and with cruel mockery, bending his knee, bade the unfortunate Henry rejoice that "the traitor Somerset" was slain. He then led the king to the shrine of St. Alban, and afterwards to the royal apartments in the abbey.

The second battle of St. Albans was fought, Feb. 17th, 1461. Queen Margaret won it, and the defeated Yorkists fled, leaving their royal prisoner nearly alone in a tent with Lord Montague, his chamberlain, and a few attendants. Here Margaret and her little son, the Prince of Wales, flew to greet him. They then hastened to the abbey. At the doors they were met by a procession of the monks, headed by Abbot John, singing hymns of triumph and thanksgiving. The whole party then proceeded to the high altar to offer up their thanksgivings for the victory.

The Lancastrian royal family remained several days at the abbey.

Abbot John, of Wheathampstead, entertained Edward IV., after his coronation, and he protected the abbey, but did not again visit it.

Richard III. showed much favour to St. Albans, and encouraged the monks to finish and publish the famous St. Alban's Chronicle.

In the Abbey Church the good Duke

Humphrey, Protector during the boyhood of Henry VI., is buried.

The monument to St. Alban, found in broken pieces when the church was being restored, has been very cleverly reconstructed, and is of beautiful carved stone, on which is represented the story of the martyrdom. St. Albans is now a bishop's see.

PANSHANGER HOUSE.



IN the midst of a large park in the county of Hertford, about two miles from its chief town, is Panshanger House, situated picturesquely on the north-east bank of the river Meriman. It is a splendid mansion, and the chief residence of Earl Cowper. It was built by the Earl Cooper of 1801, near the site of an older house. The gardens are remarkably beautiful, and laid out with great taste. In the noble and picturesque park is a very large oak, measuring seventeen feet in girth at five feet from the ground. It was called the "Great Oak," a hundred and ninety years ago, and must therefore be of great age. Panshanger contains a very fine collection of paintings, which adorn its really splendid apartments. Amongst them are two invaluable pictures by Raphael, and a fine painting by Titian; indeed, all the greatest painters of Italy are represented here, and also the English Wilson and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The family of Cowper is an ancient and illustrious one. They trace their descent to John Cowper, of Strode, in Sussex, a gentleman of Edward IV.'s time. The third in descent from him was John Cowper,

Esq., one of the sheriffs of London in 1551, and alderman of Bridge Ward. His son William, of Ratling Court, Kent, was created a baronet in 1642. This gentleman was a devoted loyalist, and served Charles I. faithfully; he was consequently subjected by the Republicans to a long and severe imprisonment, and his fate was shared by his eldest son, who died in prison. He was consequently succeeded by his grandson, Sir William Cowper.

The proceedings of James II. alienated many of the loyal followers of his royal father, and the son of the Cavalier who died in prison for the cause of King Charles I., joined the opponents of his son, and even took up arms against him for the Prince of Orange. This change of politics made Sir William Cowper many enemies, but from that time the Cowpers have been Whigs.

Sir William had two sons: William, who succeeded him in the baronetcy, and Spencer Cowper, grandfather to the poet.

The elder of these sons became a most distinguished lawyer, and in 1706 was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Cowper of Wingham, Kent. At the death of Queen Anne he was appointed one of the Lord Justices till George I. arrived. In 1717 he was created Earl.

Spencer Cowper, the grandfather of the

unhappy poet, became the hero of a most unpleasant story.

The party spirit of the day was even more cruel than it generally is. The Tories were not unwilling, therefore, to believe that the brother of a potent Whig member, fast rising into practice also as a barrister on the Home Circuit, had been guilty of murder. The story was this :—

Mr. Spencer Cowper, a married man, went on the Home Circuit at the Spring Assizes of 1699, riding from London to Hertford. He was acquainted with a Quaker lady named Stout, who lived in the latter town, and who, on several occasions when he visited Hertford, had let him have a bed at her house. He had forwarded a letter to Mrs. Stout, before starting, telling her that he was coming to Hertford, and asking her to have a bed ready for him. On reaching the town he went to an inn to dress, and sent his horse by his servant to Mrs. Stout's, with a message that he would follow it in time for dinner. He kept his word, dined with Mrs. Stout and her daughter, and left them at four o'clock, arranging to return and sleep there.

He did return, supped with his hostess and her daughter, and remained talking with them till after ten, when Mrs. Stout ordered her maid, in his hearing, to prepare Mr. Cowper's bed. He made no remark on this order, but he did not afterwards go to his room. The maid waited for orders, and was wondering why he did not appear, when she heard the front door slam. She went downstairs, but could not find either Mr. Cowper or Miss Stout, and, very much surprised, she went to Mrs. Stout's bedroom (she had gone to bed previously), and told her that Mr. Cowper and Miss Stout were gone out. The mother was surprised, but she had perfect confidence in Mr. Cowper and her daughter ; and she quite believed that they had for some reason gone out together, because the door, which made a loud noise in shutting, had slammed only once. Neither Miss Stout nor Mr. Cowper returned to the house all night.

The next morning the body of the daughter was brought home ; it had been found floating among the stakes of a mill-dam on the stream called the Priory river. The neck was disfigured by swelling and blackness (according to the deposition of a medical witness). The last person who had been seen with her was Mr. Cowper, and as it was supposed that they had gone out together, a terrible suspicion fell on the young barrister.

The Quakers, the sect to which the Stouts belonged, prosecuted him for murder, and were supported by his political opponents in a most unfair manner.

The case was a very serious one ; many a man at that period had been hanged on less circumstantial evidence. Mr. Cowper was saved by the maid luckily having noticed that it was a quarter to eleven or less when the door slammed ; and a dozen respectable witnesses proved that he was in the Glove and Dolphin Inn before the clock struck eleven—the distance between the mill-stream and the inn being at least half an hour's walk.

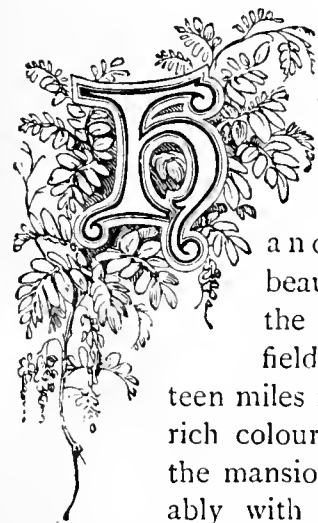
But there were other circumstances that assisted in clearing Mr. Cowper. Miss Stout was hypocondriacal, perhaps even insane, and she had fallen violently in love with the young barrister. She wrote wild love letters to him, which were produced in Court. In consequence of these letters, which were shown to him by his brother Mr. William Cowper, afterwards the Lord Chancellor, the latter advised his brother not to go to Mrs. Stout's again. It would have been well with him if he had taken that prudent advice, but he swore that he only went to pay over some money he had received for her as her lawyer, to Mrs. Stout, and to excuse himself for not staying ; but fearful of a scene on the young lady's part, he said nothing when his bed was ordered. As soon as he was alone with Miss Stout, however, he told her that he must go and should not return, and she was in agonies of anger and despair. He left her, and went at once to the inn, where luckily for

him, people remembered the hour when he appeared. Miss Stout had told several persons, who appeared as witnesses in the Court, that she meant to commit suicide to put an end to the melancholy that oppressed her. Of course she must have gone out after Mr. Cowper left her, and ended her life in the mill-dam.

A verdict of "not guilty" was returned, and Mr. Cowper was discharged; but his enemies pursued him with libels, and held

him up to general execration. He however lived down the effects of this malice, rose in his profession, and was appointed Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales on the accession of George I. He became a judge, and was remarkable for leniency and great care in investigating the cases brought before him, showing also pity and humanity to those unfortunate men who stood before him, as he had once stood at the bar of justice.

HATFIELD HOUSE.



HATFIELD HOUSE—picturesque both from its surrounding trees and park and its architectural beauty—is situated near the little town of Hatfield, and at about nineteen miles from London. The rich colour of the brickwork of the mansion harmonises admirably with the verdure of the park, when the house is seen from the grounds.

There are magnificent oaks here in the greenwood: the Lion Oak is upwards of thirty feet round, and is a thousand years old. Here also is the oak under which the Princess Elizabeth was sitting when the messenger arrived in hot haste to tell her that she was Queen of England. That messenger met with a strange and sudden death some years afterwards, caused, it was supposed, by his eating figs at Lord Leicester's table; for what reason the figs were given we are not told.

The Bishop of Ely had a palace here, which, with the manor, was made over to Henry VIII.; but Hatfield had been, before that time, a royal residence occasion-

ally, the second son of Edward III. being born here, William of Hatfield. During the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. Prince Edward resided at Hatfield. From thence he was brought by his guardians to London on his accession to the crown, and placed in the palace of the Tower.

He must have had pleasant memories of Hatfield, for in the fourth year of his reign he bestowed it on his beloved sister Elizabeth. In the latter part of Mary's reign Elizabeth was imprisoned in the Tower, as we know, being charged with participation in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion. She was, however, released and permitted to retire to Hatfield under the guardianship of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford. In 1557 Queen Mary paid her a visit at Hatfield, and was received with great state and festivity, and a child, we are told, sang to her, accompanied by Elizabeth on the virginals. But Mary was to pass away the next year, and under the grand old oak Elizabeth heard of her accession to the crown, and held her first Privy Council in Hatfield House.

The remains of this old palace are still to be seen on entering the place, and the brick entrance to the park seems of even an earlier date than the reign of Henry VIII.

A large portion of the old palace is used as stabling and for other offices. In the north part of the building is the room where Elizabeth was kept, for some time, a state prisoner, till, it is said, at the request of Philip II., she was reconciled to her sister. Sir Thomas Pope did his best to entertain her, giving a great display of rich masquings and pageants, according to the fashion of the times, in the great hall at Hatfield, and a banquet afterwards of sweet dishes, when the cupboard of the hall was garnished with rich gold and silver vessels, "alle at his own costes." The play of *Holophernes* was performed for Elizabeth's amusement the next day. A rumour of these gaieties, however, reaching Queen Mary, she wrote to Sir Thomas Pope, telling him that she disapproved of "such follies," and that disguisings must cease. This banqueting hall is now a stable. It has a wooden roof springing from grotesque corbel heads, and its windows are partly filled with stained glass.

When James I. ascended the throne, he exchanged Hatfield with Sir Robert Cecil for the palace of Theobalds, and Cecil (afterwards created Earl of Salisbury) commenced building the present house, which was finished in 1611. It is built of brick in the form of a half H. In the centre is a portico of nine arches and a lofty tower, on the front of which is the date, 1611; each of the two wings has two turrets with cupola roofs. By the north entrance we find ourselves in a spacious hall which leads to a very long gallery, open on one side by a trellis work to the lawn. Here is Queen Elizabeth's saddle, that was put on the white charger she rode at Tilbury; there are also arms of all kinds, some captured from the Armada.

The chambers in this wing have rather a sombre appearance, much of the furniture being of carved wood of James I.'s time. In this wing a fire broke out in 1835, in which the then Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury perished. The building has been well restored, and in the woodwork of the

mantelpiece a gilt frame has been introduced, containing a portrait of this unfortunate lady when a girl.

The grand staircase is very magnificent. It consists of flights with five landings, and occupies a space of thirty-five feet by twenty-one feet. The balusters are beautifully carved and very massive. The upper part of the ceiling is enriched with a very beautiful pendant in the Florentine style. At the foot of the staircase is the door of the dining-room. This room is panelled throughout with oak, and has a highly decorative chimney-piece and ceiling. Adjoining it are the summer, breakfast and drawing-rooms, the remainder of this wing (the east) containing the private apartments which are magnificently furnished in perfect keeping with the house.

The view from these eastern rooms is very charming, the eye first falling on a noble terrace with an enriched balustrade; beyond are the brilliant flowers of the Elizabethan garden, and further the maze; then the park and its fine sheet of water, in which the glorious old trees are reflected, and on which glide the stateliest of swans. Another noble staircase communicates with the upper end of the great hall—the Marble Hall—which is fifty feet by thirty. The hall has three bay windows the whole height of the hall, and an oriel at the upper end, where stood the daïs in the days of old. At the east end a massive carved screen runs the whole length of the hall, with a gallery of fine wood carving, amongst which are lions bearing emblazoned shields. The walls are lined above the oak panelling with splendid tapestry. The ceiling is divided into ten compartments with the head of a Cæsar in relief in each.

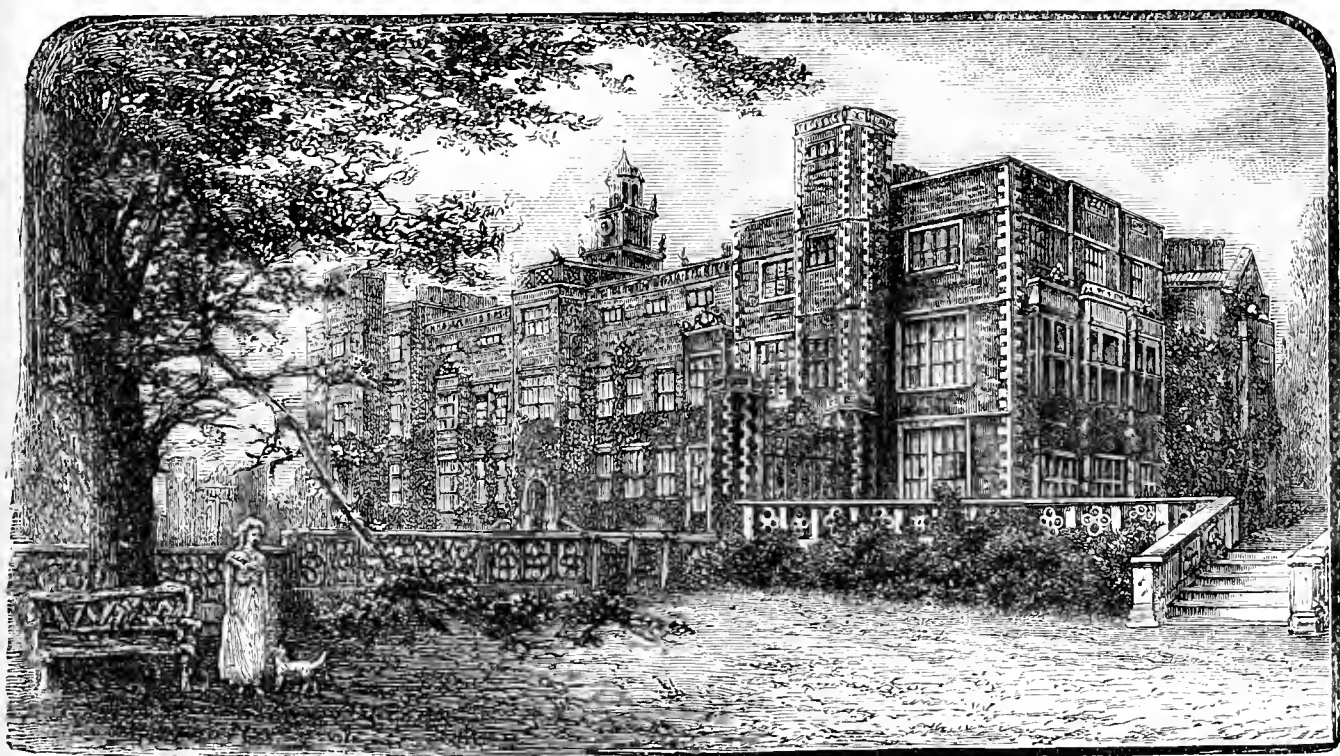
The first apartment entered on ascending the stairs is King James's room; it is very large, and lighted by three great oriel windows. The ceiling is beautifully decorated in the Italian style with pendants and much gilding. From it hang six chandeliers of King James's time. Over the high mantelpiece is a marble statue of James, and in

the fire-place are massive silver fire-dogs. The furniture is the same that was used by James I., and is finely carved and gilt and covered with crimson velvet. The bed furniture is of white satin. From this sumptuous chamber we enter a noble gallery, which runs the whole length of the southern front of the house to the library. This gallery is 160 feet long, panelled with oak, and with a fretted ceiling of gold and brilliant colours.

Of the two grand staircases one was re-

stored after the fire in the west wing, but this one, leading to King James's room, is as old as the house, and the balusters are most exquisitely carved.

The library is a noble room of the same size as King James's. It is rich in historical documents. Here are no less than 13,000 letters from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of James I., state papers extending through the great Lord Burleigh's administration, plans, maps, and charts from Henry VIII. to the present time, autograph



SIDE VIEW OF HATFIELD HOUSE.

letters of Elizabeth, her oak cradle, the pair of silk stockings presented to her by Sir Thomas Gresham, etc., etc.

The chapel is a perfect gem, highly decorated with an oaken gallery hung with Scriptural paintings.

The gardens of Hatfield have been famous ever since Charles II.'s reign, when Evelyn and Pepys described them.

There are a great number of very fine paintings at Hatfield, especially Zuccherò's celebrated portrait of Queen Elizabeth.

In 1846 Hatfield was honoured by a visit

from Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and the latter expressed afterwards in a letter great admiration of the wonderful wood carving with which the house is adorned.

Hatfield has been in the possession of the Cecils ever since Elizabeth's sagacious minister built it. Robert Cecil was created Earl of Salisbury by James I. in return for valuable services rendered to him in the last days of Elizabeth, and the earldom was raised to a marquissate by George III., in 1789.

BEDFORD;

AND THE INSPIRED JINKER.



EDFORD, situated in the rich and picturesque Vale of Bedford, is a very ancient town. It is supposed that it is the Bedcanford of the *Saxon Chronicle*, A.D. 571. It is recorded in it, "Cuthulf fought against the Britons at Bedcanford (Bedford), and took four towns."

The name Bedcanford means a fortress on a river. Bedford suffered greatly from the Danes, who destroyed it, "ever burning as they went." But it was speedily rebuilt. In 919 Edward the Elder erected a fortress on the south side of the Ouse, and received there the submission of the neighbouring country. But this fortress was also destroyed by the Danes.

William Rufus gave Paine de Beauchamp the barony of Bedford, and he considered it necessary to build a very strong castle here; "but while it stood," says Camden, "there was no storm of civil war that did not burst upon it."

Stephen took it by surrender and gave honourable terms to the garrison.

In the Barons' war William de Beauchamp, who took part with them, received them in the castle; but when Faukes de Brent, sent by King John, summoned it, it was surrendered to him in a few days, and John gave him the barony for his services. A troublesome gift to the donor: for Faukes, after he had fortified his castle and rendered it nearly impregnable—it is said that he pulled down the Church of St. Paul for materials—became a universal depredator. Everywhere in the beautiful Vale of Bedford and in the neighbourhood, Faukes de

Brent and his men were seen harrying and robbing; no one could resist him; he and his men seemed to have been like the Doones of Exmoor, their hand against every man and every man's hand against them.

At last the king's justices sitting at Dunstable took cognizance of his proceedings, and fined him three thousand pounds. Faukes, enraged at this sentence, sent his brother at the head of a troupe of men-at-arms to seize the judges and bring them prisoners to Bedford! Happily they were forewarned of his intention, and two of them escaped, but Henry Braybrooke was taken and carried to the castle, where he was most cruelly treated. Henry III. was by this time greatly incensed at the outrageous conduct of De Brent, and marched to Bedford in person, attended by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the chief peers of the realm. The Church had suffered so much from De Brent's raids that it granted a voluntary aid to the king, and for every hide of their lands furnished two labourers to work the engines employed in the siege of Bedford Castle.

Faukes de Brent felt assured that his castle was impregnable, but Henry soon taught him that it was not so; very singular machines were used against it, and a high tower of wood was built, from which the besiegers could see into the enemy's quarters.

At last the castle surrendered. Faukes was not there at the time; he had taken sanctuary in a church at Coventry; and through the mediation of the Bishop of Coventry obtained the royal pardon, on condition that he left the realm. He had left his brother William governor of the castle, who, though deprived of all aid, kept up the defence for a short time and then surrendered. He was hanged with twenty-four

knights and eighty soldiers. Culmo, another brother, was pardoned. Henry III. was determined to uproot a place that he called "the nursery of sedition," and ordered the castle to be dismantled and the moats to be filled up.

But this command was not fulfilled to the letter, for the ruined castle of Bedford was seen 250 years afterwards, and Camden says that the ruins overhung the river on

the east side of the town, in his day. Not a vestige of it now remains.

The town of Bedford is very interesting as being possessed of so many charitable and educational advantages. The communication between the parts of the town separated by the Ouse, is by a handsome bridge of five arches on the site of the old one of seven arches, which was said to have been built in the reign of Mary out of the



ruins of St. Dunstan's Church. The old jail was built on the bridge; of this we must now speak.

We think no one could call the town of Bedford picturesque, yet there are a few spots of great interest about or near it. One especially is the old jail in which one of the most popular of English books was written. We mean Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Bunyan was an uneducated man; or at least had received only the very elements of knowledge—reading and writing—yet his

genius was very great, and he wrote the finest allegory ever conceived.

He was born at Elstow, near Bedford, and in early life, or rather after his early marriage, used to go to Elstow Church twice a day. It is a fine old church, with the singularity of the tower standing apart from the main building. He heard many good sermons there, but without their having much effect on him. At length, however, his conscience awoke; he overheard some women who were sitting spinning in the sun, talking of the new birth, became impressed by

their words, and embraced a religious life with great fervour; not, however, in the Church of England, but as a Baptist. He became a popular preacher with that sect, and during the Commonwealth preached often and in many places. But almost immediately after the Restoration he was arrested for illegal preaching and committed to Bedford jail, where he remained for twelve years, and here he wrote the first part of the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress." He was imprisoned in 1660 and released in 1672.

His wife and his four children must have suffered much from poverty during his incarceration, for of course he could not ply his trade—that of a tinker—in prison; but he learned to make stay laces to support his family, and helped the jailer sometimes in the management of the prison. But his family met with kind friends, and Bunyan himself seems to have had many indulgences while in confinement, being frequently let out on *parole*, and often present at Baptist meetings.

How in a damp, dull prison cell, above the sluggish river Ouse, he could have written with so much animation and spirit, is a marvel; and yet, once immersed in his "Dream," he must often have forgotten that his own pilgrimage had been so suddenly arrested; though only apparently, for his book has taught many generations, and all sects and Churches divine truths; while his preaching could only have benefited a few.

Crowds gathered to hear him when he was once more free to preach, and a dilapidated barn was fitted up for a meeting house, of which he was minister.

He lived generally at Bedford, but often went to London, where he was extremely popular. The little cottage in which he

dwelt was opposite the meeting-house, but has been taken down long since.

Bunyan died of cold and fever at the house of a friend on Snow Hill, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. His tomb had this inscription on it:

"Mr. John Bunyan,
Author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."
ob., 12th. Aug., 1688—Æt. 60."

Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," states upon the authority of an old lady, who remembered the fact perfectly, that Bunyan's was a dreary-looking grave; some brickwork thrown down from it, and a sort of headstone, green and mouldering, upon which was faintly carved,

HERE LIES JOHN BUNYAN.

During Bunyan's life-time a hundred thousand copies of the first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" were sold; an amazing number for that period, indeed seldom paralleled at any time. Since his death the editions of it have been too numerous to count, and it has been translated into thirty or forty languages.

He had learned English from the fount and well-spring of the language, the English translation of the Bible; and his brilliant fancy and deep sincerity helped him to produce a masterpiece which has had no equal in popularity except Scott's novels, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Shakspeare.

Bedfordshire has few names to boast in literature, but her single one is unrivalled, and in some measure atones for the paucity of them. His county has acknowledged his claims on it, and a statue of John Bunyan stands in Bedford, gazing towards the town and with its back to the church; which position, it may be—like his book—is an allegory.

WOBURN ABBEY;

AND THE RUSSELL FAMILY.



THE Abbey of Woburn was founded towards the middle of the twelfth century by Hugh de Bolebec, A.D. 1145, for monks of the

Cistercian order. It was valued at the dissolution of the monasteries at £430 14s. 11d. gross income, or £391 18s. 8d.

clear yearly value.

The last Abbot of Woburn refused to accept the spiritual supremacy of Henry VIII. over the Church, and being concerned in Roger Aske's rising against the king, was hanged before his own monastery. The tree on which he suffered is still standing, and is carefully preserved.

The king granted the monastery to John Russell, first Earl of Bedford, and founder of the fortunes of the great ducal family.

John Russell was constable of Corfe Castle, 1221; from him descended James of Berwick, a manor in the county of Dorset, about a mile from the sea-coast. His eldest son, John Russell, was born at Kingston-Russell in the same county, where the elder part of the family had lived since the Conquest. This young gentleman was gifted with unusual talents, and at an early age was sent by his father to travel; the elder Russell evidently agreeing with Shakspeare that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits." Mr. Russell returned, in 1506, an accomplished gentleman and a wonderful linguist.

Shortly after his return to the old manor near the sea, a terrible storm arose, and on the next morning, January 11, 1506, three foreign vessels appeared off the coast,

making their way to Weymouth. They were part of a convoy escorting Philip, Archduke of Austria, who had just married Joanna,* daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Castile and Arragon, and was on his way to Spain, when, being separated with two other ships from the convoy, they were forced to take refuge in Weymouth Harbour. Sir Thomas Trenchard, the Governor of Weymouth, conducted the duke to his own castle, and sent messengers to apprise Henry VII. of his arrival. Joanna was sister to Catherine of Arragon. The governor, whilst waiting the king's reply, remembered that his young cousin and neighbour, Mr. Russell, knew many languages, and sent to him, beseeching him to come to him as interpreter, and also to converse with the Austrian archduke on topics connected with his own country, in which Mr. Russell had lately travelled. Mr. Russell complied with his kinsman's request, and the archduke was so delighted with his conversation and the readiness with which he spoke several European languages, that when invited by King Henry to proceed to Windsor, he begged Mr. Russell to accompany him. Of course his request was granted, and the archduke strongly recommended him to the king. Henry was struck by Mr. Russell's manner and conversation, and perhaps his personal appearance was also a letter of introduction, for he was handsome and attractive.

Henry appointed him a gentleman of the Privy Chamber. Three years afterwards

* This lady was afterwards the mother of Charles V., Emperor of Germany. She was deranged, and on the death of her husband went quite mad, and refused to let him be buried.

Henry VIII. succeeded his father, and at once perceived Mr. Russell's abilities. He employed the young man in diplomatic missions and in trusts of great confidence, and took him with him in his French wars. He became a favourite of the monarch's, was installed into the Order of the Garter, and raised to the peerage as Baron Russell of Chenies. In the next year, after his elevation to the Lords, when the monasteries were dissolved (1540), he received from the king a grant of the Abbey of Tavistock and its extensive possessions. His offices and honours were many. He was Controller of the King's Household, a Privy Councillor, Lord Warden of the Stannaries in Devon and Cornwall, President of those counties and of Somerset and Dorset, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Admiral of England and Ireland, and Captain General of the Vanguard of the Army. On his deathbed Henry appointed Lord Russell one of the counsellors to his son Edward VI. He (Lord Russell) continued in favour during the young king's reign; he was created Earl of Bedford, and the rich Abbey of Woburn was bestowed on him.

It is even more remarkable that he was not cast aside by Queen Mary, but was sent by her with other noblemen to escort Philip II. to England. It is quite possible that it was his power of speaking Spanish that influenced the queen in her choice, and made her not too curious as to the religious opinions of the great linguist. This was his last public act; but under each sovereign he kept his integrity, and there is nothing recorded of servility in his conduct to these imperious Tudors. He died in 1555, and was buried at Chenies, his wife's inheritance. In the little parish church of Chenies is a magnificent mortuary chapel of the Bedford family.

In 1572 Queen Elizabeth visited Francis, second Earl of Bedford, at Woburn. In 1642 the little adjoining town of Woburn was partly burnt by the Royalists; in 1645 Charles I. passed one night in the abbey. In November there was a skirmish between

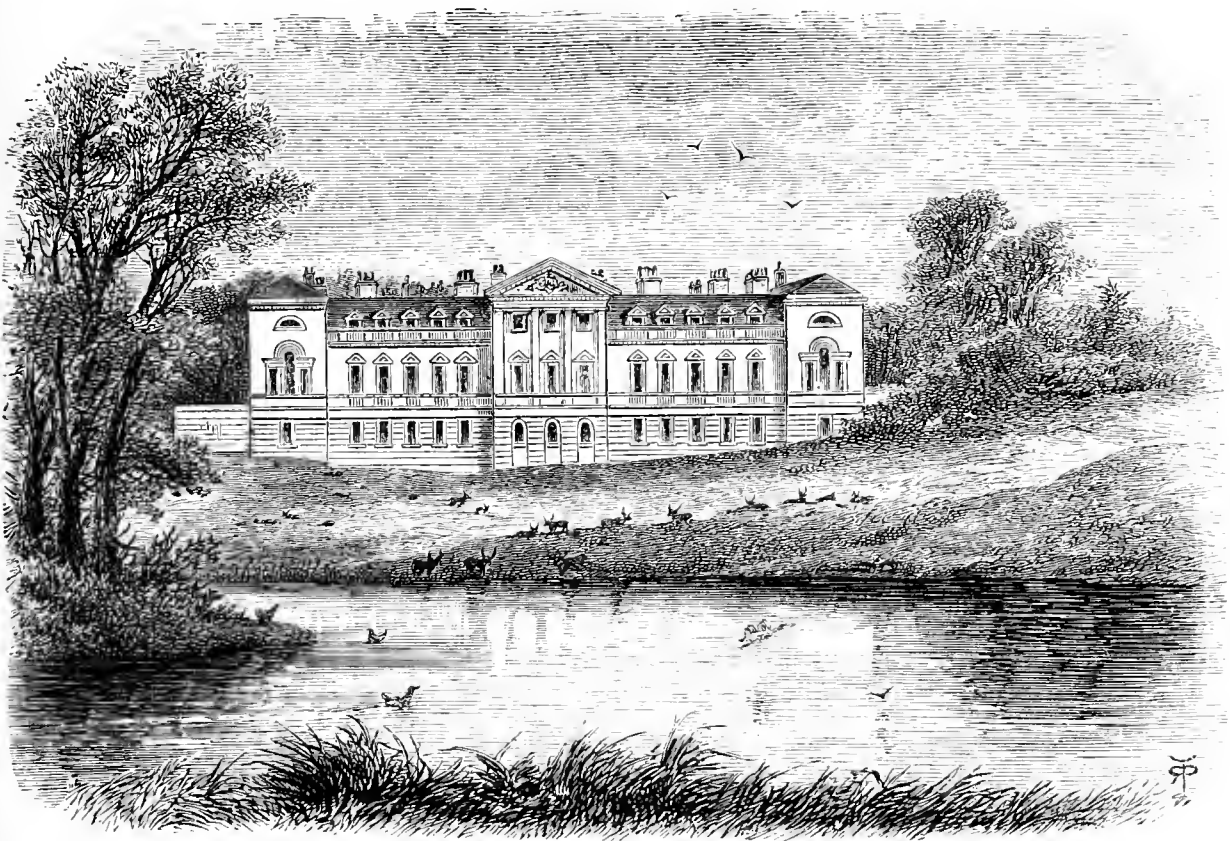
the Royalists and the townspeople, in which many houses were destroyed. Then the Parliamentarians occupied the town.

Part of the ancient abbey remains, and has been converted into the present magnificent ducal mansion, which retains the name. The abbey is a quadrangle presenting four fronts, each of above 200 feet in length. The west or principal front is of the Ionic order, with a rustic basement. It is situated in a grand and beautiful park; there are, we were told, nearly eight miles of evergreens for drives and walks at all seasons, and the drive through the park from Ampthill to Woburn is remarkably picturesque, with rolling land here and there, water, trees, and great spaces of green turf. We were particularly struck when we last drove through it, by the quantities of golden broom flowers in great patches; the flowers that gave their name to the mighty Plantagenets, the *planta genista*.

There are many fine historical portraits in the abbey; those of Queen Mary and Elizabeth; a picture of Mary and her husband, Philip of Spain; Lady Jane Seymour, Henry VIII.'s third queen, Anne of Denmark, James I.'s queen, Sir Philip Sidney, General Monk, Cecil Lord Burghley, William Lord Russell, beheaded in 1683, and his heroic wife, Lady Rachel, who bore herself so bravely through his trial, but when he was gone, and her grief could not pain him, wept herself blind. At the abbey is preserved, in gold letters, Lord William's speech to the sheriffs, with the paper delivered by him to them at the place of execution, the middle of Lincoln's Inn Fields. In the dining-room at Woburn is a fine collection of portraits by Vandyke; in the breakfast room a series of views of Venice by Canaletti. In the sculpture gallery is the antique Lanti vase, brought to England by Lord Cawdor, and in the gallery is also a very old marble sarcophagus, brought from Ephesus, on the four sides of which are sculptured scenes from Homer, and the post-Homeric traditions of Andromache and Astyanax.

There is a sad story about one of the sweetest and loveliest of the Lady Russells. Francis Lord Russell of that time had married Lady Anne Car, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, who had by their agents poisoned Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower. Of course this terrible story had been carefully kept from her, and she was herself one of the most angelic, excellent young ladies that ever

lived. But one day going to the library to find a book to amuse an idle hour, she took down a pamphlet, and, seeing her father's name in it, read it. It was the trial for the murder. She was found lying insensible on the floor with the pamphlet beside her. It is said that she never recovered the shock—but that is apocryphal; still, it must have made an impression on her mind, never to be effaced.



WOBURN ABBEY—THE WEST FRONT.

AMPHILL:



THE OLD HOUSES AND ALAMEDA.

AMPHILL is a very picturesque little town, some few houses still existing that must have been built in Henry VIII.'s reign; there is one principal street in which these small Tudor houses are; a market place with a pretty clock-tower and a general look of a German town about it. At the bottom of the hill, down which the street descends, is the church, a very old building with a small beacon tower at an angle of its large square one. There runs up at the side of the church and along by the graveyard, a narrow pathway called the Holly Walk. It is edged on each side by hollies, and presents a splendid appearance when the scarlet gems, that sometimes almost hide the sharp leaves and stems, appear. By this walk we proceed to a gate leading into a road, and crossing it, can (if privileged to do so) enter a very lovely avenue of limes leading to a flower garden and the French windows of the back of Ampthill Park House. This lime walk, one of the finest in England, is upwards of a quarter of a mile in length; the trees meet overhead and make a charming arcade; the sunlight plays through the leaves, the song of birds is full and melodious, and the peculiarly sweet and fresh scent of the limes is on the air. A walk through the lime tree avenue can never be forgotten; and the last time we traversed it we were accompanied by one of the best and wisest of men—Lord Wensleydale—who then inhabited Ampthill House; but it was winter. Still the branches of the graceful limes were fairy-like in their fine tracery, and sparkling with

frost gems, and the walk hard and firm. It was beautiful even then.

The house stands rather below the summit of a hill, and thus—though when we leave the lime avenue we enter a charming room scarcely above the level of the flower garden before it—the chief or front entrance is reached by flights of very high steps; indeed, Ampthill is placed so high that it commands a fine view of the Vale of Bedford. The house has a long front with two projecting wings; there are nearly forty windows exclusive of the dormers. In the centre is an angular pediment bearing Lord Ossory's arms; and over the door a circular pediment with an antique bust.

The park is very picturesque, and is studded with beautiful groups of trees. Some of the oaks are of immense age, with a girth of ten yards each. They are very numerous, but many of them hollow and decayed from age, though preserving their picturesque beauty.

As we drive into the park we perceive to the right hand some ponds; above these, at the edge of a steep ascent, stood Ampt-hill Castle. It was at the back of the present mansion, and was built by Lord Fanhope at the beginning of the fifteenth century. It was a favourite resort of Henry VIII., who was often here. There are two plans in existence of the old castle, from which we find that in front was a large court, then an oblong court, on each side of which was a very small one. "Between the front and back courts were two projections like the transepts of a church. In front were two square projecting towers." On the spot where this castle stood (it was totally demolished) Lord Ossory erected, in 1773, a monument, consisting of an octa-

gonal shaft raised on four steps and surmounted by a cross, bearing a shield with the arms of Catherine of Arragon. On a tablet inserted in the base of the cross is this inscription, written by Horace Walpole :—

“ In days of yore, here Ampt-hill’s towers were seen,
The mournful refuge of an injured queen ;
Here flowed her pure, but unavailing tears,
Here blinded zeal sustained her sinking years.
Yet Freedom hence her radiant banner waved,
And Love avenged a realm by priests enslaved ;
From Catherine’s wrongs a nation’s bliss was spread,
And Luther’s light from lawless Henry’s bed.”

At the back of this spot Lord Ossory planted a grove of firs.

Queen Catherine was residing at Ampt-hill—separated from her husband and daughter—when the commissioners for her divorce met at Dunstable Priory, in 1533 ; and here Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, pronounced sentence of divorce on May 23rd. For this Mary, Catherine’s daughter, never forgave him, and at last brought him to the stake. The sentence was communicated to Catherine at Ampt-hill. She was offered the title of Princess Dowager, and to be treated as the king’s sister ; but she solemnly protested that she would never consent to give up her title of Henry’s wife. She was removed from Ampt-hill almost by force, and was taken to Kimbolton to die.

One of the Dukes of Bedford gave to the town of Ampt-hill an almeda, or alameda, such as we find outside Spanish towns—a charming place for sitting, walking, or chatting, if our climate would allow us to enjoy an outdoor life ; but the soil being sand, it is nearly always a dry place to walk in. Let us try to describe it. We pass from the road into an extremely wide avenue, planted with trees at each side, and turfed, with seats under the trees. Walking up it for some distance—for it is long—we reach at length a piece of land on which grows a fine grove of pine and fir trees. This is a delightful spot, with hilly rises and miniature dells ; the ground under the pines is

strewn thickly with their needles, and their peculiar perfume is on the air. A lovely spot for reclining on the turf in the shade on a hot summer day, and listening to the ærial music that breathes through the pine stems, as sweet and mysterious as the sound of an Æolian harp, while from high in the heaven the lark’s song falls, adding a new charm to the place. Here sometimes an out-of-doors tea is drunk ; but the almeda has never been as much used by the townspeople as the donor probably hoped. At one part of this grove, which is of some extent, there is a little brooklet, and the walk by it is said to have been that on which Catherine of Arragon walked, doubtless in painful thought of how cruelly she had been betrayed by her maid-of-honour and her husband.

Ampt-hill has a town-hall and one or two good shops. Just past the church is Ampt-hill House (not Ampt-hill Park), a fine mansion, picturesquely situated. It is in the Italian style of architecture, with a centre bow, and the house extending on each side of it. A new portion, nearly doubling its former size, has been added to it of late years. It has a wonderfully fine magnolia, and a wisteria climbing all over the front, and stands on a hill commanding an extensive and beautiful view. A wide terrace lies below the front windows, with a tennis ground at one end, and lovely flower beds gemming the lawn, which is over-shadowed by a very fine old oak and other trees. There is a walk round it, and below, meadows stretching in green beauty down the hill, with a picturesque tree-shadowed pond in them. The walk takes us by the margin of a much finer and larger pond, however, in the grounds, flower-edged and full of lovely water-lilies, and then to the hot-houses of all kinds, and the kitchen-garden and stables. It is all pastoral and sweet ; and seen in May, with the meadows a sheet of gold and the tender green of the trees still at its freshest, there cannot be imagined a more picturesque and truly English home. The approach to

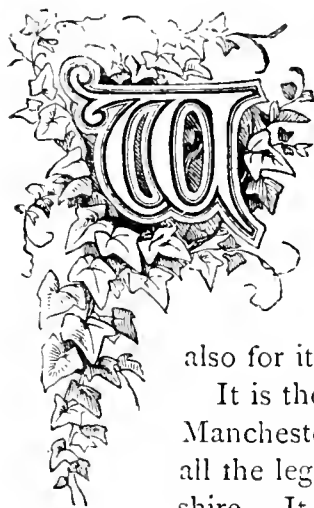
the house is by an avenue of splendid sycamores. There used to be a very long elm-walk at the back of the house; but as the elms are apt to decay unseen when old, and from falling suddenly are dangerous, it has been partially removed. The elms met overhead, and a glimpse through their long perspective of the meadow-land and part of the town and sometimes of the sunset, was highly picturesque. The flowers in the green-houses and conservatory are very beautiful.

At the end of the grounds near the lodge the son of the owner has erected a reading-room for the young men of the town, where they find fire and light in winter, and books,

newspapers, chess, and bagatelle boards, etc. It is highly appreciated by the town, and must be a means of good. Art has been greatly cultivated amongst the young men and boys of Ampthill by a fair daughter of the house, and the wood-carving done there is of the highest beauty.

Bedfordshire is a rich and pastoral county, and escaped wonderfully from the ravages of the civil war of the Roses, from the fact of its not possessing any strongholds; all its castles, except Bedford and Ampthill, having been destroyed in the reign of John. From the same cause not many important events occurred here during the civil war of the seventeenth century.

KIMBOLTON CASTLE.



One can scarcely call Kimbolton picturesque, but it stands at the head of our great fen country, and must have a place here also for its historical interest.

It is the seat of the Duke of Manchester, and the centre of all the legends of Huntingdonshire. It has really a grand feudal air about it, though it is not very ancient, the old castle having been nearly rebuilt by Sir John Vanburgh. We place it next to Ampthill because it was here that poor Queen Katherine was brought from that place, much against her wish; for Kimbolton was thought damp, and damp was especially injurious to her health. She was forcibly taken to Kimbolton Castle in December, 1534. The Duke of Manchester, in the Kimbolton papers, has given the following graphic delineation of the castle :

"It was an ancient pile, built by the Mandevilles, and occupied after them by the Bohuns, Straffords, and Wingfields, with a tower, and gateway and double ditch; a very strong place in a cross-country valley, guarding the road from Bedford to Huntingdon; a house buried in wood, and open uplands to the east and west, each knoll of which was crowned with either abbey tower or village spire. A green bright country, full of deer and birds and fen water-fowl, open to the March winds, and asking of its dwellers who would keep in health a good deal of exercise on horse or foot. The unhappy queen could neither walk nor ride." She was not allowed to do either, had she been well enough. But great and tender pity followed the forsaken queen even here. A poor man ploughing at Grantham found a huge brass pot, in which was a large helmet of pure gold set with precious stones. He presented it to Queen Katherine; and she had need of gifts, for her income as Princess Dowager,

£5,000, was shamefully kept from her, or so ill-paid that Sir Edmund Bedingfeld, her jailer, wrote more than once to say that the household was quite devoid of money and lacking everything. A queen lying ill, her attendants unpaid—what a position for her gentleman jailer! One marvels at the way in which the nobles and knights of the Tudors allowed themselves to be placed in such a position. The queen was very unhappy while she was at Kimbolton, on account of her former confessor, Father Forrest, whom Henry had imprisoned with Abell. They had been witnesses of Henry's marriage with Katherine, and the king dreaded their testimony to that effect; for he wished it now to appear that only a betrothal had taken place.

The close of the year found the queen on her death-bed. The king first heard of her danger from Eustachio Capucius, the resident Spanish ambassador; and Cromwell wrote to reprove Sir Edmund Bedingfeld for letting foreigners know the state of the queen before he did. Sir Edmund excused himself by saying, "that his fidelity in executing the orders of the king rendered him no favourite with the lady-dowager, therefore she concealed everything from him." But he sent for her Spanish physician and questioned him. "Sir," replied the doctor, "she doth continue in pain, and can take but little rest; if the sickness continueth in force, she cannot remain long." She positively refused to see another doctor, as Sir Edmund proposed; she was satisfied, she said, with her own physician, and committed herself to the pleasure of God. When she felt that she was dying, Queen Katherine wrote a most pathetic letter to her husband:—

"MY LORD AND DEAR HUSBAND (she wrote or dictated),—

"I commend me unto you. The hour of my death draweth fast on, and my case being such, the tender love I bear you forceth me, with a few words, to put you

in remembrance of the health and safeguard of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries and yourself into many cares. For my part I do pardon you all! yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that He will also pardon you.

"For the rest I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I heretofore desired. I entreat you also on behalf of my maids, to give them marriage portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants I solicit a year's pay more than their due, lest they should be unprovided for.

"Lastly, I do vow that mine eyes desire you above all things."

Henry received this letter some days before Queen Katherine's death, shed tears over it, and sending for Capucius, entreated him to hasten to Kimbolton to greet Katherine kindly from him.

It was at nightfall about six o'clock on New Year's Day that Lady Willoughby, Katherine's countrywoman and attendant,—she was one of the maids-of-honour who accompanied her from Spain—arrived at Kimbolton Gate, cold and exhausted from a dreary journey on horseback, and hurt by a fall from her steed. At first, Bedingfeld and Chamberlayn demanded her licence to see the queen. She had none; but she besought them so earnestly to let her see the dying "*Princess Dowager*," promising to show them her letters in the morning, that they were persuaded to admit her, and once in her royal lady's chamber they "never saw her or her letters," says Bedingfeld. She never left Queen Katherine again, and they dared not compel her to do so in the very presence of death.

Capucius, the Emperor's Ambassador, arrived the next day, and after dinner was shown into the dying queen's room. He

saw Katherine several times afterwards ; but the spies about them could learn nothing from their conversation, because both he and Lady Willoughby spoke her native Castilian to the queen.

Katherine expired with these true friends beside her with great calmness.

Of the Shaksperian castle of Kimbolton this is the chief incident ; Queen Katherine has made it her own.

"The room in which she died remains," says Hepworth Dixon. "The chest in which she kept her clothes and jewels, her own cipher on the lid, still lies at the foot of the grand staircase, in the gallery leading to the seat she occupied in the private chapel. Her spirit, the people of the castle say, still haunts the rooms and corridors in the dull gloaming, or at silent midnight. In the library, among a mass of loose notes and anecdotes set down in a handwriting unknown to me, but of the last century, I one day found a story of her in her early happy time, which is, I think, singularly pretty and romantic. . . . In the bright days of Katherine's wedded love, long before Hal had become troubled in his conscience by

"The gospel light that shone in Boleyn's eyes," Montague, the Master of the Horse, fell crazily in love with her. Not daring to breathe in her chaste ear one word, or even hint this passion for her by a glance or sigh, the young gallant stifled

"The mighty hunger of the heart," only permitting himself from time to time the sweet reward of a gentle, as he thought imperceptible, pressure of the queen's hand as she vaulted to her mare for a ride, or descended after her sport with the falcon. That tender touch, as light as love, as secret as an unborn hope, sent the warm, soft

blood of youth careering through his veins ; but the passionate and poetic joy was too pure to last. Katherine felt the fire that burned her fingers ; and as the cold Spanish training, which allows no pressure of hands between the sexes, nor indeed any of those exquisite and innocent familiarities by which the approach of love is signalled from heart to heart in more favoured lands, gave her no clue to the strange behaviour of her Gentleman of the Horse, she ran with the thoughtless gaiety of a child to ask counsel of the king.

"Tell me, sir," says the queen, 'what a gentleman in this country means when he squeezes a lady's hand.'

"Ha ! ha !" roars the king ; 'but you must first tell me, chick, does any gentleman squeeze your hand ?'

"Yes, sweetheart," says the innocent queen ; 'my Gentleman of the Horse.'

"Montague went away to the wars. An attack was about to be made on the enemy's lines, and the desperate young Englishman begged to have the privilege of fighting in the front. Gashed with pikes, he was carried to his tent ; and in his blood, in which his life was fast oozing away, he wrote these words to the queen, "Madam, I die of your love."

* * * *

"There are in popular belief two ghosts at the castle and the surrounding park—one of the unhappy queen, one of the stern judge, Sir John Popham, whose fine old portrait hangs in the great hall. Katherine of Arragon is said to haunt the house, to float through and through the galleries, and to people the dark, void spaces with a mysterious awe ; Sir John to sit astride the park wall, or lie in wait for rogues and poachers under the great elms. The poetical interest centres in the queen."

CRESLOWE HOUSE;

AND ITS GHOST STORY.



CRESLOWE is a picturesque and venerable building with numerous gables and ornamented chimneys, some ancient mullioned win-

dows, and a square tower with an octagonal turret. The tower is of stone, and the walls

are six feet thick. The turret is forty-five feet high, and has a newel staircase and loop-holes. The original building dates from the time of Edward III., including the crypt and tower; some alterations were made in the time of Charles I.—ceilings were plastered and square windows made. The crypt is excavated from the solid limestone rock, and is entered by a flight of steps. It has but one small window, but its roof is vaulted in a light Gothic style, and supported by arches springing from four pillars, groined at their intersection, and ornamented with carved flowers and bosses.

The dungeon, as it is called, is near the crypt, but it is entered by a different flight of steps. It is windowless, gloomy, and dark. In it are several skulls and some thigh bones of great size, that must have belonged to gigantic human beings. Above the crypt is a chamber with a Gothic window of two lights, enriched with tracery of the decorative period. This chamber has a Gothic doorway, with wood-moulding resting on two sculptured heads with grotesque faces. It is said to be haunted by the ghost of Rosamond Clifford. Why a legend should have arisen of her haunting a place not in any way connected with her story, no one can tell; unless it is because Creslowe belongs to the Clifford family. The

house and manor have had many owners. The Knights Templars once owned it; on the suppression of their order it was given to the Knights Hospitallers, and passed from them at the dissolution of the monasteries to the Crown. It was used as the pasture land of the royal cattle, and it is still wonderfully fertile, and a feeding place for animals that are the finest in the kingdom.

While Creslowe belonged to the Crown, it was given into the custody of a keeper. Sir Harry Vane had in the reign of Charles I. a poor boy waiting on him, whose father had died a bankrupt in the Fleet. Sir Harry begged the place of keeper of Creslowe for this lad, whose name was Cornelius Holland. He deserted his royal master as soon as fortune forsook him, and was rewarded by the Parliament with many lucrative posts. He entered Parliament, proved one of the bitterest enemies that the unfortunate king had, and at length signed his royal master's death warrant. He grew immensely rich, and is accused traditionally of having dismantled and destroyed many of the churches in his neighbourhood. At the Restoration he was excepted by name from the amnesty, and only escaped execution by flying to Lausanne, where he died, universally despised.

Charles II. granted the manor of Creslowe to Thomas, first Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, and it continues in his family.

The haunted room has caused much interest; for though Fair Rosamond does not deign to show her lovely face, she is heard distinctly, it is said, by those who venture to sleep in the chamber. She comes from the crypt, and always enters by the Gothic door. After entering she walks

about (her steps plainly audible), in a stately manner for some time, a long silk dress sweeping the floor and making a *frou-frou* as it passes ; then she is heard moving quickly, as if struggling violently, and her dress rustles loudly.

The room has been slept in several times with the same result, we are assured, and a very clear and amusing account is given of one nocturnal experience by a gentleman who passed the night there.

We will extract part of his own account of it, from "Abbeys and Castles," Mr. Gunn having abbreviated it from the "Book of Days."

"Having entered the room," he says, "I locked and bolted both doors, carefully examined the whole room, and satisfied myself that there was no living creature in it besides myself, nor any entrance but those I had secured. I got into bed, and with the conviction that I should sleep as usual till six in the morning, I was soon lost in a comfortable slumber. Suddenly I was aroused, and on raising my head to listen I heard a sound, certainly resembling the light soft tread of a lady's footstep, accompanied with the rustling of a silk gown. I sprang out of bed and lighted a candle ; there was nothing to be seen, and now nothing to be heard. I carefully examined the whole room ; I looked under the bed, into the fireplace, up the chimney, and at both the doors, which were fastened as I had left them. I looked at my watch, and it was a few minutes past twelve. As all was now perfectly quiet, I extinguished the candle and entered my bed and soon fell asleep.

I was again aroused. The noise was now louder than before. It appeared like the violent rustling of a stiff silk dress. I sprang out of bed, darted to the spot where the noise was, and tried to grasp the intruder in my arms. My arms met together, but enclosed nothing. The noise passed to another part of the room, and I followed it, groping near the floor to prevent anything passing under my arms. It was in vain ; I could feel nothing—the noise had passed away through the Gothic door, and all was still as death. I lighted a candle, and examined the Gothic door, and there I saw the old monks' faces grinning at my perplexity ; but the door was shut and fastened just as I had left it. I again examined the whole room, but could find nothing to account for the noise. I now left the candle burning, though I never sleep comfortably with a light in my room. I got into bed, but felt, it must be acknowledged, not a little perplexed at not being able to detect the cause of the noise, nor to account for the cessation when the candle was lighted."

It is quite possible, nevertheless, that the noise was made by rats, or perhaps birds ; sounds in the night and in darkness take all kinds of queer forms. A haunted room once owed its reputation to a snail crawling on the window glass. In fact, mysterious sounds belong to night and sleep, and we never feel inclined to take them on their own representation ; we decline also to believe that the rest of poor Rosamond is to be nightly disturbed without the least possible reason or cause.



STOKE POGIS, OR POGIS.



THE old Manor House of Stoke Pogis, or Pogis, is the scene of Gray's humorously descriptive poem, "The Long Story." The poem originated in the following incident :—

Gray had previously written, but not published his exquisite "Elegy," suggested by the beautiful churchyard in which

he was wont to ponder. It was, however, handed about in MS. and, among those who had the good taste to appreciate it,

was Lady Cobham. She became desirous of making the author's acquaintance, and Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, who were staying at Stoke Pogis, determined to introduce themselves and her to the poet. They called on him at his aunt's dwelling near the churchyard, and not finding him at home, left their cards. Gray returned the visit, and flattered by the admiration which had caused it, gave a humorous description of the manor house in "The Long Story," which he sent to them. The mansion is thus described in it :—

"In Britain's Isle,—no matter where,
An ancient pile of buildings stands,
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employed the power of fairy hands,

To raise the building's fretted heights,
 Each panel in achievement clothing,
 Rich windows that exclude the light,
 And passages that lead to nothing.

"Full oft within the spacious halls,
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,
 My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
 The seal and maces danced before him ;
 His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
 His high-crowned hat, and satin doublet,
 Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
 Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

But this is decidedly poetical fiction. Elizabeth's dancing Lord Keeper, Sir Christopher Hatton, never "led the brawls," or any other dances at Stoke Pogis, for he was never there. The old manor house was not even finished till it was a possession of Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, who retained the property till his death, which occurred four years *after* that of the Lord Keeper, and on the death of Lord Huntingdon, Sir Edward Coke purchased the house and resided in it. Soon after, he married for his second wife, Lady Hatton, widow of Sir William Hatton, nephew and heir of Sir Christopher. This lady has a strange history. At the death of her first husband, she was young, very beautiful, and very rich. Her wooers were many, and amongst them were Bacon and Coke, two bitter enemies on other accounts. Coke had been appointed Attornery-General by the queen in spite of Essex's earnest endeavours to obtain the appointment for Bacon ; and the latter hated his rival for it. Now they both wooed the beautiful Lady Hatton, and Essex pleaded Bacon's cause with the widow and her mother as earnestly as he had pleaded with Elizabeth for the Attorney-Generalship. Lady Hatton, however, chose Coke, as being of the higher rank, and she was married to him in a private house without banns or licence, at the very moment when the archbishop was prosecuting informal and irregular marriages.

In 1616 Coke by his unbending judicial integrity lost the favour of James I., and with it the Chief Justiceship. In order to regain the king's favour and to obtain an equivalent for his lost office, Coke resolved

to marry his daughter to Sir John Villiers, brother of the Duke of Buckingham, then supreme in James's affections.

But Lady Hatton determinedly refused to consent to this sale and bargain of her child, who was only sixteen, and had a great aversion to Sir John. At first the mother and daughter ran away and hid themselves at Oatlands ; but Coke discovered their retreat, came armed with a warrant, and broke open all the doors till he confronted his enraged wife and trembling daughter. The matter was then brought before the Privy Council, and Coke and his wife had fierce quarrels at the Council Table, where she declaimed against him so bitterly, and with such wonderful gestures, that it was said, "Babbage the player could not have acted better."

The lady had previously (and often) been forbidden the court on account of her insolent treatment of Lady Compton, Buckingham's mother, but she retained full power over her own property, and that which she enjoyed in right of her first husband. When her husband fell into disgrace she left him, and avoided him. She unfurnished her Holborn House and took all the plate and movables from Stoke Pogis, leaving Coke to empty houses and the knowledge that he had alienated her and his daughter from him. However, in June, 1616, Sir Edward yielded at discretion. In an unpublished letter we read that "his cruel heart had been forced to yield to more than he ever meant, but upon this agreement he flatters himself that she will prove a very good wife."

The dismantled manor house at Stoke was refurnished, and again the proposal of Sir John Villiers came to the front. Apparently Lady Hatton offered no further opposition to it. They had been talking over the matter one night at Stoke, and Coke was in great glee at the prospect of the alliance, but when he rose next morning his wife and daughter were gone. They had left Stoke at midnight, and no one knew where they were. At last, after some

days of fruitless search, he discovered that they were in the house of a cousin of Lady Hatton, and without waiting for a warrant Sir Edward hastened thither, accompanied by a dozen strong men, took the house by assault, and having gained possession of his daughter, carried her to Stoke and locked her up in an upper chamber, keeping the key in his own pocket. Lady Hatton tried to recover her child also, by forcible means,

but her husband (again in the king's favour) threw her into prison, and kept her there, and his daughter locked up, till both had given a legal assent to the marriage with Sir John. It took place at Hampton Court in the presence of the king, queen, and courtiers. Two years afterwards the favourite's cousin was raised to the peerage as Viscount Purbeck and Baron Villiers of Stoke Pogis.



STOKE POGIS CHURCH.

The sequel of this enforced marriage was very sad. Lady Purbeck deserted her husband and lived with Sir Robert Howard; and her crime brought on her degradation, imprisonment, and early death.

Lady Hatton hated her husband, and openly wished him dead. He died in 1634, in his eighty-fourth year, preserving his brilliant legal intellect to nearly the close of his life.

As soon as she was a widow, Lady Hatton returned to Stoke and lived in the old mansion occasionally, till her death. She has the character of being a perfect vixen, but the conduct of her husband offers a strong excuse for her, and her opposition to her daughter's marriage with John Villiers was greatly to be commended.

Queen Elizabeth visited Coke at Stoke Pogis in 1601, and in 1647 Charles I. was

for some days confined in it by the Parliamentary army. Ten years afterwards Sir Robert Gayer received it as a bequest from his brother, and at the coronation of Charles II. was made a Knight of the Bath. He was devotedly loyal to the house of Stuart.

In Lipscomb's History of Bucks we are told that soon after William III. had ascended the throne, he visited the village of Stoke and expressed a wish to see the inside of the old manor house. It was mentioned to Sir Robert, who flew into a violent rage, declaring that William of Orange should never come under his roof. "He has already," he said, "got possession of another man's house. He is a usurper; tell him to go back again." Lady Gayer expostulated with him, and entreated him (even falling on her knees) to admit the king, who was actually waiting at the gate. But her entreaties were vain, Sir Robert only became more angry, vociferating, "An Englishman's house is his castle. I shall open and close my doors to whom I please; the king, I say, shall not come within these walls." And his Majesty had to depart

without seeing the inside of the historical mansion, while the Stuart adherent exulted at his triumph. It was well for him that the sovereign thus repulsed was not a Tudor.

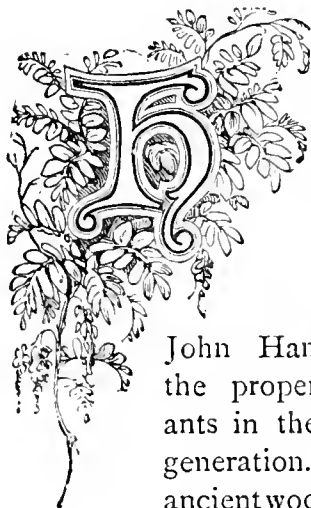
The old house was pulled down, save one wing, in 1789, by its then owner, Granville Penn, a descendant of the celebrated William Penn, the founder of Virginia.

But Stoke Pogis is still a place to visit for the sake of its beautiful church and churchyard, associated for ever with the recollection of Gray's perfect poem.

The poet spent much of his early life with his mother and her sister at Stoke, and wrote here his "Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College," and his "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." He died in 1771, and was buried by his own desire at Stoke, where his mother already rested, with his aunt. He sleeps beside them.

In 1799 Mr. Penn erected in a field adjoining the churchyard, a large stone sarcophagus, in honour of Gray. It stands on a square pedestal, with inscriptions on each side; and a bust of Gray, presented by the Earl of Carlisle to the school, stands in the upper schoolroom of Eton College.

GREAT HAMPDEN.



IGH up amongst the Chiltern Hills, and about five miles south-west of Wendover, stands the home of England's patriotic son, John Hampden. It is still the property of his descendants in the seventh or eighth generation. It is shrouded in ancient woods, and the approach to it is by a long avenue of grand beeches. It is not easy to say when this house was

built. The estates were given to Baldwyn de Hampden by Edward the Confessor, and the name seems to indicate that De Hampden was a Norman, one of those "foreign favourites" about whom the Saxons used to murmur. It was because of his nationality, probably, that when the Conqueror gave England piece-meal to his knights, the estate of De Hampden escaped confiscation, passing from father to son in succession. The family increased in influence and wealth. There is a tradition that Edward III. and the Black Prince once paid a visit to Hampden, and that

while the Prince and his host were amusing themselves with games of chivalry, a quarrel arose and the prince received a blow in the face, which greatly enraged his royal father, who instantly left the house with his son; and afterwards seized some valuable manors belonging to De Hampden as a punishment for his want of manners and loyalty. The following lines are said to refer to this incident:—

“Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe
Hampden did forego
For striking of a blow,
And glad he did ‘scape so.”

Queen Elizabeth visited Hampden during one of her progresses, and Griffith Hampden, in order that his sovereign might find an easier road to his house, cut an avenue through his woods, still called “the Queen’s Gap.”

The Hampdens were a chivalrous race, and represented their county in several parliaments.

In the Wars of the Roses they wore the Red Rose, and lost some lands by it; but when Henry VII. came to the throne Edward Hampden was made one of the Esquires of the Body and Privy Councillor to the King. In Henry VIII.’s reign Sir John Hampden of the Hill was appointed one of the attendants on the Queen of England, at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. His daughter, Sybil Hampden (Mrs. Penn), was nurse to the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VI.), and was ancestress to William Penn, of Pennsylvania. Her monument in Hampton Church, Middlesex, records her possession of much wisdom and many virtues. Griffith Hampden, who cut down his trees for Queen Elizabeth, served as sheriff of his county, and represented it in Parliament in 1585.

His eldest son, William, married Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, of Hinchinbrook, in Huntingdonshire, and was thus, by marriage, uncle to the Protector.

John Hampden, born 1594, was consequently cousin to Oliver Cromwell. He suc-

ceeded to his paternal inheritance in his infancy. He was educated at the Grammar School at Thame, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, and at nineteen he was admitted as a student of the Inner Temple, where he carefully studied English law. He was rather a wild youth; fond of sports and good company, but on marrying Elizabeth, only daughter of Edmund Symeon, Esq., he completely reformed. Love for his wife and her gentle and holy influence caused him to give up his life of licence for a very quiet and devout one. Thus sedately and happily he dwelt in the old home in a pleasant woodland country, the hills of which were covered with beech trees, and close by a very ancient church, “standing in a park-like enclosure.” When he sent his dear friend Eliot, who was then a prisoner in the Tower, a buck out of his paddock, he writes “that it must be a small one, to hold proportion with the place and soil it was bred in.”* Thus it is evident that Hampden was not very wealthy. He served in all the parliaments of Charles I.’s reign, and in 1636 became generally known by refusing to pay ship-money, because it was an illegal tax. For his refusal he was imprisoned, but his conduct under the persecution he endured gained him a great reputation. In the beginning of the civil war he commanded a regiment of infantry, and fought with distinguished courage at Edgehill. Macaulay and Clarendon have both told the story of his last field, at Chalgrove. We will give a brief extract from Macaulay’s spirited account of it:—

“In the early part of 1643 the shires lying in the neighbourhood of London, which were devoted to the cause of the Parliament, were incessantly annoyed by Rupert and his cavalry. Essex had extended his lines so far that almost every point was vulnerable. The young prince, who, though not a great general, was an active and enterprising partizan, frequently surprised posts, burned villages, swept away

* Nugent’s “Memorials.”

cattle, and was again at Oxford before a force sufficient to encounter him could be assembled. The languid proceedings of Essex (the Parliamentary Commissioner) were loudly condemned by the troops. All the ardent and daring spirits in the Parliamentary army were eager to have Hampden at their head. Had his life been prolonged, there is every reason to believe that the supreme command would have been entrusted to him. But it was decreed that, at this juncture, England should lose the only man who united perfect disinterestedness to eminent talents—the only man who, being capable of gaining the victory for her, was incapable of abusing that victory when gained.”

On the evening of the 17th of June Rupert rode out of Oxford on one of his raids. At three in the morning of the 18th he attacked and dispersed a band of Roundheads, who lay at Postcombe. He then galloped off to Chinnor, burned the village, drove off the cattle and prepared to return with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford.

As soon as Hampden heard of this affair he sent off a messenger to tell the General what the Cavaliers had done, and that they could only return to Oxford by Chiselhampton Bridge; would Lord Essex send a force at once in that direction to intercept them? Meantime, aware of the dilatory character of the general, he determined to go out himself with all the cavalry he could collect to impede Rupert's march. A considerable body of horse volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander; he did not belong to their arm of the service, but “he was,” says Lord Clarendon, “second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men.”

The Royal and Parliamentary cavalry came face to face in Chalgrove Field, and at the first charge Hampden was struck in the shoulder by “two bullets which broke the bone and lodged in his body.” His followers seeing him wounded gave way and

fled. Rupert pursued them for a short time, then crossed the bridge and arrived safely at Oxford.

Hampden, with his head drooping and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly from the field. “The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which in his youth he had carried home his bride Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither to die. But the enemy lay in that direction. Turning his horse, therefore, he rode back across the grounds of Hazely on his way to Thame.” At the brook dividing the parishes he paused; then suddenly summoned his courage, clapped spurs to his horse and cleared the brook. No wonder that he arrived at Thame almost fainting with agony. The surgeon dressed his wounds, but they were mortal, and he knew it. In spite of the dreadful pain he suffered, he wrote several letters to the Parliament about public affairs, and sent a message to Lord Essex, entreating him to concentrate his troops.

Then he prepared for death. He was attended by an intimate friend, a clergyman of the Church of England, and by Dr. Spurton, the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Green Coats.

He received the Holy Communion, declaring that, though he disliked the government of the Church of England, he agreed with its doctrines. Then he lay murmuring prayers in a low voice. “Lord Jesus,” he exclaimed at the last moment, “receive my soul, O Lord, save my country! O Lord, be merciful to——” In that unfinished ejaculation his noble soul passed to God.

He was buried in Hampden Church. His soldiers, with reversed arms and muffled drums, followed him to the grave, singing as they slowly marched the ninetieth Psalm.

Had he lived we might have had a constitutional government or a Republic; but

Charles I. would not have been put to death ; and probably there would have been no desire for a Restoration ; for Hampden would have respected the liberties of his country and have ruled wisely and well.

Of the house, as it is, there is not much to say. It is entered by a curious old hall, surrounded by a wooden gallery. Among its relics are a bust and two portraits of Hampden ; portraits of Henrietta Maria, and of Sir Kenelm Digby, by Vandyck ; of Oliver Cromwell in armour, and some others. There is a full-length portrait of Elizabeth in the room she occupied when she visited Great Hampden.

At the top of the house is a long room full of books, called "John Hampden's Library," and there is a small library below,

in which is a Bible with a register of his birth and those of his family.

The Church is, as we have said, close to the house. On the south wall of the chancel is a monument erected by Hampden to his first wife Elizabeth, with this epitaph :—

"In her pilgrimage—
The stay and comfort of her neighbours,
The love and glory of a well-ordered family,
The delight and happiness of tender parents—
But a crown of Blessings to a husband,
In a wife to all an eternal pattern of goodness,
And cause of love, while she was

In her dissolution—
A loss invaluable to each,
Yet herself blessed, and they fully recompensed
In her translation from a tabernacle of clay
And Fellowship with mortalls to a celestial mansion
And communion with the Deity."

The patriot's grave has no memorial, but he sleeps near his first love.

HINCHINBROOK HOUSE.



HIS ancient and highly interesting mansion belongs now to the Earls of Sandwich ; but it was, for several generations, the home of the Cromwell family.

It is situated on the north-west slope of a gentle eminence, and "commands a pleasing view, including the fine tower of St. Neot's Church, about nine miles distant.

On the south of the pleasure grounds is a high terrace, overlooking the road from Brampton to Huntingdon." The buildings are on each side of an open court. The principal fronts are to the north and east. The entrance is on the north side, and the great courtyard leading to it is crossed diagonally by a wall ornamented with clipt yews.

At the lodge or entrance are figures of savages with clubs, life size. On this front are two very large bay windows, profusely ornamented with shields of the Cromwells ; the arms of Queen Elizabeth ; and heraldic cognisances of the Tudors, the falcon, the portcullis of Tudor, a lion with a branch ; with roses of different forms on the upper cornice of each window. The bay window of the dining-room has the arms of Elizabeth on a panel two feet nine inches wide, upheld by angels, with the royal badges of the portcullis and the harp crowned. Beneath the latter are the initials E. R. Over this window, in a decorated compartment, is a large radiated rose.

Upon the west side of the entrance court is still remaining a portion of the old priory, which was given by Henry VIII. to Richard Williams (or Cromwell), the nephew of his favourite minister Cromwell, Earl of Essex. They are now used as the dairy, scullery

and for other offices. The ancient kitchen is still used. The east front has two bay windows with the arms of the Montagu family on them, with this motto, "*Post tot naufragia portum.*"

The most remarkable part of the mansion is the very large circular bay window, built in 1602. It is exquisitely ornamented, its basement forms a porch; seven arches spring from columns at the piers, the spandrels and key-stones of which are decked with shields and crests of the Cromwell alliances. The gilded roof of the dining-room which had this window was said to have been part of the ancient priory of Barnwell. In this room King James was entertained by Sir Oliver Cromwell.

Both these fronts are of stone; the rest of the house is of brick, coloured to correspond with the old portion, and erected by the first Earl of Sandwich.

The principal rooms on the ground floor are the dining and drawing rooms, the billiard-room, library and offices. The windows of the drawing-room are of painted glass, and record the marriages and children from Edward, first Earl of Sandwich, to John, fourth Earl. The great staircase has carved panels, containing the arms of the Montagues.

The great dining-room of Elizabeth's days on the first floor is now divided into five bedrooms; of these are the green room, the velvet room, the state bedroom of James I., etc., etc.

One or two of the fishponds belonging to the old nunnery are remaining, and Nuns' Bridge and Nuns' Meadows on the west side of the park still remind us that once the place was dedicated to God.

The name of the house comes from the Hinchin, a brook which skirts the estate, and joins the Ouse at Huntingdon, about one or two miles below the house.

The family who received this part of the Church property was Welsh. They were near connections of the Putney blacksmith, father of the Thomas Cromwell who, by his fidelity to his first master, Wolsey,

gained the good opinion of Henry VIII., and rose to the highest power in England. He used it (and the needs and avarice of the king) to abolish the religious houses and secularise their revenues. One of the chief privileges conferred on him was the power of doing as he pleased with the ecclesiastical houses in Huntingdonshire. He kept them for himself and his kinsmen.

Amongst these was his nephew, Richard Williams, of an ancient Welsh family, claiming descent from the former lords of Powis and Cardigan. His mother was a sister of Cromwell's, who introduced his young kinsman to the sovereign.

Henry advised the youth to change his name from Williams—emphatically Welsh—to Cromwell, an English name. The young man obeyed and was made Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to the King, and afterwards Constable of Berkeley Castle. His uncle gave him the greater part of the monastic houses in Huntingdonshire.

This nephew of Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was one of the challengers at a tournament held by Henry VIII. in 1540, the combatants in which were rewarded with an annual income of 1,000 marks and a house to live in, granted from the dissolved monastery of Stamford. Young Cromwell distinguished himself by such remarkable skill and gallantry in this mock fight that the king was delighted with him, and knighted him the second day of the tournament. When the jousts were over he gave him a diamond ring, saying at the same time, "Formerly thou wert my *Dick*, but henceforth thou shalt be my *Diamond*," and ordered him to wear the ring in his arms on the fore-gamb of the lion in his crest, instead of the javelin, heretofore borne there.

This alteration of the arms was always borne afterwards by the elder branch of the family; and when Oliver became Protector, he adopted it instead of the javelin he had used previously. After the execu-

tion of Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the king still continued to favour Sir Richard, and greatly added to his already large possessions.

Sir Richard Cromwell was succeeded by his son Henry. His second daughter married William Hampden, Esq., and became the mother of the great John Hampden, the patriot.

Sir Richard's eldest son, Oliver, succeeded him at Hinchinbrook; his second son, Robert of Huntingdon, married Elizabeth, daughter of William Stewart, Esq., and became the father of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector.

Sir Henry Cromwell was so hospitable and liberal, that he was called the Golden Knight. He built great part of the early house at Hinchinbrook, and lived there every winter; dwelling in the summer at an Abbey at Ramsey, which he had also made into a dwelling-place. His eldest son, Oliver, uncle to the Protector, succeeded him, and entertained James I. at Hinchinbrook, when the king was on his progress from Scotland to receive the English crown.

We have some account of this visit in Stowe's "*Annales*":—

"There attended at Master Oliver Cromwell's house," he says, "the Head of the University of Cambridge, all clad in scarlet gowns and corner caps, who having presence of his Majestie, there was made a learned and eloquent oration in Latine, welcomming his Majestie, as also entreating the confirmation of their privileges, which his highness most willingly granted. Master Cromwell presented his Majestie with many rich and valuable presents, as a very great and faire-wrought standing cup of gold, goodlie horses, deepe-mouthed hounds, divers hawks of excellent wing, and at the remove gave fifty pounds amongst his

Majestie's officers. The 29th of April his Majestie tooke leave of Master Oliver Cromwell and his lady."

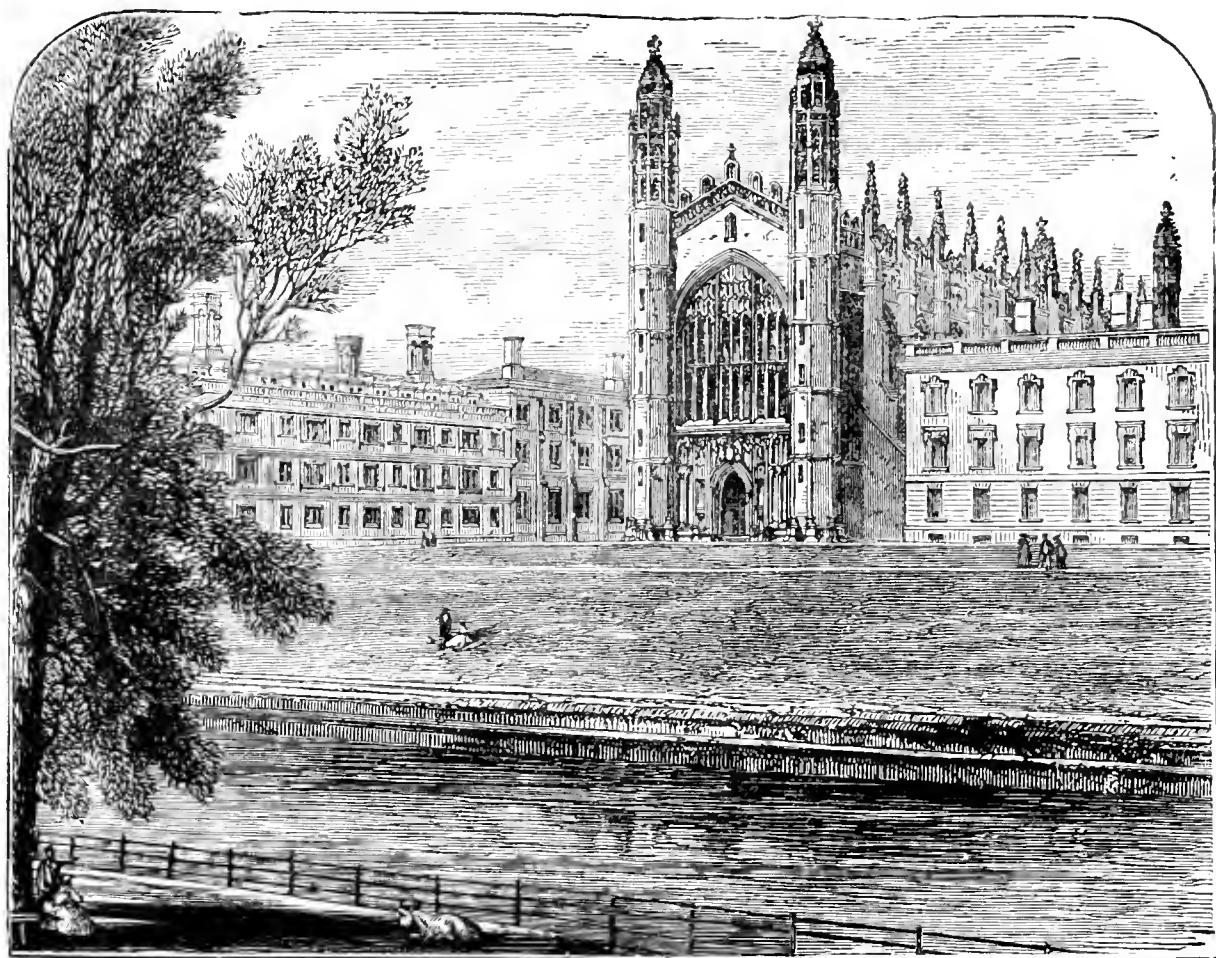
The king was greatly pleased at this reception, and at his coronation created Master Cromwell a Knight of the Bath.

On the outbreak of the civil war in the next reign, Sir Oliver naturally took the Royalist side, raised men, and contributed large sums of money to the king's cause. His loyal devotion to Charles exhausted his resources, and he was obliged to sell Hinchinbrook to the Montagues, since Viscounts of Hinchinbrook and Earls of Sandwich.

Sir Oliver, now a poor man, retired to Ramsay Abbey, where, heartbroken at his royal master's troubles and his own, he died in his ninety-third year. His eldest son, Colonel Henry Cromwell, inherited the little left of their great fortune; but having also taken an active part on the king's side in the civil war, his estates were sequestered; but the sequestration was afterwards removed at the intercession of his kinsman, Oliver, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Colonel Cromwell died in 1657. His son Henry—perhaps influenced by the Protector's former kindness—went over to the side of the Roundheads, and entered Parliament. He died in 1673, leaving no children; and the great Huntingdon line—one of the wealthiest families in the kingdom, till the civil war—became extinct.

Robert Cromwell—the head of the younger branch of the family—settled at Huntingdon, married, as we have said, and had five daughters and one son—the famous OLIVER, who became Protector of England.

He (Oliver) belongs to history, and not to Hinchinbrook, except by relationship; we shall therefore here conclude our sketch of the family of Cromwell.



KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE.



HE situation of the University of Cambridge is not as picturesque as that of Oxford, but its stately buildings and avenues of magnificent trees atone for the level ground on which it stands, and for the slow Cam.

The time at which this University was founded is not exactly known, but Henry I. (Beauclerk) repaired the damage done to it by Robert de Montgomery (who had ravaged the county and town with fire and sword) and bestowed many privileges on the town. He constituted it a corporation, and fixed a regular ferry

over the Cam, which "brought much trading and many people thereunto."

By the earlier part of the thirteenth century many scholars were assembled there; but they dwelt at a great expense in the town, and often declared that they must go elsewhere on account of the imposition of the lodging or "hostel" keepers. In 1270 Prince Edward (afterwards Edward I.) visited Cambridge, and having been told of the frequent differences between the scholars and the townsmen, he caused an instrument to be drawn up by which it was settled that thirteen University men and ten burgesses were to act in concert in seeing that peace was faithfully kept between gown and town. In 1280 there were in Cambridge thirty-four hostels and

twenty inns, but very soon the scholars were to have Colleges to live in. The oldest known College in Cambridge is St. Peter's, or Peterhouse, in Trumpington Street, nearly opposite to Pembroke College. In 1257 Hugh de Balsham, sub-prior of Ely, bought two hostels which he intended to appropriate to the use of certain scholars kept by him in the Hospital of St. John; in 1284 he obtained from the king a license to found his college, and he removed his scholars to Trumpington Street to his two hostels. He put them in possession of these and of the Church of St. Peter's, with the tithes of its two mills; and to atone to the brethren of the hospital for taking these mills and scholars, etc., he ordained that they should have certain rents and several houses near their hospital, which he had previously given to his scholars.

When he died in 1286 Hugh de Balsham by his will left to the college 300 marks for the purpose of building; with this money they erected a hall, kitchen and butteries. Balsham placed this college under the care of the Bishop of Ely, who did much for it. As it at present exists this college is not picturesque; we name it simply as the first foundation. Some eminent men, however, have been educated here, Heywood, the dramatist; Crashaw and Gray, the poets.

King's College was founded by the Royal Saint, Henry VI., in 1440. It is open only to the scholars of Eton, for whom the good king probably meant it when he established it. It soon became the largest and most important College in the University. The chapel, the work of the three Henries, VI., VII., and VIII., is one of the finest specimens of perpendicular Gothic in the world. It is three hundred and sixteen feet long, fifty wide and ninety high.

"The effect on the beholder of the magnificent proportions of the massive roof of stone, hung as it were high in mid-air, of its lofty branching pillars and the entrancing beauty of its fanlike tracery and gor-

geous groining is at once awe-inspiring and overpowering."*

The stained glass windows are remarkably fine and in the best style of art.

Wordsworth was inspired by this most beautiful chapel with two of his finest sonnets.

"Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the architect who planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed scholars only—this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst: high Heaven rejects the
 lore
Of nicely calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yielded proof
That they were born for immortality."

"What awful perspective! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their portraitures, their stone-work glimmers
 dyed
In the soft chequers of a sleepy light.
Martyr, or king, or sainted eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen;
Shine on, until ye fade with coming night!
But from the arms of silence—list! oh, list!
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart thrilling strains, that cast before the eye
Of the devout a veil of ecstasy."

Trinity College, founded by Henry VIII., has a magnificent hall; externally it presents a lofty building supported by light buttresses, with a high-pitched Flemish roof, surmounted by an elegant lantern. "The interior is a perfect picture of an old baronial hall with a raised dais, screen-work, music-gallery, butteries and adjacent kitchen. It is a hundred feet long, forty broad and fifty high, and is wainscoted in carved oak; open carved oak rafters support the roof. In the decoration of the wainscoting and the roof, gold and colour have been used with great effect." The grandeur of this hall is much increased by the coloured light that enters it from the painted windows, filled with heraldic bearings. At the upper end of the hall, just

* "Abbeys and Castles."

below the daïs, is a deep and lofty oriel window on each side. There are some fine portraits on the walls.

This college has suites of rooms for royal visitors, and the judges on circuit are lodged here.

"The library is a fine building, by Sir Christopher Wren. The interior is unsurpassed by any building in the country for harmony of design. It is 190 feet long and 40 feet broad; at the south end are folding doors opening upon a balcony, from which there are fine views of country and river." * There are some fine statues and busts—Thorwaldsen's Byron, and a bust of Tennyson.

The library is rich in controversial tracts published in the troubled seventeenth century, and it has two cases of valuable old MSS., which contain much of the poetry of Milton, written by his own hand, and a volume of mathematical papers in the writing of Sir Isaac Newton.

The walks belonging to Trinity are charming. They form a rectangle, about

a third of a mile in circumference, on the far side of the Cam. At the end of a fine avenue of lime trees, the branches of which meet and intersect at a great height, is seen the steeple of Coton Church.

St. John's, next in size and nearest to Trinity, is built on the site of the old Hospital of St. John.

The building consists of four distinct courts, and is entered from the street by a very noble gateway tower, with four corner turrets.

The chapel, 120 feet long and 27 broad, is a handsome building with curious carved stalls. The hall is remarkable for height and for its carved and gilt wainscoting. There are some fine paintings here.

Jesus College stands apart on the banks of the Cam at the eastern entrance of the town. Its secluded situation attracted the attention of James I. when on a visit to the University, and he said "that if he lived at the University he would pray at King's, eat at Trinity, and study at Jesus."

As we are chiefly describing the picturesque, we think we must here conclude our chat about Cambridge.

* Gunn.

OXFORD.



OXFORD has great claims to the picturesque of a grave and calm character; a mass of towers, pinnacles, and spires rise from a valley, amid thick groves of trees, on the banks of the beautiful, and here limpid, river that glides gently through the meadows—the imperial Thames.

Christ Church is one of the finest of the Oxford buildings, and was founded by Cardinal Wolsey in the reign of Henry VIII.,

the first stone being laid July 17th, 1525. After the great cardinal's death, Henry re-founded it, 1532, and in 1546 it received its present name. Over the entrance is a statue of Wolsey. Christ Church is pre-eminently the royal college. Here the Prince of Wales and Prince Leopold studied, and the Crown Prince of Denmark. Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, whose "Reliques of Ancient Poetry" are well known, was at Christ Church; also Atterbury, the exiled bishop, Ben Jonson, Ruskin, Peel, and Gladstone, with many another celebrated Englishman. Turning to the left the kitchen is entered, and here a monster gridiron is shown, that is four feet

six inches by four feet one inch. In the cloisters is the Chapter House, where Charles I. held his Parliament when shut up in Oxford. The loyalty of the University was of the most devoted character. The hall is reached by a very beautiful

stone staircase, forty feet wide, dating from 1640. The Irish oak roof is emblazoned with heraldic bearings. There are many fine paintings here.

Great Tom, the famous bell, belongs to Christ Church, and every night, at five



CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

minutes past nine, it tolls 101 times (the original number of the students), and at the solemn sound the gates of most of the colleges and halls are shut.

The great gate of Christ Church is known

as the Tom Gate, from the cupola over it containing the great bell. It came from Oseney Abbey originally, and was re-cast in 1680, its weight being about 17,000 pounds.

From a cross in the centre of the Quadrangle, Wicliffe used to preach. A fountain now stands on the spot. Leaving it, the visitor crosses to the Peckwater Quadrangle. On the right of it are the library and picture gallery. The former is rich in rare volumes, pictures, busts, and coins. Here is Wolsey's Prayer-Book, beautifully illuminated—a French Psalter bound in embroidered crimson velvet, set with pearls, date 1599, and the original score of the May-day hymn sung on Magdalen College tower. There are more than three hundred pictures, arranged chronologically.

In Canterbury quadrangle stood Canterbury College, founded in 1365 by Simon Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury, for the study of Canon Law. Wicliffe was its first warden, and Chaucer and Sir Thomas More were amongst its students.

Of Oriel, St. Mary's Hall, and Corpus Christi, we have not space to speak. Adjoining the latter is Merton, the old college founded 1264 by Walter de Merton, Lord Chancellor and Bishop of Rochester. The college chapel is very magnificent. It is used for parish service as well as for the students. The massive tower rises at the intersection of the transept and choir; the latter cannot be surpassed in beauty. It contains fourteen windows, beautifully illuminated, and the east window has a splendid Catherine Wheel. St. Alban Hall adjoins Merton.

A sad story belongs to the Terrace of Merton. A Cavalier named Windebank gave up Bletchington House to Cromwell without resistance, and "was shot by sudden court-martial, so enraged were they at Oxford, for Cromwell had not even foot-soldiers, still less a battering gun. It was his poor young wife, they said; she and other ladies on a visit there, at Bletchington House, that confounded poor Windebank. He set his back to the wall of Merton College and received his death volley with a soldier's stoicism."—*Carlyle's Cromwell*.

Sure man's heart anguish ne'er hath broken here
This smiling air of natural repose,

Which over Merton's meadowed landscape glows?
Yes, on this spot where the grey stone walls rear
Their hoary height, fell that poor Cavalier,
Who gave his post up to his monarch's foes
At iron Cromwell's summons, without blows,
Through gentle courtesy, not coward fear.

Perchance beneath where now I stand, he stood,
Setting his back against the college wall,
Baring his breast, not dabbled yet with blood,
A bold, unflinching mark for many a ball;
His young wife's name borne on his latest breath—
Short trial his, brief shrift and soldier's death.

JOHN BRUCE NORTON.

Magdalen College has a noble tower, which is a picturesque object when approaching Oxford from the east. It was erected between 1492–1505. Its height is 145 feet.

The Maudlin Grace or May Morning Hymn is one of the old customs retained at this college.

On the summit of the stately tower a portion is railed off for men who sing and choristers in surplices; the remaining space is for members of the University and visitors, admitted with tickets. As the last stroke of five dies on the breeze, all heads are reverently uncovered, and the choristers in the deep silence wake the echoes of the morning with the fine old hymn to the Trinity, "Te Deum patrem colimus."

Dr. Rimbault gives the following account of this custom:—"In the year of our Lord God, 1501, the most Christian King, Henry VII., gave to St. Mary Magdalen College the advowsons of the Churches of Slymbridge, county Gloucester, and Fyndon, county Sussex, together with one acre of land in each parish. In gratitude for this benefaction the college was accustomed, during the lifetime of their Royal benefactor, to celebrate a service in honour of the Holy Trinity, with the Collect still used on Trinity Sunday, and the prayer, 'Almighty and everlasting God, we are taught by Thy Holy Word that the hearts of kings, etc.,' and after the death of the king to commemorate him in the usual manner. The Commemoration Service, ordered in the time of Queen Elizabeth, is still performed on the first of May, and the Latin hymn in honour of the Holy Trinity, which

continues to be sung on the tower at sun-rising, has evidently reference to the original service."

There is an annual charge on Slymbridge Rectory, Gloucestershire, of £10 for choir music on the top of the tower, the college being the patron of that living.

The new buildings having been inspected, we proceed to the celebrated water walks winding along the river Cherwell for a long way. One of these is called "Addison's Walk," as he used to stroll there.

Cardinal Wolsey, Reginald Pole, Addison, Gibbon, Collins, Wilson, John Hampden, John Foxe, martyrologist, were all Magdalen men.

New College, or "Sainte Marie of Wynechester at Oxenford," was founded and built by that great architect, William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor. Founded in 1379, it was completed and opened in 1386 with solemn processions and litanies. A warden was appointed, and with forty fellows, thirty scholars, ten chaplains, three clerks, and sixteen choristers formed the first establishment.

The entrance to New College is not striking, but the interior is charming. Over the gateway, however, are three exquisite statues representing the Virgin Mary, the angel Gabriel, and the founder, Wykeham. The tower stands by the portal. It has ten bells, one of the sweetest peals in the city. Four of these bells bear the founder's motto—"Manners makyth man." From the summit of this tower a very fine view of the University is obtained. There is a remarkable echo in the cloisters, and in them are buried several distinguished men. A small beacon tower is at the top of the great bell tower, which, in case of invasion, could be lighted to send the alarm of war forward.

From the cloisters the visitors enter the chapel, passing through the ante-chapel. The painted windows here are magnificent, and the large west window by Jervais, designed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is splendid, as are also the south windows,

said to have been painted by the pupils of Rubens. Wykeham's pastoral staff is preserved here, and his mitre, sandals, ring, gloves, and plate are kept in the muniment room. A letter of his is also preserved in the library.

The gardens of this college, overshadowed by old trees, are extremely beautiful. Surrounding them are the thick old walls and bastions, the bishop having entered into an agreement with the city magistrates to keep the walls in good repair for ever.

Amongst the great men who were students at New College were Archbishop Chichel , Bishop Kenn, Archdeacon Philpot, martyr, Bishop Lowth, Dr. Crotch.

St. Mary Magdalen Church was erected during the Saxon period of our history, but St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, added the north and south aisles, 1194. The tower was built with some of the material from Rewley Abbey, 1511-31. In a MS. of the Bodleian Library is a legend of Ralph, a priest, 1286. He had been guilty of some great crime, and whilst he was celebrating high mass, he fancied that he beheld an angel descending, who snatched the holy elements from him, and he became senseless. When he recovered, he was so terrified and struck by remorse, that he hastened to confess his sin, and did a severe penance for it. From that time he was afflicted with palsy of the head, probably coming on when he thought he saw the angel.

The jewel chest, of finely carved oak, in which the plate of the Roman Catholic service was kept, is still in the vestry. The north aisle, called the Martyrs' Memorial Aisle, was built by public subscription in 1841 in remembrance of the martyred Bishops and Archbishop; Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer. This aisle contains the door of the cell in which the martyrs were imprisoned. Nearly adjoining the Church is the Martyrs' Memorial, erected at the same time as the aisle, 1841. It is in the style of the crosses raised by Edward I. to his Queen Eleanor, and is very light and

elegant as well as lofty, being seventy-three feet high. The statues in the niches are those of the prelates. Archbishop Cranmer is on the north side, Bishop Latimer on the west, and Ridley on the east. Below is the following inscription :

"To the glory of God and in grateful commemoration of His servants—Thomas Cranmer, Nicholas Ridley, Hugh Latimer, prelates of the Church of England, who near this spot yielded their bodies to be burned, bearing witness to the sacred truths which they had affirmed and maintained against the errors of the Church of Rome, and rejoicing that to them it was given, not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for His sake. This monument was erected by public subscription in the year of our Lord God MDCCCXLI."

Ridley and Latimer perished at the same time and place in a ditch opposite Baliol College. Lord Williams, of Tame, and a sufficient retinue were appointed to see them burnt. They embraced each other, and then knelt each beside his stake in prayer. A certain Dr. Smith preached a sermon, as was usual on these occasions. He took his text from the 13th chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians: "If I give my body to be burnt, and have not charity, it availeth me nothing." Ridley wished to answer the sermon, which was a tirade of reproach and uncharitable assertions, but he was not allowed; he was told that if he would recant he might have his life, and he answered, "So long as the breath is in my body I will never deny my Lord Christ and His known truth. God's will be done in me!"

Latimer said he could answer the sermon well enough if he might, and added, "Well, there is nothing hid but it shall be opened," a saying he habitually used. Ridley distributed such trifles as he had about him to those who were near, and many gathered round him to obtain a relic. They undressed for the stake, and Latimer, when he took off his prison garb, an old thread-bare gown of Bristol frieze, appeared in a shroud instead of a shirt. Till that moment he had looked like a withered, bent old man, but now he stood quite upright,

"as comely a father as one might lightly behold."

Ridley then prayed aloud, "O Heavenly Father, I give unto Thee most hearty thanks for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee, even unto death. I beseech Thee, Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies."

After he had been chained to the stake, his brother-in-law tied a bag of gunpowder round his neck. Ridley, told what it was, said he received it as sent by God, and begged him to make haste and give some also to Latimer. Then he spoke to Lord Williams, and besought him to use his influence with Queen Mary in behalf of his sister and the poor tenants of his see.

When the faggots were piled around them, and the fire brought, the brave old Latimer said, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man! We shall this day light such a candle in England as I trust shall never be put out!" He then received the flame in his hands, as if embracing it, and stroked his face with them, dying apparently without pain. Ridley suffered longer, till the gunpowder exploded, when he fell at Latimer's feet. "As the bodies were consumed, the quantity of blood that gushed from Latimer's heart astonished the beholders." It was particularly observed, because he had repeatedly prayed during his imprisonment that he might shed his heart's blood for the truth; that God would restore His gospel to England, and preserve the Lady Elizabeth. Latimer's words were prophetic. The fires of the martyrs restored the Light to their country.

Cranmer died alone at the same place, penitent for his former recantation, and holding his erring hand in the consuming flames as his penance for past weakness.

FOR A MONUMENT AT OXFORD.

Here Latimer and Ridley in the flames
Bore witness to the truth. If thou hast walked
Uprightly through the world, just thoughts of joy
May fill thy breast in contemplating here
Congenial virtue. But if thou hast swerved
From the strait path of even rectitude,
Fearful in trying seasons to assert

The better cause, or to forsake the worse ;
Reluctant, when perchance therein enthralled,
Slave to false shame, O thankfully receive
The sharp compunctious motions that this spot
May wake within thee, and be wise in time,
And let the future for the past atone.

—SOUTHEY.

Pembroke College dates from 1624. It was founded by Thomas Teesdale and Richard Wightwick, and named after William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.

It was at Pembroke that Dr. Johnson studied. Here, as Macaulay says, "The needy scholar was generally to be seen under the gate of Pembroke, haranguing a circle of lads over whom, in spite of his tattered gown and dirty linen, his wit and audacity gave him an undisputed ascendancy." He was only three years at Pembroke, entering the college in 1728 at nineteen years of age. Whitfield, the friend of Wesley, was educated here; Sir Thomas Browne, author of "*Religio Medici*"; Francis Beaumont the dramatist; Camden, the historian; Pym and Bishop Bonner.

We may now pass to Folly Bridge at the southern entrance to Oxford, and recollect that Friar Bacon's Tower stood there, and remained till 1778, when it was taken down. The present bridge was built in 1825. This tower was called Friar Bacon's Study, from the popular belief that Bacon used to ascend it in the night to study the heavens.

Bacon was the most wonderful philosopher that England ever produced, except his great namesake, Lord Bacon, of Verulam, and Sir Isaac Newton. His knowledge of geometry and mathematics was so great that in his own time he was considered a wizard. It is said that in his works is the singular prophecy, founded probably on certain knowledge, that when the two greatest enemies could be united and ruled, man would be true lord of the universe. Under this figurative mode fire and water are described; their union in steam has undoubtedly greatly increased the power of man. We have searched Bacon's works, but have not found this exact prophecy.

There is a legend attached to Roger Bacon's tower, sufficiently absurd. It runs thus:—"His familiar spirit told him that if after great study he should succeed in making a head of brass which could speak, and if he should hear it when it spoke, he might be able to surround England with a wall of brass. By the assistance of Friar Bungay and a demon that they called to assist them Bacon *did* make a brass head that when finished was warranted to speak in the course of one month, but the exact day or hour was quite uncertain; and if they did not hear it their labour would have been in vain. The two friars watched it night and day for three weeks, then, exhausted with fatigue, Bacon desired his man Miles to watch, and call them the moment the head spoke. Half an hour after they had left him Miles heard the head speak. "Time is," it said. Miles thought he ought not to wake his master so soon, for as yet he could have had no rest. Half an hour elapsed, then the head spoke again; "Time was," it said. Miles thought it was not worth while to wake his master to hear such a truism. Another half-hour elapsed, then the head said, "Time is past," and fell down with a tremendous crash that woke the friars. Thus Bacon's work was lost. He died at Oxford in 1292.

One of the legends connected with Bacon's supposed magical power was that he had so charmed the building that if a more learned man than himself passed under it it would fall,—perhaps on the learned individual in question. Thus, at that period, and long after, it was a common saying to a youth sent to Oxford, "Beware of walking near Bacon's Tower."

Dr. Johnson alludes to this superstition in the "*Vanity of Human Wishes*":

"When first the college rolls receives his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head."

From Folly Bridge there is a fine view of Merton Tower. "As you stand on it you

have only to look across Christ Church meadow to the pinnacled tower of Merton College to be reminded that this was the earliest home of science of a decidedly English school, and that for two centuries there was no other foundation, either in Oxford or Paris, which could at all come near it in the cultivation of the sciences."

St. John's College was re-founded in the year of Ridley and Latimer's martyrdom for divinity, philosophy, and the arts, under a grant from the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church for the use of a president and three scholars, since augmented to fifty. The first founder had been Archbishop Chichel , in 1436; the second, in 1555, Sir Thomas White, of Rickmansworth. The chapel is on the north side, and was restored in 1843. It contains several monuments. The library contains some valuable and rare books, among them Caxton's Chaucer, the only perfect one, and some very beautiful missals.

The gardens of St. John's are extremely beautiful and picturesque with trees and the loveliest flowers. They cover five acres, and during Commemoration they are filled with visitors. There is a very fine *Wellingtonia Gigantea* in the gardens.

Some remarkable men have belonged to this college, amongst whom are Shirley the dramatist, who with his wife died from shock and exposure in St. Giles's Fields, to which they had escaped from the Great Fire of London; Hudson, the Arctic explorer, who sailed to Greenland, 1607; and Tresham, one of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators; Archbishop Laud, and Bishop Juxon.

Balliol College was founded by John Balliol, father to Balliol, King of Scotland. He had been sentenced to be scourged at the doors of Durham Cathedral, but was relieved from the disgrace and suffering on the promise of founding a college for poor Durham scholars. He resided at Barnard Castle, Durham, and was one of the barons

in arms under Simon de Montfort against Henry III. He died in exile, and Devorgilda, his wife, carried out his intention. Her seal is on the statutes of the foundation. Balliol men rank as first class in intellectual power, as the examinations for entry there and for a scholarship are very severe.

The Schools date from 1439, but were rebuilt between 1613 and 1618. The name of each school is placed over the rooms used for the examinations. The Schools' Tower is of mixed architecture, and is therefore called the Five Orders Gate.

The examinations are Responsions, or Little Go; the first Public Examination, or Mods (Moderations); and the second Public Examination, or Great Go.

The Bodleian Library was originally founded by Roger de Lisle, Dean of York, in a room of St. Mary-the-Virgin's Church. The good Duke Humphrey, of Gloucester, Protector of Henry VI., commenced the present building.

In 1550, the library was much injured by the removal of all MSS., or books having a Roman Catholic tendency, by order of Edward VI.; these volumes were, most of them, burnt. But in 1597, the library was re-founded by Sir Thomas Bodley, of Merton College, and after him it was named. It was opened in 1602.

It is a magnificent collection of books and manuscripts; the number of volumes is about 400,000, and the MSS. 26,000.

Students and visitors of all nations have left their autographs in the visitors' book here; and one very unworthy reader, the infamous Marat of the French Revolution, who was living at Oxford as a tutor, robbed the library, and was imprisoned in the castle for the crime.

Oxford Castle is now only one ruined tower; but it was once no despicable stronghold. It is said that Alfred held his court here, and Harold Harefoot was crowned and murdered here



A CORNER OF THE LAKE, BLENHEIM.

BLENHEIM AND WOODSTOCK.



BLENHEIM was the gift of a grateful nation to its greatest general at that period. He had been created a Duke, and that he might have a home worthy of his rank they gave the successful soldier £500,000 to build one; Queen Anne, who was still devoted to his wife, bestowed on him the honour of Woodstock, and the Marlboroughs added £60,000 themselves to the sum paid for the magnificent edifice that the duke determined to build, but had not completed when he died, though it had been begun seventeen years previously. A year after his death Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, erected to his

memory a superb gate by which the park is entered. It is of the Corinthian order and has a Latin inscription on the Woodstock side, and a translation on the other.

The palace was built by Sir John Vanburgh, and is considered a very august and well-designed building. Sir Joshua Reynolds declared that no architect understood picturesque building so well as Vanburgh, and Blenheim is thought to worthily illustrate this talent in its architect, "exhibiting in its design consummate skill in the perspective of architecture."

The northern front is very fine, of a mixed yet original style, and extends 348 feet from wing to wing, slightly enriched, especially in the centre, where a flight of steps leads up to the portico, which has Corinthian columns and pilasters, a pediment enclosing armorial bearings, and above

this an attic, surmounted by tiers of balls, foliage, etc.

The park, which includes the royal demesne of Woodstock, is more than eleven miles in circuit, and at some distance in front of the palace is a fine piece of water, partly river, partly lake, that winds through a deep valley; there is a fine stone bridge over it, the central arch of which is 101 feet span. It unites two hills, and has a picturesque effect. Near the bridge is Rosamond's Well. It now is a large stone basin, within a stone wall, supporting the bank, and is overhung with trees; the water flows from the well through a hole of about five inches in diameter, and is conveyed under the pavement into another basin of great size, fenced by an iron railing. It escapes from this second basin by means of a grating into the lake. It was near this well that Alice (in "Woodstock") is said to have met Charles II. disguised as an old woman, and it was on the bank by the well that Eleanor, as it is traditionally said, encountered Rosamond.

Beyond the bridge, in the centre of a velvet lawn, stands a fluted Corinthian column, 130 feet high, surmounted by a statue of the great Duke in a Roman dress. The face of the pedestal opposite the house is covered with a long record of Marlborough's great services to his country, supposed to have been written by Lord Bolingbroke. The other three sides of the pedestal have Acts of Parliament in regard to the same services engraved on them, the opinion of the parliament about the duke; and an abstract of the entail of the estates on the descendants of his daughters.

The interior of the palace is very magnificent, with paintings, tapestry, and a splendid collection of pictures by almost every great master. The huge wall-paintings are very remarkable. They were done by Sir James Thornhill, who was paid by the square yard, receiving 25s. for each yard of painting. The Duke of Marlborough is represented in them in a blue cuirass, kneeling before a figure of Britannia, who is clad in

white, and holds a lance and wreath. Hercules, Mars, etc., are also represented. There are tapestries of the Battle of Blenheim, and the battles of Wynendael, Dunnwert, Lisle, and Malplaquet.

In the library is a statue of Queen Anne by Rysbraeck, that cost 5,000 guineas.

The Duchess's sitting-room contains a fine collection of enamels, and a series of miniatures, about ten or a dozen of which are portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots. The gardens of Blenheim contain 300 acres.

Of the old palace of Woodstock not a vestige now remains; but there is an original sketch of the ruins, we were told, at Blenheim.

The manor and park belonged to the Crown till the fourth year of Queen Anne's reign, when the sovereign, with the concurrence of Parliament, bestowed the honour and manor of Woodstock and hundred of Wotton on John, Duke of Marlborough, and his heirs, "as a reward for his late victories, on condition that on the 2nd of August in every year for ever, he should present to Her Majesty, or to her successors at Windsor Castle, "one standard of colour, with three *fleurs-de-lis* painted thereon, as an acquittance for all manner of rents, suits, and services due to the Crown." This service is still, of course, performed, as the estate is held by it. In 1714, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, had the remains of the old palace at Woodstock taken down by the advice of the Lord Treasurer Godolphin. On its site two sycamore trees have been planted, the boughs of which now extend over the once celebrated spot.

Woodstock (formerly Vudestoc) means "woody place," and was from the first a royal abode. Here Ethelred, the king, held in 866 a Witenagemot; and in this sylvan palace the great Alfred pursued his literary work for his people, and translated the "Consolations" of Boethius. To the grounds in his day a deer-fold belonged—not a deer-park, the origin of which belongs to Henry Beauchamp's time—and we may imagine how the wise and gracious

sovereign wandered in the delicious shades of the most picturesque and romantic of royal residences.

Henry I. had an enclosure made here for wild beasts, which in those days were considered a proper appendage to the state of monarchs. Thus, at times, the roar of the lion may have been heard in the sweet glades of Woodstock. The king, moreover, placed there the wonderful animal never seen before in England—the porcupine. It was the gift of William de Montpellier to the king, and it was then believed that its quills were weapons of defence, which the animal could shoot at the dogs that hunted it. Henry's was not a large menagerie, and was bounded by a very high stone wall.

"King Henry was riding through his deer-fold on the third day after the Epiphany in 1123, with the two bishops of London and Salisbury, engaged in conversation with them, when suddenly the Bishop of London exclaimed, 'Lord king, I die!'" and fell from his horse; he was carried into the palace speechless, and died the next day."*

During the war for the succession between the Empress Maud and Stephen, Woodstock proved loyal to Henry's daughter, and the palace was garrisoned for the queen. Her son, Henry II., always regarded the place with favour, and resided much at his sylvan palace. Here he brought the lady of his love, supposed—with some reason—to have been his wife. She was Rosamond, the second daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford, whom he first saw, it is said, when visiting the nunnery of Godstow, where she was afterwards buried. To have her near him, he built or probably repaired an already existing maze or bower of vaults, or rather apartments underground, arched and walled with brick or stone. There is no doubt that these rooms were furnished with the best splendour of the time; they had underground passages run-

ning a long way, so that Rosamond or her children might issue forth and ride, or walk in the fair country, at a safe distance from the palace; but when Eleanor was in France or London, the lovely park might be traversed by Rosamond; and probably many a moonlight stroll might have been hers and Henry's also. She had two sons, William Longépée, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, whose wife was the Lady Ela of Lacock Abbey (he derived both title and wealth from her); and Geoffrey, who became Archbishop of York.

It was to William Longsword that Henry said, "You have a better claim to the throne than any of them," alluding to his rebellious sons.

The ballads of the time tell that the queen found and killed Rosamond. Thus runs the ballad:—

"But nothing could this furious queen,
Therewith appeased bee;
The cup of deadlye poyson strong,
As she knelt on her knee,

"She gave this comlye dame to drink,
Who took it in her hand;
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand.

"And casting up her eyes to heaven,
She did for mercey calle;
And drinking up the poyson strong,
Her life she lost withalle."

There is, however, no real foundation for this story. None of the old historians or chroniclers relate it. They only say that when the queen had found Rosamond she treated her harshly, with violent reproaches and sharp menaces.

The story of her discovery is also differently told. Brompton, a very old writer, says that "one day Queen Eleanor saw the king walking in the *pleasaunce* or garden of Woodstock, with the end of a ball of floss-silk attached to his spur; unperceived by him she took up the ball, and the king walking on, the silk unwound, and thus the queen traced him to a labyrinth in the park, where he disappeared. She was full of secret suspicion. In what company could he meet with balls of silk

* Saxon Chronicle.

in the park? She waited till business called him from Woodstock, then she hurried to the thicket, and discovered a low door. This she forced open, and found it was the entrance to a winding subterranean path, which led out at a distance to a sylvan lodge in the most retired part of the adjacent forest."

Another story is that Rosamond, surprised while sitting on a bank in the open air, fled, and the end of the clue remaining, the queen followed her to her retreat.

Henry imprisoned Eleanor for stirring up his sons to sedition, and Brompton says that Rosamond lived a long time with Henry after this, and Carte, in his "*History of England*," says enough to prove that Rosamond was not poisoned, but that through grief at Henry's ceasing to care for her, she became a nun at Godstow, where she lived twenty years, and was buried there.

It is quite likely that much of the domestic trouble of Henry's life was caused by his conduct with Rosamond Clifford. Eleanor was a mature woman when he, a boy of eighteen, married her for her possessions. Her reputation was not good, and her temper violent, but she was a woman of ability, and had great influence over her sons.

It is pleasanter to think of Woodstock when inhabited by the brave King Edward III. and his charming queen Philippa, for then true and pure affection and simple faith were resting within its glades, and there, too, wooing a damsel of the queen's, was the father of English poetry—Chaucer.

He was a king's page, and soon attracted the notice and favour of Edward III. by his poetical talents; it is also said that he aided John of Gaunt in his love affair with Blanche of Lancaster, and his poem, "*Chaucer's Dream*," is an allegorical history of this love story. Blanche was too nearly related to her gallant young wooer (according to the Church of Rome), to be married to him without a papal dispensation, and there was a long train of in-

trigues and solicitations before the obstacles to their union could be removed. At length the king's assent and the Papal dispensation were obtained, and they were married in May, 1359. Blanche was a great heiress, Kenilworth being one part of her inheritance from her father, the Duke of Lancaster, and John of Gaunt's great power and wealth date from this marriage. The poet, by his aid, won the warm friendship of Blanche and her husband. John of Gaunt must have been a faithful and fearless friend, for he stood boldly forth as the defender of Wicliffe. Chaucer's fortune rose with his patron's, and the duchess gave him the sister of her favourite lady, Catherine Swynford, for his wife—Philippa Rouet. Chaucer, therefore, was constantly about the court, and when at Woodstock, is said to have resided at a square stone-house near the park gate, that still bears his name, though it has been lately thought to have been not his, but his son Thomas's house, as Henry IV. gave Thomas the manor of Woodstock. But many of the rural descriptions in Chaucer's poems are evidently taken from Woodstock Park. He tells us that a park he describes "was a park walled with green stone," and Woodstock was the first walled park. The description in "*The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*," of the morning walk he takes, was an exact picture of the way from Chaucer's house, through the park to the brook in the vale, under Blenheim. Woodstock is therefore classic ground.*

Mr. Kent has given us a very graphic sketch of the poet in his "*Chaucer at Woodstock*":—

On a sultry noon of a summer,
In a long, long vanished year,
When the leaves were thick with verdure,
And the skies were blue and clear;
A great poet-soul lay basking
In the sunny atmosphere.

Half reclined by garden terrace—
One plump hand on bended knee,

* John of Gaunt, after his second wife's death, married Catherine Swynford, and thus became Chaucer's brother-in-law.

With gold links the other toying,
 Oh, a dreamful man was he!
 In his deep brown eyes thought dancing
 To a merry minstrelsy.

"Rich his vest of damson velvet,
 Velvet darkly damson-red—
 In a careless hood drawn upward,
 Swathing half his hoary head—
 Down in glossy folds descending,
 Round his languid limbs outspread.

"From his crumpled cowl's sly cover,
 Mark how keen the glances thrown
 Over all that affluent, flowering waste,
 Where calmly broods alone
 This Father of our English verse,
 Here couched as on a throne."

Richard II. was frequently at Woodstock, and held a tournament at Christmas, 1389, in the park, at which a sad catastrophe marred the sports. John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, a youth of seventeen, was accidentally killed in a tilt with John St. John, the lance slipping and piercing his body. How sadly that Christmas Eve must have set on Richard's festivities.

Most of the kings of England have visited Woodstock, or resided there at times. We have omitted to mention that Henry III. narrowly escaped being assassinated there by a mad monk. Edward I. held two parliaments at Woodstock, and his second son, by Queen Margaret, was born here, and was known as Edward of Woodstock. The Black Prince was also born here.

Henry VII. added to the palace, and built the front gate-house, on which was his name and a rhyme, recording that he was its founder. It was in this very gate-house that Elizabeth, his grand-daughter, was imprisoned by command of her sister Mary, and here she wrote with charcoal on a window shutter these lines :—

Oh, Fortune, how thy restless wavering state,
 Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt,
 Witness this present prysoner, whither Fate
 Could bear me, and the joys I quitt ;

Thou causest the guiltie to be loosed
 From bonds wherein an innocent's inclosed,
 Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
 And freeing those that death have well deserved ;
 But by her malice can be nothing wroughte,
 So God send to my foes all they have thought.

A.D. 1555.

—ELIZABETH—PRISONER.

While the princess, in daily peril of death, was imprisoned here, she heard one day a milkmaid in the garden singing merrily, and "wished herself," says the old chronicler, "to be a milkmaid as she was, saying that her case was better and her life merrier."

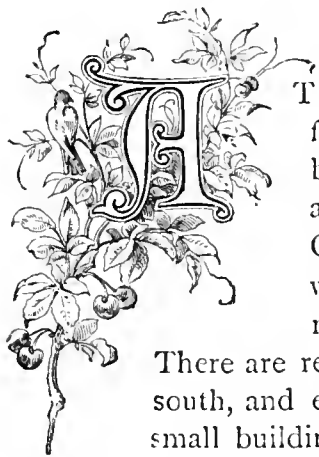
Elizabeth's room remained till the gate-house was taken down by Duchess Sarah. Its roof was arched ; it was of Irish oak, and was curiously carved and painted with blue and gold.

Every one knows how resolutely the palace was defended by Captain Samuel Fawcet, who would have buried himself beneath its ruins had it not been surrendered by the king to the Parliament ; and every one who has read "Woodstock" (and who has not?) must remember how the Commissioners of the Parliament were diverted from their destructive work by ghostly appearances, then ascribed to the devil, but afterwards found to have been tricks and illusions effected by a clever Royalist who had engaged himself as Secretary to the Commissioners. Cromwell allotted Woodstock to three of his adherents, and two of them pulled down their portions to sell the stone. After the Restoration, Woodstock reverted to the Crown. The witty but wicked Earl of Rochester obtained from Charles II. the offices of Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Comptroller of Woodstock Park.

As we have seen, it was bestowed by Anne on her General, Marlborough, and is now united with Blenheim.

GODSTOW NUNNERY;

AND ROSAMOND'S GRAVE.



ABOUT two miles from Oxford, on the banks of the Isis, are the remains of Godstow Nunnery, where Fair Rosamond was buried.

There are remains of the north, south, and east walls, and of a small building, thought to have been a chapter-house, where Rosamond may have been buried finally.

Her first grave was an open tomb in front of the altar; over the coffin was spread a pall of pure white silk, and tapers were constantly burnt around it.

St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, was greatly displeased at the tender reverence shown by the nuns to poor Rosamond's body, and immediately ordered it to be carried out into the churchyard. But as soon as he was dead the faithful nuns gathered together their penitent sister's bones into a bag enclosed in a leaden case, and buried them again beneath the altar.

After their second burial they were not disturbed again till the dissolution of the

monasteries by Henry VIII., when Leland says her tomb was opened by the Royal Commissioners. In it was found the leaden case, within which the bones were wrapt in leather; "when it was opened," he adds, "a very sweet smell came from it."

Rosamond's story caught the national fancy. Delony and Daniel both wrote of her; one a beautiful ballad, the other a lovely poem, called the "Complaint of Rosamond." Drayton also dedicated two of his poetical epistles to her memory, and Chaucer alludes to her. Addison wrote an opera called "Rosamond."

By Rosamond's grave a nut tree has sprung up, and waves above it its branches. It bears a profusion of nuts, but singularly enough they are without kernels; as deceptive as the royal glamour shed over her sad life.

Her eldest son—the beloved and faithful brother of Richard and John—was William Longépée, who became by his marriage Earl of Salisbury. He was one of the bravest and best men of his time. Her other son was, as we have said elsewhere, an archbishop.





THE HOME-COMING, IN 1793.

BURGHLEY HOUSE.

NORTHAMPTON-SHIRE is famous for having within its borders more than a hundred "stately homes of England," and one of the most celebrated of them is Burghley House, the home of the Marquis of Exeter.

It was improved, no doubt, by the great minister whose title name it bears, but it was not built by Lord Burghley, for we have it under his own hand that it was part of his mother's inheritance. He writes: "Burghley is of my mother's inheritance, who liveth and is the owner thereof; and I am but a farmer."

James I. created both of Lord Burghley's sons peers. Thomas, the eldest, who inherited Burghley House, was made Earl of Exeter. On the morning of the same day the king had created the younger brother—the Robert Cecil, to whom he owed so much—Earl of Salisbury, and thus it chanced that as peers take precedence by the date of their creation, the family of the younger brother precedes the elder.

Burghley is a very fine house, built of freestone, and in the form of a parallelogram, but in a great mixture of styles. On the eastern front the Ionic, Doric, and Corinthian orders are built one above the other, the Corinthian at the top, on which

are also two stone lions holding or "supporting" a shield of the family arms. The pillars on the western side are plain Doric, as are the chimneys. Above the eastern side rises the spire of the chapel. On the western are turrets with cupolas. The house is of vast dimensions, but we can scarcely call it picturesque. The pretty story attached to it has given it a place here, for love is better than splendour. Its gardens are formal, but the beds of glowing flowers are beautiful, and the noble terraces—the slopes of green turf and the old trees—are beautiful. The interior is very fine. There are one hundred and forty-five rooms in this large house. The hall, of great height, has an open oak roof, and carved pendants. At the south end, beneath a fine armorial window, is a buffet of gold plate presented to the family by royal donors; by James I., Anne, and George I. At the north end is a large music gallery. The grand staircase has a fine vaulted roof and decorated archways. The kitchen is very lofty, and has a groined roof of very early date; it was built probably much earlier than the time of the great Lord Burghley. The bedrooms are very splendid. The one occupied by Queen Elizabeth when visiting the Lord Treasurer, is hung with fine tapestry, representing Acteon and Diana, Bacchus and Ariadne, Acis and Galatea, and the bed is splendid; it has furniture of green velvet on a ground of gold tissue; the chairs have the same covering. The black chamber has a bed of old black satin, beautifully embroidered with flowers, and lined with gold coloured satin; this room also has fine old tapestry; a carved chimney-piece by Gibbons, and a painted glass window. The new State bed chamber has a bed said to be the most magnificent in Europe. The curtains are of velvet, the quantity of material in them is 250 yards, and they are lined with 900 yards of satin. This room has a ceiling painted by Verrio, as has also the state dressing-room.

The jewel chamber is of cedar, oak and

walnut. There are two superb silver cisterns in the dining-room; one weighing 3,400 ounces, and the other 656 ounces, besides some fine plate.

There is a good collection of pictures by the old masters at Burghley. But after all, the riches and grandeur of the Cecils interest us much less than the pretty love story attached to their family.

It was in "the days when George III. was king," that it happened. The nephew and heir of the then Earl of Exeter, Mr. Henry Cecil, was in his youth a gambler, and had undoubtedly a bad wife (though a very beautiful one—Emma Vernon), for he divorced her in 1791. After these losses of money and wife, his uncle, Lord Exeter, advised him to go and live quietly for some time in the country. Mr. Cecil followed his advice, and went to live at a small inn at Bolas, in a retired part of Shropshire, but disliking his abode, he went to lodge at a farm-house. Here, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," he remained two years. The farmer had a lovely daughter of seventeen, who was as good, as pure and gentle as she was beautiful. Mr. Cecil had had enough of fashionable ladies, and fell in love with this sweet rustic beauty. He asked her in marriage of her father. She loved him and they were wedded.

In 1793 the dying Earl of Exeter sent in search of his nephew and heir. The new earl did not tell his wife anything about his rank or his inheritance, but told her he must leave his home on business, and she gladly went with him. They travelled slowly, and visited many fine seats on the way, which they were often shown over, till at last they reached Burghley. Then, when the servants bowed before her husband and called him "lord," the sweet country girl knew who he was.

All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin;
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over,
Pale as death again did prove;

But he clasped her as a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.
—TENNYSON.

The countess proved a true and gentle wife. She survived her new dignity four years, and died at the age of twenty-four, leaving three children.

Tradition and poetry tell us that she died from bearing "the burden of an honour

"Unto which she was not born."
Faint she grew and ever fainter,
As she murmured, "Oh, that he
Were once more the landscape painter
Which did win my heart from me."
So she drooped and drooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side,
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.

—TENNYSON.

This lady's daughter married the Honourable Mr. Pierrepont, and *their* only daughter wedded Lord Charles Wellesley; thus the village beauty's descendants bear the title of Duke. Her husband married again, and in his own station—the widowed

Duchess of Hamilton—but he must often have thought of the wild flower that had faded in the atmosphere of exotics.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she blessed her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his
bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toiled through winds and rains,
Till William at length in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"—
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roamed a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at the close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
The wind blows cold and the hour is late":
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bowed as they passed the gate.

"Now, welcome, lady," exclaimed the youth,
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger wooed and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

—MOORE.

NASEBY FIELD.



THIS important battle, fought upon the rich plains of Northamptonshire, was destined to decide the fate of the monarchy of England for a period of some years, and may be said, in fact, to have virtually ended the civil strife of the period.

Charles I. had recently taken the town of Leicester by assault, and the prestige of the royal army had been greatly increased by the valour it had displayed on the occasion. Had the unhappy king possessed any judicious adviser capable of influencing him, he would have remained

in the captured town till the arrival of Colonel Gerrard, who was upon his march from Wales to join his sovereign, bringing with him a body of three thousand horse and foot; and of Lord Goring, who had been recalled from the service on which the king had sent him, and was daily expected.

But the evil destiny of Charles decreed otherwise. He had heard that Fairfax, the general of the Parliament, was besieging Oxford; and tidings had reached the Royalists that the loyal city was in distress. It contained his young son, the Duke of York, the royal council, the magazines, and (the fact weighed most strongly with the warm-hearted king) many noble ladies and faithful nobles devoted

to his cause. He resolved, in spite of prudence, therefore, to march to its relief, and five days after the taking of Leicester he ordered the marshalling and assembling of his troops to be commenced. Then it became apparent how much the recent victory had cost him; two hundred soldiers and many gallant officers had perished in the assault on Leicester, numbers of men were wounded and incapable of marching, a good many had run away to secrete their plunder (who would, nevertheless, have returned in a few days), and it was also necessary to leave a sufficient garrison in the town; the king's forces remaining, after these deductions, amounted only to 3,500 men. The cavalry, who had been recruited from the north, and had received a promise that they should march northwards, were so enraged at their disappointment, that they were with great difficulty restrained from laying down their arms and disbanding, and were therefore certain to fight with only half a heart whenever they should meet the foe.

The march southwards, nevertheless, began. On reaching Harborough the next day, the Royalists heard that Fairfax had never approached Oxford near enough to fire a cannon upon it; that he had been beaten off from Borstall House with the loss of officers as well as soldiers, and that he had marched with his whole army to Buckingham. This news, instead of causing the king prudently to fall back again on Leicester for a time, tempted him the rather to march onwards; his rash advisers persuading him that the discouraged and recently defeated Roundheads would be easily beaten by his own victorious troops. "All men," says Clarendon, "concluded that to be true which their own wishes suggested to them," and, elate with hopes of conquest, the Cavaliers pressed on to Daventry, in Northamptonshire. Here, not knowing the whereabouts of the enemy, the king remained for a few days, amusing himself with field sports, while his troopers, in

spite of royal orders and royal displeasure, ravaged and plundered the surrounding district.

But on the 11th of the month (June) brave old Sir Marmaduke Langdale arrived, and brought tidings of the unexpected approach of Fairfax. The Royalist outposts were instantly strengthened, but the next morning Fairfax attacked them at Borough Hill, and the alarm spread up to the royal quarters. The attack was not, however, followed up, for Fairfax was very weak in cavalry, and did not think fit to venture further; indeed, the general of the Parliament was so apprehensive that Rupert and his Cavaliers might pay his own quarters a visit, that he rode about his camp in some anxiety from midnight till sunrise. The king, warned by this skirmish, and informed of the far superior numbers of the Roundheads, at once marched back towards Harborough, and took up his own quarters at the old Hall at Lubenham.

Meantime the general of the Parliament had called a council of war, and was with some anxiety debating on the best course to be pursued, when sounds of solemn applause and grave cheers of satisfaction and joy broke in on their deliberations. The next moment all rose with surprise and joy, as a Puritan officer unceremoniously entered the room, and Fairfax was seen heartily greeting the already distinguished general, Oliver Cromwell.

Hesitation vanished at once in his presence. He brought to the commander-in-chief his own cool resolution and warlike genius, and six hundred formidable and well-trained horsemen—his "Ironsides," the best cavalry in Europe. He at once advised the council to follow and attack the king, and, inspired by the infection of his confidence, and with faith in his genius, Fairfax gave orders to marshall the host.

It was yet early morning on June 13th when, in obedience to orders, the drums beat, the trumpets sounded to horse, and the whole army of the Parliament was drawn

up under arms. Their favourite leader pointed the way they were to march—it was in pursuit of the retreating king. Major Harrison, whose name is so well known to all readers of “Woodstock,” was sent forward to reconnoitre, while Colonel Ireton turned from the main road in order to get, if possible, on the flank of the Royalists. Fairfax and Cromwell, with the

main body, kept on the high road to Harborough.

That evening the outposts of the king’s forces were fallen on by Ireton’s troopers; a gallant young officer was slain, with several soldiers, and at eleven at night the king, who retired early, was roused from his slumbers to hear tidings of the proximity of the foe. Charles rose immediately,



dressed himself, and then, accompanied by two or three gentlemen of his household, galloped to Harborough, and proceeded at once to his nephew Prince Rupert’s quarters, where he instantly summoned a council of war.

It met, and was composed of Rupert, Digby, Ashburnham, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and all the other leaders. Their opinions were divided. Rupert, contrary to his wont, counselled retreat: the army was not strong enough, he said,

to risk a battle for the Crown, and the northern men were dissatisfied and not inclined to fight. Digby and Ashburnham, however, opposed him strongly, and spoke of assured victory; while Charles, impressed by his own recent success at Leicester, and by the news of the great Montrose’s victory a month previously at Auldearne, inclined to their counsel, and finally rejected that of his nephew. The die was cast.

The royal trumpets sounded to boot and saddle, and the king’s army began its

march in the bright June morning for Naseby Field.

At three o'clock a.m. of the same day Fairfax commenced his march also, and at five o'clock halted before a fertile plain, green with the tender verdure of summer, stretching in front of Naseby village. Here he halted for a brief interval.

By-and-by columns of the royal horse appeared, crowning the top of an opposite hill; they were followed by masses of infantry, which marched into position; and Fairfax, convinced now that the king would abide the issue of a battle, drew up at once and faced them, "on the brow of a gentle hill," placing, at the distance of a pistol-shot below, a forlorn hope of 300 musketeers.

Cromwell commanded the right wing of the Parliamentarians; it was composed chiefly of his own invincible Ironsides, supported (as was the practice of the period) by a stout *tertia* (battalion) or two of foot. His extreme right rested on an abrupt declivity, beyond which lay a space of broken ground that would effectually prevent the possibility of his flank being turned. Before him lay the open plain, well suited for the manœuvres of cavalry. The left wing, composed of five regiments of horse, a division of two hundred horse of the Association, and a party of dragoons, was, at Cromwell's request, placed under the command of Ireton; Fairfax and Skippon took charge of the main body. The reserves were headed by Colonels Rainsborough, Hammond and Pride.

We must now go back a few hours to trace the movements of the royal army before Fairfax beheld it crowning the heights of Naseby.

It was drawn up very early upon a rising ground in a strong military position, about a mile south of Harborough—which lay behind it—and was there marshalled in order to receive or give a charge, as might be deemed expedient. The main body of the foot was led by Lord Astley, and consisted of 2,500 men; the right wing of

horse was led by Prince Rupert; the left wing of horse, which consisted of the dissatisfied northern men and those from Newark, and did not amount to above 1,600 men, was commanded by Sir Marmaduke Langdale. In the reserve were the king's life-guards, led by the Earl of Lindsey, and Prince Rupert's regiment of foot (both of which made a little above eight hundred men), with the royal horse-guards, which were commanded by the Earl of Lichfield, and amounted to about five hundred horse.

Thus placed, the Royalists awaited the enemy. But when eight o'clock came, and there was still no appearance of Fairfax and his forces, the Cavaliers began to doubt whether the tidings of the proximity of the Parliamentary army were true. The scout-master was in consequence sent out to reconnoitre, and after a time returned, saying "that he had been three or four miles forward, and could neither discover nor hear anything of the enemy." This assertion, which proved to be partly untrue, at once caused a rumour to spread through the army "that the rebels had retired."

Prince Rupert instantly called out a party of horse and musketeers to go in search of them, and, if possible, engage them; but the army remained in the same place and posture.

Rupert had not marched above a mile when he received certain intelligence that the enemy was close at hand, and shortly afterwards he distinguished the van of their army, but so indistinctly that he still believed they were about to retreat. The impetuous Prince instantly pushed forward, sending back a young trooper with an entreaty "that the king's army should march up to him with all speed."

Alas! the brave Rupert's want of prudence was destined to destroy the last chance for the Crown. In compliance with this rash message, "the vantage ground," says Clarendon, "was quitted, and the excellent order they (the troops) were in, and an advance made towards the enemy as well as might be."

At the end of a mile and half's march, the cavalry of the Parliament was discerned "on a high ground above Naseby, whence seeing the manner of the king's march, in a full campaign, they had leisure and opportunity to place themselves, with all the advantages they could desire. The Prince's natural heat and impatience could never endure an enemy long in his view, nor believe that they had the courage to endure his charge. And so the army was engaged before the cannon was turned, or the ground made choice of upon which they were to fight; so that courage was only to be relied upon, when all conduct failed so much."*

The armies were nearly equal as to numbers, the Royalists being only five hundred men less than the Parliamentarians. The field-word of the king's forces was "God and Queen Mary;"† that of the Parliament, "God our Strength."

And now on the rich and verdant plain of Naseby—a fallow field a mile broad—the battle began.

At ten o'clock Prince Rupert dashed forward with his usual gallantry, his short red cloak and long plume floating on the breeze, waving his sword above his head, and shouting in a voice like a clarion call, "God and Queen Mary!" Near him rode his brother Maurice, as brave, but calmer, sterner, and cooler; while fast behind pressed on the gallant chivalry that were the glory of England's loyalty. They attacked the left wing of the rebels, where Ireton formed line like lightning, and advanced to meet them, but Rupert's charge was irresistible; and although the ride was uphill, the gallant horses never flinched nor lessened their pace, but were carried through the Roundheads with the impetus of their charge. Ireton was wounded—a pistol-shot disabled his bridle arm, a sabre cut slashed his face, his horse was killed

under him, and he was made prisoner, remaining so during the greater part of the battle.

After Ireton had ceased leading them, his men fell into confusion, and were driven back on the train of artillery, which was in danger of being taken, the foot and firelock men placed to guard the cannon giving way also; but Rupert passed it with his usual rashness, and spurred on too far. The scattered Roundhead foot rallied in his rear, and Ireton's broken horse formed, closed, and rode up to support their centre and the right wing.

The Prince, without drawing bridle, had meantime reached the baggage of the Roundhead army, on the skirts of Naseby village. But he found himself accompanied by only half his force; numbers of horses had tired and fallen back; the impulse was gone; the charge had done its work half a mile back, and its efficiency was over. The baggage-guard met the Royalists with a dropping fire, and presented a resolute front; their defences and position rendered them a formidable enemy for the exhausted cavalry: still Rupert summoned them to surrender. He was answered by their war-cry, "God our Strength!" and a volley which emptied some of his saddles. He perceived that an attack on it would be fruitless, and, rallying his men, rode back to the artillery train, which he summoned (too late) to surrender. His offer of quarter if they would yield was sternly rejected, for now the firelock men were again at their posts, and a rear-guard supported them. Rupert perceived that here the opportunity had gone by, and that nothing remained for him but to join the royal forces again.

From the eminence on which he had halted he could see the field, and his quick eye at once discerned that the day was lost. Still something might be done to cover the retreat of the king, and Rupert, with a sad heart, led his diminished division rapidly back to the centre (where Charles commanded in person), ready to die loyally beside the chief of his house. He did not err

* Clarendon.

† Henrietta Maria was so called by the people, who at first could not pronounce her name.

in his judgment as to the aspect of the battle.

Whilst he had been charging and defeating the left wing of the Roundheads, Cromwell had attacked the Royalists' left, advancing his cavalry by alternate brigades, and retaining a strong reserve in case of adverse fortune. He had taken every advantage, also, afforded by the ground. Carey's musketeers supported the enemy's horse, but their withering fire from the side could not check the charge of the Ironsides, who bore down like a torrent on brave Sir Marmaduke Langdale's division. Gallantly the old cavalier stood the shock; nevertheless, it was so tremendous that, after "firing at close charge, and standing to it at the sword's point," the left wing of the Royalists was broken, and driven back into a treacherous "rabbit-warren" and a young plantation, where their movements were broken and impeded by the ground. They fell back beyond all the king's foot, "nearly a quarter of a mile behind the plain," carrying with them to the rear their supports, the two regiments of north-country horse. In vain Sir Marmaduke and the Yorkshire Cavalier officers strove to stem the current, and rally their flying troops—efforts and entreaties were alike vain, the rout was complete.

And now Cromwell showed in what military qualities he surpassed the "first cavalry officer" of his day. He was not tempted to pursue the enemy madly, as Rupert had done; he sent another brigade in pursuit, and turned his own victorious Ironsides on the flank of the Royalist centre.

In that centre a very fierce and doubtful conflict had meantime been raging. At first, victory appeared to favour the Royalists. All Fairfax's front division gave way, and fell back in disorder, but the officers rallied them and brought them on again to the attack, with the reserves. In this conflict Skippon was dangerously wounded by a shot in the side; Fairfax wished him to quit the field, but the old Roundhead

sternly declared that he would never leave the battle so long as a man could stand in it. Fairfax, leading up the masses of his infantry, now pressed the whole of Charles's main body, while Cromwell kept the King's horse in check, and prevented them from coming to the rescue of their foot, which became disordered—save one gallant *tertia* or battalion, which "stood like a rock," and though twice desperately charged was still unshaken.

A third charge, however, conducted from several points at once, was more successful. The battalion was broken and thrown into confusion.

Charles, perceiving that the day was nearly lost, drew his sword, and placing himself at the head of his guards, who formed the reserve of horse, shouted, "One charge more, and we recover the day!" but scarcely had he uttered the words when the Earl of Carnwarth, who rode next him, suddenly seized the bridle of his horse, and "swearing two or three full-mouthed Scottish oaths," says Clarendon (for of that nation he was), said, "Will you go upon your death in an instant?" and before his Majesty understood what he would have, turned his horse round; upon which a word ran through the troops, "that they should march to the right hand," which was both from charging the enemy, or assisting their own men. And upon this they all turned their horses, and rode upon the spur, as if they were every man to shift for himself. They never drew bridle for a quarter of a mile. "It is very true," continues the historian, "that upon the more soldierly word 'Stand,' which was sent to run after them, many of them returned to the King, though the former unlucky word carried more from him."

By this time Prince Rupert had returned, but his troopers having, as they considered, done their part in the battle, could not be rallied or brought again to the charge.

"And that difference," says the candid historian Clarendon, "was observed shortly from the beginning of the war, in the dis-

cipline of the King's troops, and of those which marched under the command of Cromwell (for it was only under him, and had never been notorious under Essex or Waller), that though the King's troops prevailed in the charge, and routed those they charged, they never rallied themselves in order, nor could be brought to make a second charge, again the same day, which was the reason that they had not an entire victory at Edgehill; whereas Cromwell's troops if they prevailed, or though they were beaten and routed, presently rallied again, and stood in good order, till they received new orders."

This want of discipline told fatally against the Royalist leaders that day. The efforts of the King and his gallant nephew, and of Sir Marmaduke Langdale, to stay the flight were vain. The cavalry fled on all sides; the mass of the infantry threw down their arms and cried for quarter.

The King was at last compelled to fly, hotly pursued by Cromwell's horse; but he reached Leicester in safety. Judging it, however, not safe to remain there, he rode the same evening to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where he rested and refreshed himself for some hours. From thence he proceeded to Lichfield. The Parliamentarians took 5,000 prisoners left on the field, of whom an immense number were officers, and some few members of the King's household; twelve brass pieces of ordnance, two mortar pieces, 8,000 stand of arms, 40 barrels of powder, the rich pillage brought from Leicester by the soldiers, the King's baggage and coaches; and—most fatal loss of all to Charles—his private cabinet of papers and letters also fell to the victors in that day's fight.

The carnage was not great compared to that recorded in the dreadful wars of the Roses: not more than six hundred soldiers and about twenty officers sealed their loyalty with their blood. The Parliamentarians are said to have lost only a hundred men.

Thus closed the battle, and with the red

sun which went down on Naseby Field set the last gleam of hope for King Charles's cause. Disaster after disaster followed it. Bridgewater surrendered to Fairfax without a blow. Rupert counselled peace and lost Bristol. At Rowton Heath the King narrowly escaped with his life. Monmouth and Hereford, Wales and the North country, were lost. Defeat followed defeat, till the King was sold by his own people the Scots, and his degradation and captivity ended on the scaffold—a fate which he might perchance have escaped had not his secret papers been captured on Naseby Field.

A very singular dream is recorded of Charles I.'s, preceding the battle of Naseby.

The king ordered his small army of 2,000 horse, and about the same number of infantry, to Daintree, fully intending to give the Roundheads battle. He followed them himself immediately.

But that night, about two hours after his Majesty had retired to rest, some of his attendants heard a singular noise in his chamber, and went at once to see what had caused it. They found the king sitting up in bed, and much agitated, but there was nothing to account for the noise. He asked them why they came, and then told them that he had been disturbed by a dream. He thought he saw an apparition of Lord Strafford standing at the side of his bed. He, Strafford, had reproached Charles for having abandoned him to his enemies, but told him that he was come to return good for evil. "Do not," he had said, "fight the army of the Parliament, quartered at Northampton, for you can never conquer it by arms."

The dream made a great impression on Charles, and he resolved to march to the north, as had been at first thought wisest. But Prince Rupert, though averse to the immediate battle, ridiculed the dream, and talked the king out of his apprehensions. A resolution was again taken to give battle near Northampton. The next night the apparition of the slain earl again stood beside his unhappy sleeping master's bed,

but now with a frowning brow. It was the last time, he said, that he would advise the king, but if he fought near Northampton he would be undone.

The advice of the apparition was wise, and had Charles followed it his fate might have been different.

In the north the Parliament had few forces, and the Scots were growing discontented; or had the king marched westward he would have been joined by the gallant gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall.

But he wavered, as was his wont, and remained a day at Daintree, uncertain what to decide. At last Rupert's influence prevailed, and he marched to Naseby, where he was, as we have seen, entirely defeated. He could never collect an army again large enough to face his enemies. Naseby was fatal to the Crown, and we are told that he often said afterwards that he wished he had followed the counsel of his faithful, though betrayed, servant, and not fought on Naseby Field. His attendants were charged to keep

the dream secret, and long did so, but after the king's death it was told.

It can of course be easily accounted for by the state of mind of the sleeper, who no doubt must often have thought remorsefully of his slain minister, and probably had wished to march northwards.

It is singular that a dream of Cromwell's has also been recorded.

He was a boy—a child—when sleeping at Hinchinbrook House. One night he dreamed that a gigantic grey misty figure stood at the foot of his bed and told him that he should rule all England, but never wear a crown.

“The ambition of the future man,
Had whispered to the child.”

If he told his dream to his uncle, he was probably reprov'd so severely that it may have imprinted the vision on his memory indelibly. Sulby Hedges, from which Okey's dragoons watched Rupert's mad charge, are still to be traced, but there are few local relics of the battle.



SULBY HEDGES, NASEBY FIELD.

NORMANTON PARK;

AND JEFFREY HUDSON.



IN the middle of Rutlandshire, on a rising ground midway between the towns of Oakham and Stamford, stands Normanton, one of the picturesque homes of England. The house, a large and elegant mansion, is surrounded by extensive lawns of richest verdure, interspersed with plantations of noble trees; the oak, the beech, the ash and the lime, in all their varied beauty growing here abundantly, their contrasted foliage having a fine effect, and bringing out the house of pure white stone in strong relief.

The house consists of a centre flanked by two wings, in admirable proportion, and has much architectural beauty. The principal entrance is by the north front, and passing through it we find ourselves in a hall or vestibule, very light, elegant and airy.

The dining-room is a superb apartment, with an especially fine vaulted ceiling in ornamented compartments; the drawing rooms are splendidly decorated, and the gardens admirably laid out. They command fine views from different portions of them. The park is bounded on the north-west by the river Gwash, and the surrounding country is said to be the most fertile in England.

Normanton was the possession of the De Normanvilles after the Conquest, and continued theirs for fourteen generations; then the estate passed to Alice Barings, a Rutlandshire lady, who married Thomas Mackworth, of Mackworth, in Derbyshire. He gave up his early home—a castellated manor house—for the bright and rich

dwelling of his young wife, and the family henceforward resided at Normanton.

They were a generous, hospitable race of men; spending freely, but occasionally marrying heiresses, who retrieved any diminution of the family wealth. Sir Thomas Mackworth was High Sheriff of his county in the reign of Elizabeth, and married the sister of the staunch Cavalier, Lord Hopton. The bride of his son, Sir Henry, was an heiress, and her husband rebuilt the old manor house.

The Mackworths were most loyal Cavaliers; they aided their king during the civil wars with their purse as well as their sword, and, as was too often the case, found themselves at the end of the war nearly ruined—their estates sequestered, their means straitened.

A contested election completed the ruin of the family.

It was the memorable contest for the representation of Rutlandshire between Messrs. Mackworth, Finch, and Sherrard. Mackworth won the seat, but was utterly ruined by the expenses of the election. He was obliged to sell the lovely home so long the possession of his family, and retired to Kentish Town, near London, where he died in 1745.

The baronetcy could not of course die; it passed to an apothecary who lived in Huntingdon, and from him to his cousin, Sir Henry Mackworth. This gentleman, old, landless, and poor, though the descendant of a loyal and ancient county family, accepted a home at the Charter House, and became one of its Brethren.

The present proprietors of Normanton are the Heathcote family, descended from Gilbert Heathcote, Alderman of Chesterfield.

His son, a man of great integrity and ability, was appointed one of the Directors of the Bank of England, and became Lord Mayor of London in 1711. For several years he represented the city in Parliament; received Knighthood from Queen Anne; and was created a baronet in 1733.

He was buried at Normanton, where a fine monument by Rysbrack is erected to his memory.

The fifth baronet of this branch of the Heathcote family was created Baron Aveland, of Aveland, in Lincolnshire.

Dyer, in his poem "The Fleece," mentions both the place and the family thus,

"The coloured lawns
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton,
Health's cheerful haunts, and the secluded walk
Of Heathcote's leisure."

Oakham, the county town of Rutlandshire, was the birthplace of a celebrated Dwarf—little Jeffrey Hudson.

George, Duke of Buckingham, was, in 1619, the possessor of Burleigh-on-the-Hill, in Rutlandshire, and had in his service a man called John Hudson, who was keeper and manager of the animals used for the Bull-baiting. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and strong, as were all his children but one; that one was Jeffrey, who, when seven years old, was scarcely half a yard high, but without any deformity, and very well proportioned. A pretty little creature he must then have been, and such no doubt the Duchess of Buckingham thought him; for between his seventh and ninth year she took him into her service, dressed him in "silks and satins," and gave him two men to attend on him.

When Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria were making a progress through Rutlandshire, they visited Burleigh-on-the-Hill, and at the banquet prepared for them, little Jeffrey was served up in a cold pie, from which he issued, to the surprise and amusement of the royal guests. Henrietta Maria was so charmed with the tiny creature, that the Duchess gave him to her, and he continued in her service for many

years. He grew proud in the atmosphere of a court where he was petted by a queen, and refused to recognise his father when he came to see him; for which unfilial conduct Charles ordered him to be punished.

In 1630 Jeffrey was sent to France by the queen for a nurse; and he must have greatly pleased and amused the French court, as he received, we are told, £2,500 from the royal family and the courtiers in presents. On his way home, however, the poor boy's ship (he was only eleven years old, having been born in 1619) was taken by a Flemish pirate who carried him prisoner to Dunkirk, and robbed him of all his money.

But he was finally restored to his royal mistress, and at the commencement of the civil war received a commission as a Captain of Horse in the royal army. With this rank he accompanied the queen when she fled from Exeter to France. Here, unfortunately, he had a quarrel with the brother of Lord Crofts, and challenged him. The gentleman, thinking it rather a good joke, accepted the challenge, but came to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt. "The little creature," says Walpole, "was so enraged, that a real duel ensued, and the appointment being on horseback with pistols, to put them on a level, Jeffrey with the first fire shot his antagonist dead."

For this act Jeffrey was imprisoned and afterwards banished the court. He was then thirty years old, and had not grown at all. But he was to go through strange vicissitudes, which actually even at that age accelerated his growth. The ship in which he was returning to England was taken by a Turkish Pirate, and he was sold for a slave in Barbary. Here he was treated with great cruelty; made work very hard, and was often beaten. He then grew to the height he remained till his death, *i.e.* three feet nine inches. At length he was ransomed, and returned to his native place. The Duke of Buckingham and some other noblemen who remembered him at the court, granted him a small pension. With

this he went to live in London, and during the disturbed period of Titus Oates's pretended Popish Plot he was arrested as a Papist and imprisoned in the gatehouse at Westminster, where he remained a long time a prisoner. The poor little man seems to have been singularly unlucky.

Soon after his release he died, in the sixty-third year of his age, 1682.

Our readers will remember how Sir Walter Scott used this dwarf as one of the characters concerned in the plot of "Peveril of the Peak."

He was both brave and loyal.

STAUNTON HAROLD.



THE finest structure of modern architecture in Leicestershire is the mansion of Staunton Harold. It is of Palladian style ;

large, light, and graceful—the most cheerful and elegant of homes, and gazing on it we should say that it is the very last kind of place likely to be

associated with a tragedy ; yet a sad one occurred here during the eighteenth century.

But we must leave the story for a moment while we describe this splendid dwelling.

It is situated on level ground close to the borders of Derbyshire, and about three miles north of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The house has a fine wood at the back of it ; there is a good deal of heath in the neighbourhood, and the scenery round it is charming.

In the centre of the south-east or grand front there is a pediment supported by Ionic pillars that are upheld by Doric ones. This centre is of stone, and the pediment is surmounted by three figures from the antique ; there are other good casts from the same, especially a colossal lion over the south-west front.

The north-east front was designed by

Inigo Jones, and is preserved nearly unchanged ; it contains the library.

The entrance hall is 40 feet by 38 feet, and is 16 feet high ; on the right is a grand staircase. There are sixty handsome and spacious apartments, among which is the drawing-room, a remarkably elegant room, the dining-room and the library, which is 72 feet long, 18 feet wide and 16 high. It is rich in choice and valuable books, and has some good family portraits in it. The family pedigree is kept here, and when unrolled, covers more than half of the length of the room. Here also is an exquisitely carved old ivory bugle horn, supposed to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini.

There are some very valuable pictures. In the hall is a Crucifixion said to be by Michael Angelo ; a Vandyck, Lely, etc. In the other rooms are paintings by Carracci and Lely ; in the library is a Last Judgment, by Rubens, a magnificent picture, and a portrait of Shakspeare, the artist unknown. In the drawing-room is a Venus and Cupids, by Correggio ; six court ladies of Charles II.'s reign, given by that king himself to Robert, Earl Ferrers ; landscapes by Berghem, etc., etc.

The park is very picturesque, and a fine sheet of water, or lake, extends through the greater part of it ; there is a pond covering

seven acres at the end near the house, which is called The Church Pool. The lake is half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and is well stocked with fish, especially carp; while wild fowl frequent the lake and pool.

The Ferrers are of a very old family. Sewallis, of Etingdon, who resided at Nether-Etingdon, in Warwickshire, was their ancestor. He dwelt in the home of many preceding generations of his family, in the reign of Edward the Confessor. After the Conquest, the Lordship of Etingdon was given by the Conqueror to Henry, Earl of Ferrers, of Normandy; but Sewallis held it under him, and his posterity have ever since possessed it. The descent was in the male line, but the name Sewallis became Shirley; one of these knights, Sir Ralph, greatly distinguished himself at Agincourt and in the French wars. His son married Margaret, daughter and heiress of John de Staunton, of Staunton Harold, and thus this fine property came into the family. Sir Robert Shirley succeeded to the baronies of Chartley and Ferrers, and was created Viscount Tamworth and Earl Ferrers by Queen Anne.

Laurence, the fourth earl, a man of very great abilities, and possessed of everything to make happiness, became the victim of his own terrible and unrestrained temper. Horace Walpole, his contemporary, has told the tale, and we will give extracts from his vivid account of it and its ending.

"His (Lord Ferrers') wife, a very pretty woman, was sister of Sir William Meredith."

He treated this lady very ill, "always carrying pistols to bed and threatening to kill her before morning, beating her, and so jealous without provocation, that she got separated from him by Act of Parliament, which appointed receivers of his estate to secure her allowance. This he could not bear. However, he named his steward for one, but afterwards finding out that this Johnson had paid her fifty pounds without his knowledge, and suspecting him to be of the confederacy against him, he determined,

when he failed of opportunities of murdering his wife, to kill the steward. . . . Having shot the steward at three in the afternoon, he persecuted him till one in the morning, threatening again to murder him; attempting to tear off his bandages, and terrifying him till in that misery he was glad to obtain leave to be removed to his own house; and when the earl heard the poor creature was dead, he said he gloried in having killed him. You cannot conceive the shock this evidence gave the court—many of the Lords were standing to look at him—at once they turned from him in detestation. . . . The very night he received sentence he played at picquet with the warders, and would play for money, and would have continued to play every evening, but they refused. . . .

"On the last morning he dressed himself in his wedding clothes, and said he thought this at least as good an occasion for putting them on as that for which they were first made. He wore them to Tyburn. This marked the strong impression on his mind. His mother wrote to his wife in a weak angry style, telling her to intercede for him as her duty, and to swear to his madness. But this was not so easy; in all her cause before the Lords she had persisted that he was not mad."

He was condemned to death, and no interest used for him could succeed in getting his sentence commuted, or the mode of execution changed.

Walpole gives us an account of his last moments, that are interesting as a picture of the state of manners at that time.

"He (Lord Ferrers) left the Tower," he tells us, "at nine, amidst crowds, thousands. First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribbons; next, Lord Ferrers in his own landau and six, his coachman crying all the way; guards on each side; the other sheriff's carriage followed empty, with a mourning coach and six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards. Observe that the empty chariot was that of

the other sheriff, who was in the coach with the prisoner, and who was Vaillant, the French bookseller in the Strand. How will you decipher all these strange circumstances to Florentines? A bookseller in robes and in mourning sitting as a magistrate by the side of the earl; and in the evening everybody going to Vaillant's shop to hear the particulars. I wrote to him, as he serves me, for the account; but he intends to print it, and I will send it to you with some other things and the trial. Lord Ferrers at first talked on indifferent matters, and observing the prodigious concourse of people (the blind was drawn up on his side) he said, "But they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another."

One of the dragoons was thrown by his horse's leg entangling in the hind wheel; Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said, "I hope there will be no death to-day but mine"; and was pleased when Vaillant told him the man was not hurt. Vaillant made excuses to him on his office. "On the contrary," said the earl, "I am much obliged to you. I feared the disagreeableness of the duty might make you depute your under-sheriff. As you are so good as to execute it yourself, I am persuaded the dreadful apparatus will be conducted with more expedition."

The chaplain of the Tower then talked seriously to the prisoner of the necessity of

repentance and the need of some expression of contrition. The famous Lady Huntingdon had been much with him in prison, and had done all she could for the unhappy man; but he would not speak on the subject of religion, though he acknowledged to the chaplain that he believed there was a God. The chaplain then told him that even decency required "that some prayer should be offered on the scaffold, and asked his leave to repeat at least the Lord's Prayer;" then Lord Ferrers replied, "I always thought it a good prayer: you may use it if you please."

As they drew nigh (the scaffold) he said, "I perceive we are almost arrived; it is time to do what little more I have to do." And he gave Vaillant his watch, and five guineas to the chaplain; he reserved the same sum for the executioner.

"He showed no kind of fear," says Walpole. "He said little, kneeled for a moment to the prayer, and said, 'Lord have mercy upon me, and forgive me my errors.'"

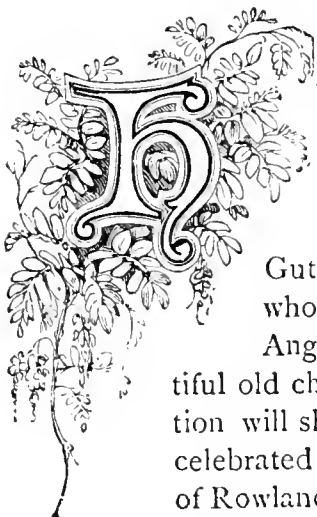
Thus died this singular man, bravely "and without ostentation."

We doubt if, in the present day, he would have been thought sane; it is a sad story, but it showed, as Walpole says, "the manners of the country" (at that time) "and the justice of so great and curious a nation."



HADLEIGH CHURCH;

AND THE MARTYRDOM OF TAYLOR.



HADLEIGH, in Suffolk, nine miles west of Ipswich, is said to be the burial-place of Guthrum, the Dane, to whom Alfred ceded East Anglia. It is a most beautiful old church, as the illustration will show. But it is more celebrated for being the scene of Rowland Taylor's martyrdom under Mary I. than for anything else, and we cannot think of it without speaking of him who taught the people from its pulpit and sealed his testimony with his blood.

He was originally a member of Cranmer's household, which he left after his appointment to Hadleigh, and went at once to reside at his living, where he taught the truths of the gospel most successfully to a manufacturing population. But Taylor was not only a good preacher, he was an admirable parish priest; he visited the poor, the sick and the needy to comfort, relieve, and instruct them, and he called regularly on the rich clothiers to go with him to the almshouses and see that everything was duly provided there.

But when Mary and persecution appeared upon the scene, a few Roman Catholics brought, with armed followers, a priest to his church to celebrate mass. Taylor, as the shepherd appointed to feed the flock, ordered these popish wolves, as he called them, to depart, on which they forced him out of the church, closed the doors against the people who were eager to defend their clergyman, and performed mass. After this they lodged a complaint against Dr. Taylor, and he was summoned before Gardiner, a

summons equivalent to a death warrant. His friends earnestly entreated him to fly at once, as so many had done, across seas, reminding him that Christ had enjoined His disciples when they were persecuted in one city to flee unto another. But he replied, "I am old, and have already lived too long to see these terrible and most wicked days. Fly you, and do as your conscience leadeth you. I know that there is neither justice nor truth to be looked for at my adversaries' hands, but rather imprisonment and cruel death. Yet know I my cause to be so good and righteous, and the truth so strong upon my side, that I will, by God's grace, go and appear before them, and to their beads resist them. God will hereafter raise up teachers to this people who will with more diligence and fruit teach them than I have done. He will not forsake His Church, though now for a time He trieth and correcteth us, and not without just cause. As for me, I shall never be able to do so good service, nor have so glorious a calling, nor so great mercy of God proffered me as at this present. Wherefore I beseech you, and all other my friends, to pray for me, and I doubt not that God will give me strength and His Holy Spirit that all mine adversaries shall have shame of their doings."

And in obedience to the summons he set out for London accompanied by a faithful servant named John Hull, who, on the way, besought him to fly, offering to follow him everywhere and in all perils.

"Oh, John," said his master, "remember the Good Shepherd Christ, which not alone fed His flock, but died for it. Him must I follow, and, with God's grace, will do. Therefore, good John, pray for me; and if

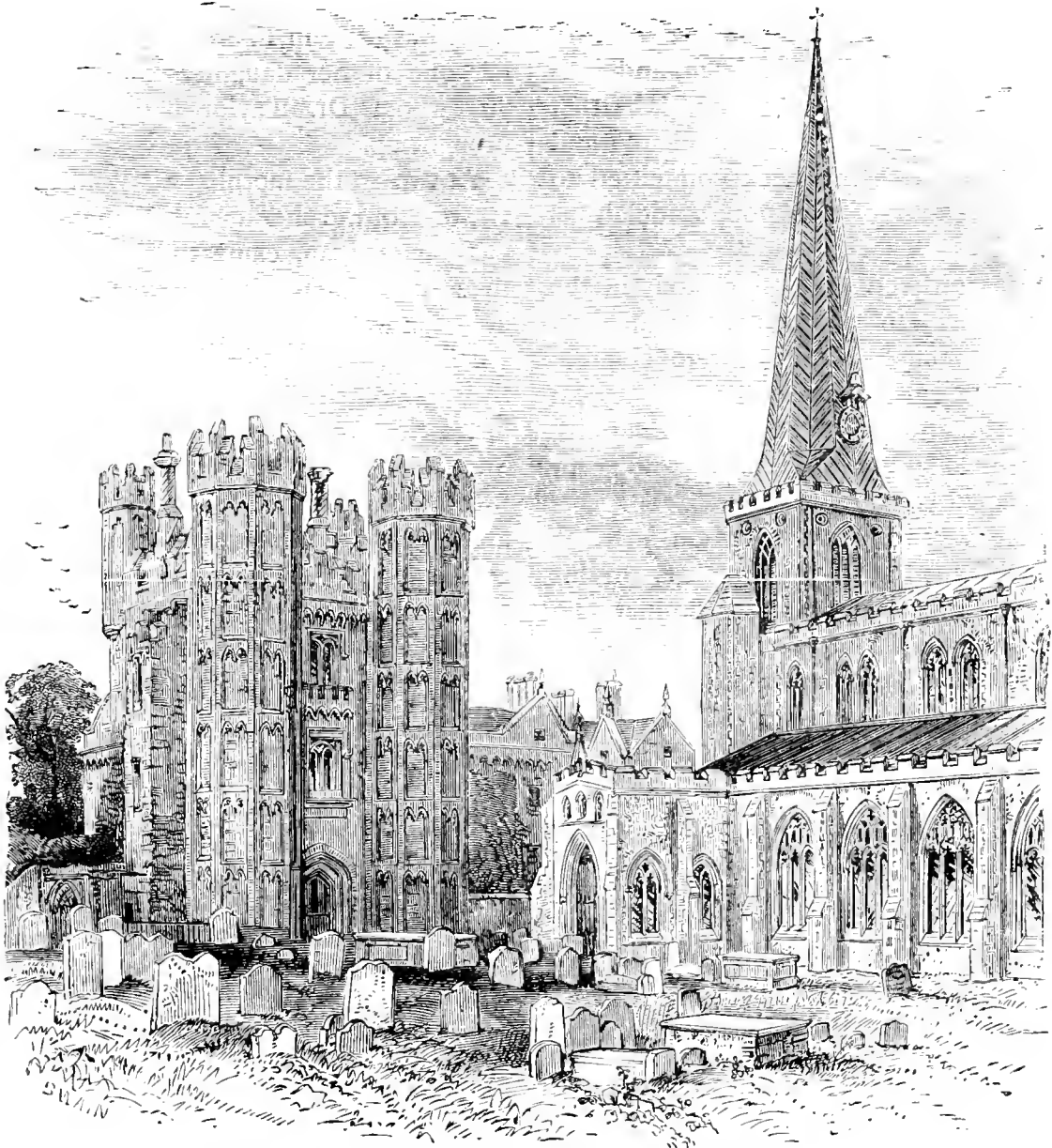
thou seest me weak at any time, comfort me, and discourage me not in this my godly enterprise and purpose."

When he was brought before Gardiner, he was thus addressed :

"Art thou come, thou villain? How

darest thou look me in the face for shame? Knowest thou not who I am?"

"Yes," quoth Taylor; "you are Dr. Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor, and yet but a mortal man, I trow. But if I should be afraid of



HADLEIGH CHURCH.

your lordly looks, why fear ye not God, the Lord of us all? How dare ye, for shame, look any Christian man in the face, seeing ye have forsaken the truth, and done contrary to your own oath and writing? With what countenance will ye appear before the judgment seat of Christ and answer to

your oath, made first unto the blessed King Henry VIII., of famous memory, and afterwards unto blessed King Edward, his son?"

The bishop answered that was Herod's oath, he had done well in breaking it, and the pope had discharged him of it. When

the brave Church of England man told him that no man could assoil him from it, and that Christ would require it at his hands, Gardiner told him he was an arrogant knave and a very fool. . . . Presently Gardiner said contemptuously, "Thou art married." He replied, "I thank God I am, and have nine children." When reproached for opposing the priest he answered, "My Lord, I am parson of Hadleigh, and it is against all right, conscience, and laws that any man should come into my charge and presume to infect the flock committed to me with venom of the pope's idolatrous mass."

He was ordered to close custody in the King's Bench, to which many of the best and ablest men in England were committed for the same cause. Taylor had an excellent fellow prisoner, John Bradford, also destined to martyrdom and waiting for it with equal courage.

Taylor lay two years in prison, then he was summoned and the mockery of his degradation was performed. Bonner officiated, and was about to strike him on the breast with the crosier, which was part of the ceremony, when one of his chaplains called out to the bishop not to strike, for that if he did Taylor would return the blow.

"Yea, by St. Peter, will I," said Taylor; "the cause is Christ's, and I were no good Christian if I would not fight in my Master's quarrel."

As Taylor was a large powerful man, Gardiner refrained from striking him. "By my troth," said he, rubbing his hands when he related this to Bradford, "I made him believe I would do so!"

The prisoners at the King's Bench were humanely treated. The night after Taylor's degradation the gaoler permitted his wife, one of his sons, and the faithful John Hull to sup with him. His admonitions to his boy were excellent. He advised his "faithful yoke fellow," as he called his wife, to marry again if asked by some good man, for her children's sake. He bequeathed his whole family to the Almighty's protec-

tion, saying that he was going to the five children—naming them—whom God had taken to Him.

His wife expected that he would be removed that night, and therefore went to the church porch of St. Botolph's beside Aldgate, by which she knew he must pass, and watched all night,—a bitterly cold night, too, for it was early in February. She had with her one of her daughters and an orphan girl whom Dr. Taylor had adopted and brought up.

At two in the morning Sir William Chester, one of the sheriffs, a humane and compassionate man, came to conduct Taylor to an inn without Aldgate, where the Sheriff of Essex was to take him in charge.

"They were without lights, but when they approached the church the orphan heard them coming, and exclaiming, 'Oh, my dear father!' called upon her mother. 'Rowland, Rowland,' said the wife, 'where art thou?' For it was so dark that they could not see each other. He answered her, and stopped; the men would have hurried him on, but the sheriff desired them to let him stay awhile and speak to his wife.

"Taylor then took his daughter in his arms, and kneeling in the porch with his wife and the orphan girl, said the Lord's Prayer. He then kissed her, and shaking her by the hand said, 'Farewell, dear wife. Be of good cheer, for I am quiet in my conscience,' and blessing the children, he charged them to stand strong and steadfast unto Christ and keep themselves from idolatry. Then said his wife, 'God be with thee, dear Rowland; I will, with God's grace, meet thee at Hadleigh.' She followed them to the inn, but the sheriff, who had wept apace during their sad interview, would, in mercy, allow no more such meetings. He entreated her to go to his house and use it as her own, promising that she should lack nothing, and sent two officers to conduct her thither; but at her request she was taken to her own mother's, who was charged to keep her there.

"A little before noon the Sheriff of Essex arrived. Taylor was placed on a horse and brought out of the inn. John Hull was waiting without the gates with Taylor's son. Taylor called the child, and John lifted him up and set him on the horse before his father. 'Good people,' said he, 'this is mine own son, begotten in lawful matrimony . . . and God be blessed for lawful matrimony.' He then prayed for the boy, laid his hand on his head and blessed him, and returned him again to John, whom he took by the hand, saying, 'Farewell, John Hull, the faithfulest servant that ever man had.' And so they rode forth, the Sheriff of Essex with four yeoman of guard and the sheriff's men leading him.

"At Brentford a close hood with holes for the eyes and mouth was put over his head, that he might not be recognised. They stayed at Chelmsford for the night, where the Sheriff of Suffolk met them. The two gentlemen supped with the prisoner, and during supper both earnestly urged him to recant and be reconciled to the Church of Rome, the Sheriff of Suffolk praising his learning and good report, and promising, if he would do so, to win his pardon from the queen. Taylor replied, 'Mr. Sheriff and my masters all, I heartily thank you for your good will; I have hearkened unto your words and marked well your counsels, and to be plain with you, I do perceive that I have been deceived myself and am likely to deceive a great many at Hadleigh of their expectation.'"*

They were rejoiced at this, and blessed him for those words; but they were only one of the reverend humorist's jests; he told them he had been deceived in thinking that he should be burned at Hadleigh, and that the churchyard worms would be deceived in their expectation of a feast on him when dead. An unpleasant jest rather at the expense of the sheriffs.

When they entered Suffolk a number of gentry, who had been appointed to aid the sheriff, met them. They were earnest for Taylor to recant. They assured him that they had his pardon ready, and promised him promotion to a bishopric if he would accept it. But all their offers were vain. As they approached Hadleigh the sheriff asked him how he fared. "Never better," replied Taylor; "I am almost at home. I lack not past two stiles to go over, and I am even at my father's house." A poor man was waiting for him at the bridge foot with five small children. They fell upon their knees, holding up their hands, and the man cried, "O dear father and good shepherd, Doctor Taylor, God help and succour thee, as thou hast many a time succoured me and my poor children."

The streets through which they passed were lined with people, some of whom cried out, "There goeth our good shepherd that so faithfully hath taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so godly hath governed us! What shall become of this most wicked world? Good Lord, strengthen him and comfort him." The sheriff and his men rebuked the people sternly for thus expressing their feelings; but Taylor evermore said to them, "I have preached to you God's word and truth, and am come this day to seal it with my blood." As he passed the alms-houses, he gave among their inmates all that was left of the money with which charitable persons had supplied him during his long imprisonment. He carried it in a glove, and inquiring at the last of these houses if the blind man and woman who dwelt there were living, threw the glove into the window, and rode on to Oldham Common, where he was to suffer. When they told him that was the place, he exclaimed, "God be thanked, I am even at home!" and alighting from his horse, he tore with both his hands the hood from his head. The people burst into loud weeping when they saw "his reverend and ancient face, with a long white beard," and his grey hairs, which had been roughly

* Southey.

clipped and disfigured at his degradation ; and they cried out, " God save thee, good Doctor Taylor ; Christ strengthen thee and help thee ! " He attempted to speak to them, but one of the guards thrust a staff into his mouth ; and when he asked leave of the sheriff to speak the sheriff refused it, and bade him remember his promise to the council ; upon which he replied, " Well, promises must be kept."

The common belief was, that after the martyrs were condemned, the council told them their tongues should be cut out, unless they would promise that at their deaths they would not speak to the people. When Taylor had undressed himself to his shirt, he said with a loud voice, " Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's holy word and those lessons that I have taken out of God's blessed Book, the Holy Bible, and I come hither this day to seal it with my blood." One of the guards, a fellow who had used him inhumanly all the way, struck him on the head with a staff, saying, " Is that keeping thy promise, thou heretic ? "

Taylor then knelt and prayed, and a poor woman, in spite of the guards who threatened to tread her down under their horses' feet, prayed beside him. Taylor then kissed the stake, got into the pitch barrel

in which he was to stand and stood upright, his hands folded, and his eyes raised towards heaven in prayer. A butcher, who was ordered to assist in setting up the faggots refused, and persisted in his refusal, though the sheriff threatened to send him to prison. Wretches, however, were easily found for the work, and one of them threw a faggot at the martyr, as he stood chained to the stake, which cut his face, so that the blood ran down. " O friend," said Taylor, " I have harm enough ! What needed that ? "

Sir John Shelton, hearing him repeat the Psalm *Miserere* in English, struck him on the lips, saying, " Ye knave, speak Latin, or I will make thee."

They at length set fire to the faggots, and Dr. Taylor held up his hands and prayed, saying, " Merciful Father of Heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake receive my soul into Thy hands." In this attitude he remained, without moving or uttering another sound, until Soyce struck him forcibly on the head with his halberd, and put an end to his sufferings.

A stone was set up on the common to mark the spot where he suffered with this inscription :—

" 1555. Dr. Taylor, in defending what was gode, at this plas left his blode."



BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

A SUFFOLK LEGEND.



HE Danes in the ninth century were the most frightful enemies that England had ever known. Strong, brave, ruthless, as cruel as they

were valiant, sparing neither woman nor babe, these heathens carried the Raven banner all along the south and eastern

shores of our island. In 870 their attacks were even more than ordinarily ferocious, and it is no marvel that in the liturgy of the Church ran the mournful petition, "From the fury of the Danes, Good Lord, deliver us;" for they had laid in ruins the Abbeys of Croyland, Medhamsted (Peterborough), Marney, Ramsey, and Ely, and ravaged the land with sword and fire. Their strategy was to occupy all the best stations on the coast, and then to post their forces across the island. They now attacked East Anglia. The East Anglians had at the time a king famed for his piety and integrity, a brave warrior also, who defended his people with great resolution. But overpowered by the myriads of red-haired warriors who came against him, Edmund was defeated and made captive. The battle was fought near Hoxne, in Suffolk, on the banks of the Waveney, near Eye.

"Being hotly pursued by his foes," says Sir Francis Palgrave in his charming Anglo-Saxon History, "the king fled to Hoxne, and attempted to conceal himself by crouching beneath a bridge, now called Goldbridge. The glitter of his golden spurs discovered him to a newly married couple, who were returning home by moonlight, and they be-

trayed him to the Danes. Edmund, as he was dragged from his hiding-place, pronounced a malediction upon all who should afterwards pass this bridge on their way to to be married, and so much regard is paid to this tradition by the folks of Hoxne, that now (1831), or at least within the last twenty years, no bride or bridegroom would venture along the forbidden path."

An account of Edmund's death was given by his sword-bearer, who lived to a great age, and was never weary of repeating the sad story to the courtiers of Athelstane. The Danes fettered and manacled the brave king, and treated him with every species of cruelty and insult. They, at last, offered him his life if he would deny Christ, and worship their gods; he firmly refused. He was cruelly scourged; then tied to a tree and shot at with arrows as at a mark; but this English St. Sebastian remained resolute in his faith, praying to Christ amidst all his sufferings, until, weary of cruelty, Inguair and Ubba struck off his head with an axe and threw it into the thicket.

Edmund was justly canonised as saint and martyr, and his name is still retained in the Church Calendar.

The ancient service contains the following legend:—

As soon after the martyrdom as possible, a party of his friends ventured into the wood to seek for his remains. They were searching everywhere all through the wood, when one cried in half-mocking despair, "Where art thou, comrade?" the ordinary cry of the woodman. To their amazement they heard an answer, "Here—here—here." They then constantly repeated the cry, and were always answered, till, following

the sound, they came to where Edmund's head lay between the fore paws of a great grey wolf,—a greedy, hungry beast,—but who dared not touch the head he held, but guarded it against wild beasts. "Then were they astonished at the wolf's guardianship." The animal let them take the head from him, and followed them as they bore it towards the town, as if he were tame, while they went, thanking God for all His wonders. When they reached the town the wolf left them and went back to his woods.

The remains were removed to a town originally called Badrichesworth, and there they were buried, the place, henceforward, taking the name of Bury St. Edmunds.

Canute, as if in atonement for the crime of his countrymen, founded here a monastery to St. Edmund, one of the most sumptuous then in England; a few fragments of it only remain; but the name of "Edmund" is a household name in Norfolk and Suffolk, attesting, perhaps, at first the reverential memory in which they hold St. Edmund.

FRAMLINGHAM CASTLE.



HIS castle is said to have been founded by Redwald, one of the most powerful of the kings of the East Angles, between 599 and 624.

It belonged from its first erection to the Crown, and it was to it that St. Edmund fled from the Danes in 870; but it was set on fire, and he was thus driven from it. He fled to Hoxne, about twelve miles from Framlingham, where he was discovered and martyred, as we have recorded in the last sketch. Framlingham Castle remained in the hands of the Danes until they were conquered by the Saxons.

William and Rufus kept the castle in their own possession, but Henry I. gave it to Roger de Bigod, in whose family it continued till another Roger de Bigod appeared, a most turbulent and troublesome subject. Edward I. made him resign this strong fortress again to the Crown. It is supposed that Framlingham was entirely rebuilt in the reign of Henry II., and the walls attest that it is of Nor-

man, not Saxon architecture. Edward II. gave the castle to his half-brother, Thomas Plantagenet, of Brotherton, from whom it descended to Thomas de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. From the Mowbrays it descended to the Howards, Sir Robert Howard having married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Mowbray. His son, John Howard, was created Earl Marshal and Duke of Norfolk, June 28th, 1483. He was the "Jockey of Norfolk" in Shakspeare's Richard III., and fell at the battle of Bosworth Field, 1485; his son being attainted, the castle became the property of Henry VII., who granted it to John de Vere, thirteenth Earl of Oxford, from whom it again returned to the Howards.

Thomas Howard, the third Duke of Norfolk, gave it to Henry VIII. "for the royal children." He saw that the Seymours would succeed in effecting his ruin, and he was resolved to disappoint them of Framlingham, of which they were covetous.

Edward VI. gave it to his sister Mary, and here she sought refuge and found safety when her young brother's death exposed her to the machinations of her

enemies—the Northumberland clique and the council.

She had a very narrow escape of losing her liberty and probably her life then, for the Duke of Northumberland, who had kept the dying Edward in a state of absolute thralldom, concealed his death for two days, and the council, at his instigation, wrote to Mary as if by command of the king, asking her to come to her brother, who was very ill, and earnestly desired the comfort of her presence. Mary at once set out to go to him, for she loved him almost with a mother's love; but young Throckmorton had overheard the duke talking from his bed to Sir John Gates early in the morning after the death of the young king. They were discussing the destination of the Princess Mary, and he heard Sir John exclaim sharply: "What, sir! Will you let the lady Mary escape and not secure her person?"

Young Throckmorton hurried home and told what he had heard to his father and brother. They all knew the king was dead, for Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, his elder brother, had been present at Edward's deathbed, and had returned from it in deep grief. They resolved to save Mary. They sent for her goldsmith, and persuaded him to meet her at Hoddesdon and tell her the true state of affairs. At first she feared the message was a trap to lure her into an act of treason by proclaiming herself queen in her brother's lifetime; but the elder Throckmorton soon appeared on the scene to confirm their messenger's story, and she believed his account of the deception just practised on her. She must fly at once, and she did. She diverged from the London road to Suffolk, taking the direction of Cambridgeshire as the nearest way to Bury St. Edmunds. They travelled late, she and her attendants, but at last, wearied and anxious, they reached Sawston Hall, near Cambridge, and by the advice of Andrew Huddlestone, one of her gentlemen, Mary asked hospitality of his relative, its owner, Mr. Huddlestone. He saw the danger he

ran in receiving her, but he at once admitted the royal fugitive. Tradition says that the princess left the house very early the next day in the disguise of a market woman, riding behind Mr. Huddlestone, who had put on the livery of one of his own servants. When she gained the rise called Gogmagog Hills she turned her steed and looked back at Sawston Hall. At that moment it burst into flames. The party adverse to her at Cambridge had attacked the house as soon as they had heard that it sheltered her, and set it on fire. She gazed at it undaunted. "Let it blaze," she said; "I will build Huddlestone a better." But unhappily she forgot her promise, or only partially redeemed it,



FRAMLINGHAM CASTLE.

for the present Sawston Hall was not finished when she died. Mary was received loyally at Bury St. Edmunds, but she did not stay there; she hastened on to her house in Norfolk, Kenning Hall. But this dwelling was much exposed, and could not be defended if attacked. Therefore Mary (after writing to the council) started for her castle of Framlingham, in Suffolk. It was twenty miles distant from Kenning Hall, but she never drew bridle till those twenty miles were achieved, and she had reached Framlingham, embosomed in the Suffolk woodlands. The treble circle of moats that girdle the town and fortress were then full and efficient, and the castle in good repair. The queen arrived at nightfall with her little train of cavalry, her knights and

their servants, and her ladies, and ascended by torchlight the woodland eminence on which Framlingham is built. They passed the mighty causeway, over two deep moats, and very soon afterwards the standard of England floated over its towers. The next day the chivalry of Suffolk gathered round their queen, and she was soon at the head of an army of 13,000 men, all volunteers and unpaid, though she ordered her captains if any man were in need to relieve him "as a gift."

Mary remained at Framlingham. The tide of popular feeling set in her favour; the fleet yielded its officers to the adherent of Mary who claimed them from Yarmouth as traitors, and her cause was everywhere successful. She left her castle of refuge, and made almost a triumphant progress from Suffolk to London, to take a crown with its cares and temptations and miseries, and the dreadful name it has brought her for all time.

The site of Framlingham Castle is a high mound, from whence springs the source of the river Orr. This stream supplied the three moats, which are in the summer season gaily enamelled with golden irises. On the edge of the mound is reared a magnificent circle of walls and towers enclosing an area of more than an acre.* The outer walls remain nearly entire at the present day. They are forty feet high, and more than eight feet thick, and there were once in them thirteen square towers.

After crossing a walled causeway over the double moat, and passing through the gateway, the spectator enters into the spacious area. To the right, nearly opposite, are seen several chimneys, whose

summits are hollow pillars of wreathed brickwork very elaborately wrought. The chimney of the state bedroom on the second floor still remains, and on one side of it is a recess about the size of a dressing-room with an arched window looking towards the east. This is declared by tradition to have been Mary's* chamber, but it was evidently the oriel or private oratory pertaining to her state chamber which was the room to which the chimney belonged.†

The defences consisted of the outer and inner moats, the latter running close to the walls save where the mere, on the west side, protected it. The outer wall of the ancient building alone remains. The Rev. C. Hartshorne, who was a very distinguished and learned antiquary, was of opinion that there was a keep to the castle, and that it stood in the south-east angle. The barbican appears to have been built in the reign of Henry VIII., probably by the Duke of Norfolk, who erected the church at Framlingham about that time. The seats of the warders are in good preservation, though the work is dilapidated.

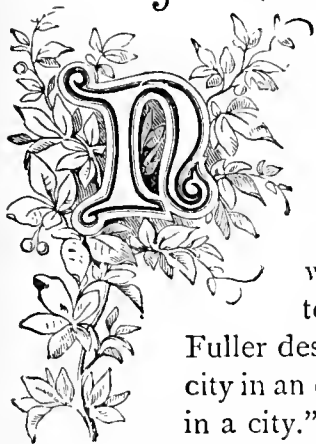
James I. granted Framlingham to the first Baron Howard de Walden, youngest son of the fourth Duke of Norfolk. He was created Earl of Suffolk in 1603, but he made Audley Inn his abode, and the castle fell to decay. His son sold it to Sir Robert Hitcham, senior sergeant to James I., who bequeathed it in 1636 to the master and scholars of Pembroke College in trust for charitable use. Thus the castle was never repaired when it would have been possible to preserve so interesting and noble a pile.

* Miss Strickland.

* Mary Tudor's.

† Miss Strickland, 1849.

NORWICH AND CAISTOR CASTLES.



NORWICH is built on an eminence, and covers a large space of ground, with openings planted with trees, and many towers of churches.

Fuller describes it as "either a city in an orchard, or an orchard in a city." At its foot runs the river Wensum. Norwich rose on the decay of Caister or Caster St. Edmund's, now a small village three miles from the town. An old rhyme records that—

"Caister was a city when Norwich was none,
And Norwich was built of Caister stone."

Thetford was the metropolis of East Anglia, but Norwich was one of its best towns, and its kings erected a royal fortress there on a promontory on the shore of the estuary of the sea, which is now in the centre of the town, and called the Castle Hill. The town grew, as towns always did beneath the protecting shadow of a fortress, and by the time of Edward the Confessor, Norwich exceeded in wealth and population every town in England, except London and York.

The castle (standing as we have said on a lofty eminence, now in the middle of the city) is of Norman construction, and was undoubtedly built on the site of the strong fortress erected by Uffa, the first King of East Anglia, about 575; the fact that lands were granted to the monastery of Ely, in 677, charged with castle guard to Norwich Castle supports this theory.

In the Conqueror's reign Norwich Castle was entrusted to Ralf de Guader, Earl of Norfolk, but he rebelled, according to the wont of William's barons, was defeated, and

fled from Norwich, where he took shipping to Bretagne. His wife bravely defended the castle, but was at last obliged to capitulate.

The constablenesship of the castle was then given to Roger de Bigod, or Bigot, who is believed to have built the keep. He held the castle after the Conqueror's death for Robert of Normandy, William Rufus's elder brother, but at the peace of 1091 Roger accepted a pardon from the Red King, and retained the castle. He is supposed to have proposed and aided in the removal of the bishopric of the East Angles from Thetford to Norwich, and to have founded the cathedral. Henry I. granted the city a charter, and soon after the Flemings appeared in the town, and established the woollen manufacture. Except for a short interval, Norwich Castle remained under the rule of the Bigods till the reign of Henry III.; though John seized the castle during the Barons' Insurrection. After John's death the city was taken by the Dauphin Louis, but when he had retired from the kingdom, it was restored to the Bigods. In 1224, one of the family surrendered the castle to the king. It was made the common prison, but is now used as a museum. The keep is 110 feet 3 inches from east to west, and 92 feet 10 inches from north to south; the height to the battlements is 69 feet 10 inches. On its east side there is a projecting tower called Bigod's Tower, and upon the upper ballium are the remains of two circular towers fourteen feet in diameter. The keep has been refaced, and Bigod's Tower restored.

Caistor Castle is one of the four chief castles of Norfolk. It is situated near Yarmouth. It is built of brick, and is

thought to be one of the oldest brick buildings in the kingdom.

But it has been given a much later date, some antiquarians ascribing its erection to Sir John Fastolfe, an officer who served in the wars of Henry V. and Henry VI. It became at last the possession of Sir John Paston, and was twice besieged in the Wars of the Roses. This gentleman—Sir John Paston—was one of the writers of the

celebrated Paston letters, from which we derive so much knowledge of the dark period to which they relate. An embattled tower at the north-west corner, one hundred feet high, and the north and west walls alone remain.

Caistor was once a place of great importance, and the abode of the kings of East Anglia. Edmund, the Saxon King, also kept his court here.



CAISTOR CASTLE.

CROMER.



FROM Norwich a railway now takes us to Cromer, passing through the pretty village of Thorpe, on the Yare, Wroxham, North Walsham, and Gunton. Cromer is situated on the north-east point of the Norfolk coast, nine miles from North Walsham; ten miles from Holt; eleven miles from Aylsham; twenty-two north of Norwich,

and a hundred and thirty miles N.W. from London. It is a most picturesque and interesting place, built on lofty cliffs, sixty feet high nearest the town, and sheltered on three sides by an amphitheatre of hills, nearly covered with trees, and having the German Ocean stretching in wide, glorious expanse before it.

For some centuries the sea has encroached on this coast. In the reign of William the Norman Cromer formed part of the lordship and parish of Shipden, a large village, and must therefore

have been situated some distance from the sea ; but this village and its church (St. Peter's) were swallowed up by the advancing waves, it is supposed in the reign of Henry IV. At very low tides, a large mass of the wall of the church is still to be seen nearly half a mile from the cliffs ; the fishermen call it Church Rock, and it is certainly composed of the squared flints used in building Cromer Church. The sea has made rapid raids on Cromer cliffs. In 1611 many great masses of land were washed away ; in 1799, several large slips, or "shoots" as they are called, were made by the lighthouse cliffs, which rise two hundred and twenty-two feet above the sea, and these slips brought down with them more than half an acre of ground. A similar slip took place in January, 1825, when an immense mass fell from the cliff with great force on the beach. The fall was awfully sudden and quite unexpected ; no sign had been given of it, nor any fissure perceived ; happily, though the coastguard kept watch on the beach beneath it all night, the watcher was not on the spot when the fall occurred, and no lives were lost. A rapid and large stream of water issued from the rent cliff, falling on the beach with great violence. In August, 1832, the lighthouse cliff again lost a huge mass, and the master and brethren of the Trinity House were so alarmed for the safety of the lighthouse, that they built another two hundred and eighty yards further inland. Their precaution was wise, as the old lighthouse fell and was swallowed up in a landslide in 1866.

The new lighthouse is fifty-two feet high, and is situated about two hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. It has on the top a lantern with thirty lamps in it, in three divisions, placed in plated copper reflectors, which make an entire revolution every three minutes, consequently a full light streams over the sea every minute. The light can be seen twenty-seven miles out at sea ; but probably by the time this book is published, the electric light will gleam from it upon the waves of the North Sea. Birds are much

attracted by a lighthouse, and swarm round the lantern. The floating light off Happisburgh is twelve miles to the east, and it can be seen from Cromer.

Terrible dangers are occasionally incurred by the people who dwell so near the ocean. In February, 1837, a terrific storm swept away a subscription room, bath-house and other buildings on the beach, and on the next morning the cliff, being undermined, fell, bringing a house with it. An Act of Parliament was applied for to build an immensely thick sea-wall. The Act passed, and Mr. Wright, the famous engineer, built it ; breakwaters were also erected, and a new jetty. A fine esplanade now stretches the whole length of the cliffs, and everything gives an assurance of safety. The new jetty is reached from the beach by a flight of stone steps, and there is a path from the town on the sloping cliff, securely railed in, that leads to it. It is the favourite promenade of the visitors to Cromer. Here the glorious and ever-changing sea spreads in a vast plain before them, or billows dash on the beach, and the surface is covered with "white horses." From the esplanade the sun can be seen to set in the sea in all its glorious hues of crimson, gold, saffron and purple ; or we can watch it rise from the ocean in the morning ; for Cromer possesses the strange advantage of seeing the sun rise and set in the sea ; at least in summer. There are fine sands and excellent bathing here.

Nothing more magnificent can be conceived that the sea view on one side, and the great broken cliffs on the other.

But this is a very dangerous coast, as may be perceived when we remember how many lighthouses there are between this place and Yarmouth, every effort being made to prevent vessels from being driven into Cromer Bay, which has received the alarming nickname of the Devil's Throat. Lifeboats are always in readiness along this coast, and the fishermen are daring and noble fellows, always ready to risk their lives for those in peril on the sea.

There are, however, many ships constantly passing on the silent highway before Cromer that enliven the scene with the presence of human life.

There are many organic and fossil remains to be found on this coast, and wild flowers grow in abundance in the neighbourhood; some are rare and worth seeking, amongst them is the wild yellow tulip, a very gay and lovely flower, brightening the meadows and the banks of hedges.

A quantity of beautiful seaweed is constantly washed up and left on the shore; this is collected in heaps and used for manure. Jet is often found here after a storm, and amber has been picked up also; some friends of ours once found a quantity of topazes entangled in seaweeds on this coast; jasper, cornelian, aqua marine, and agates of great beauty are sometimes picked up on the beach, and the common pebbles take a fine polish.

There are few shells except fossils, but the living periwinkle is gathered in great quantities on the rocks at low water, and sea-anemones are found of rare beauty.

Cromer Church dates from Henry IV.'s reign. It is built of square flints, and has a nave and two aisles. The tower is a hundred and fifty-nine feet high; it is square, and the top is embattled. The

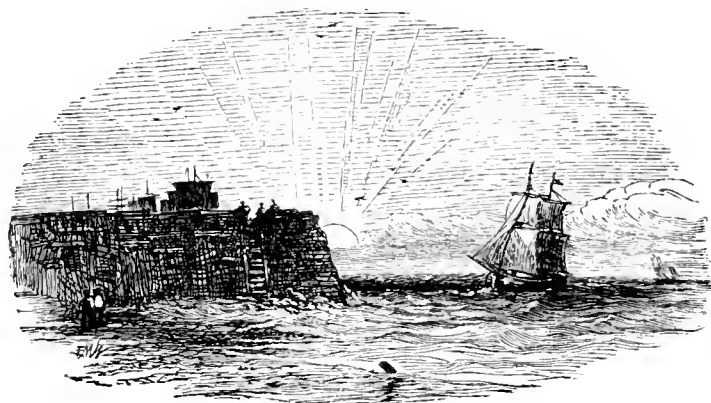
entrance is a very fine piece of architecture. The church has been restored within the last thirty years.

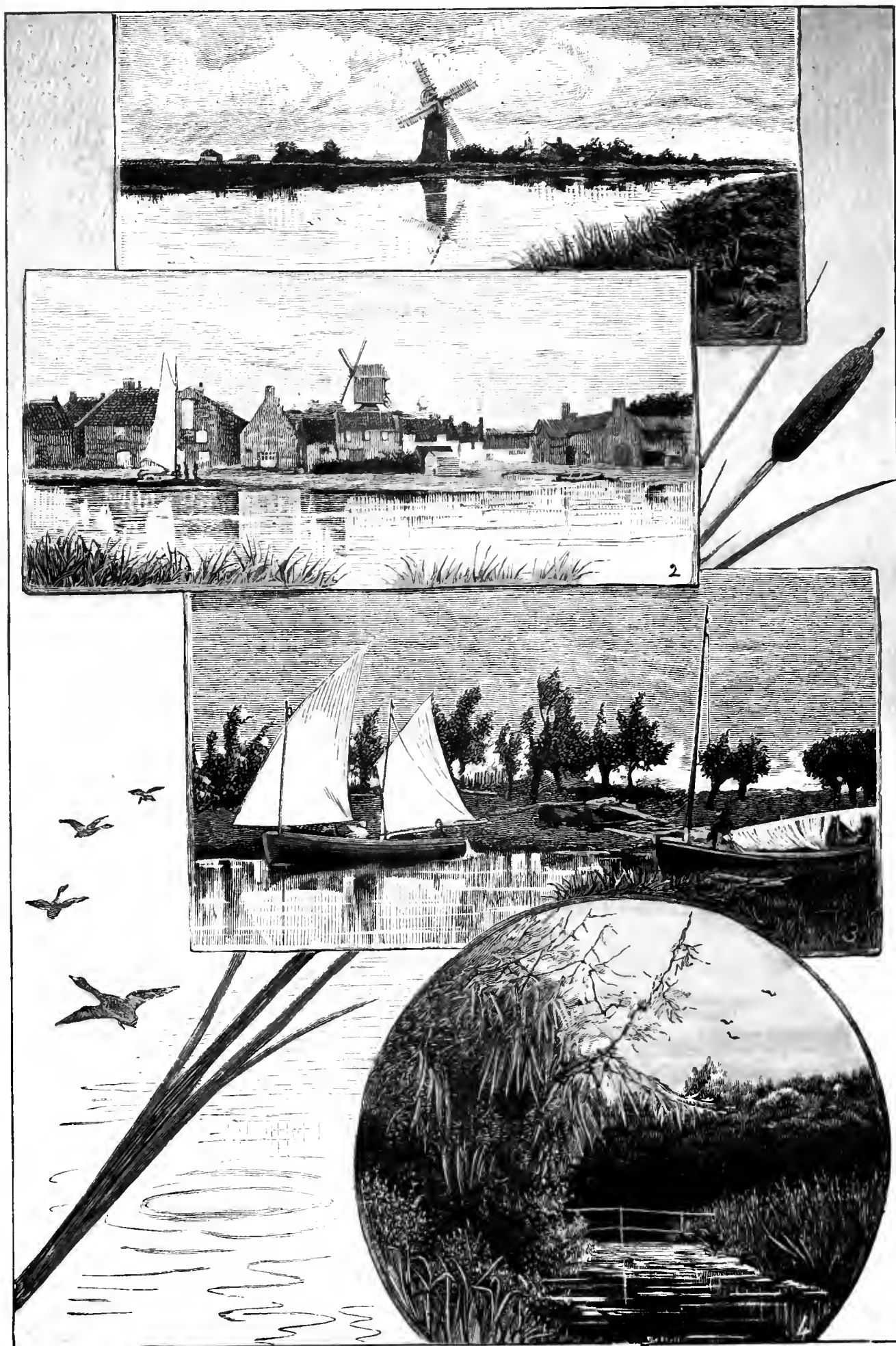
A mariner of Cromer, Roger Bacon by name, is said to have discovered Iceland in the reign of Henry IV., and to have been the seaman who took young Prince James of Scotland prisoner on his way to France, to which his father, King Robert, had sent him to save him from the machinations of the Duke of Albany, who had murdered his elder brother. We have seen how James found a home, and finally a queen, at Windsor.

The sea is, after all, the finest adjunct a landscape can have, and the North Sea open, and at times mighty in wrath, forms perhaps the finest seascape we have.

It gives an idea of immensity and power, and of the Divine might that keeps it within its fixed bounds, or suffers it to creep into the land. We cannot help thinking of Byron's powerful lines as we gaze on it.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore. Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and un-
known.





THE NORFOLK BROADS.

THE BROADS OF NORFOLK:

THEIR BEAUTY AND PECULIARITY.



ENGLAND has, in miniature, scenery representative of that of nearly every European country. While the hills and lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland are tiny replicas of the great Swiss mountains and lakes, flat, marshy Norfolk presents us with Dutch pictures, some of which have a quiet charm and beauty that must not be ignored.

The Broads, as the Norfolk lakes are called, cannot be seen without admiration; the expanse of tranquil water, the beautiful reed borders, the mills that dot the marshes, and the cattle feeding on the plains, are worthy of a landscape painter's best skill. The levels of the rivers are frequently above the land, and thousands of acres of rich pastures are only saved from inundation by embankments, as Holland is saved by her dykes. The rivers also are slow of current, wide and navigable for vessels of large burden, such as small steamers, billyboys, and wherries, as a Norfolk sailing barge is termed. The chief rivers are the Yare, which winds inward for thirty miles to the city of Norwich; the Bure, or North River, which, after a long and winding course, leaves the marsh-land and enters a richly wooded country; and to the south the Waveney, a clear stream that flows past Beccles and Bungay, in Suffolk. The banks of these rivers are fringed with tall reeds, in which grow and bloom many varieties of salallows and sedge, and they flow through miles of level marsh, where nothing is to be seen but the white sails of yachts and the dark sails of the wherries.

The Norfolk wherries are of peculiar

build. They are long, low, and shallow rather flat-bottomed, but sharp at the stem and stern. They have one mast, stepped forward and weighted at the foot, so that it can be lowered to pass under bridges and be raised again. This mast has one immense sail, black or red-brown. These boats sail very fast with a fair wind, their black or tan sails gliding up or down the stream steadily; they are generally worked by two men who live on board, but when the wind is not fair, we see the boatmen using the long pole, called a "quant," for moving the vessel along. This pole has a large knob at one end to push with; while to prevent the quant from sinking too deep in the mud, there is a shoulder "cot" or cap at the end in the water. The boatmen are strong and skilful, and use this kind of boat-hook with great ease and success.

The great flatness of Norfolk, and the sluggish course of the rivers caused by it, originate the Broads, pools of water of various extent in the marsh—sometimes covering acres of land, in other times not bigger than a large fishpond. They lie chiefly in the north-eastern part of Norfolk and in a portion of Suffolk. The word "Broad" is provincial, and only used in Norfolk and Suffolk, and is better "translated" by the word "lagoon" than by "lake."

All these Broads are shallow, and surrounded by aquatic vegetation, reeds, rushes, bulrushes, and flags, which are the haunt of many rare birds, and swarm with water-fowl. Here, also, land first the migratory birds coming from other lands, and many of these are rarely seen elsewhere in England. The Broads abound with fish—large pike, perch, and bream.

Of these Broads, one of the most beautiful is South Walsham Broad. It belongs to the network of Broads that line each side of the river Bure from St. Benedict's Abbey to Wroxham. It is almost surrounded by trees, some of which rise in a gentle elevation, and above them we catch a glimpse of two churches that occupy the same churchyard. On the left is a velvety smooth lawn of some gentleman's seat sloping to the water, the lovely surface of which is covered in places with exquisite water lilies. The calm and sweetness and sense of home beauty on this small Broad must strike every one.

Returning to the river, and going up to the left, a dyke is reached, which leads to Ranworth Broad. This one is larger than South Walsham, and equal to it in quiet loveliness.

Four other Broads cluster here, but are not especially worthy of notice, the river itself being much more picturesque, winding from Salhouse to Wroxham between wooded banks edged with tall rushes, with pretty glimpses of scenery caught between the trees. Passing through a narrow opening, on each side of which grow reeds seven feet high, we find ourselves on the spacious waters of Wroxham Broad, a grand expanse, surrounded by gigantic reeds and with masses of trees that come down to the water's edge on one side; while on the other is the great marsh, stretching miles and miles, with its tall waving reed beds, its tracts of white cotton grasses, and the many coloured marsh grasses that the wind sweeps over, changing repeatedly their hue and sheen, while the sun brings out on them golden red gleams of light. Gazing on this great marsh-land, we must allow that it has a strange picturesqueness peculiar to itself.

Here and there the dark sails of the wherries, or the snowy canvas of yachts, are seen above the reeds and lower foliage moving to and fro, though the water on which they sail is not visible.

At one end of this Broad is a maze of

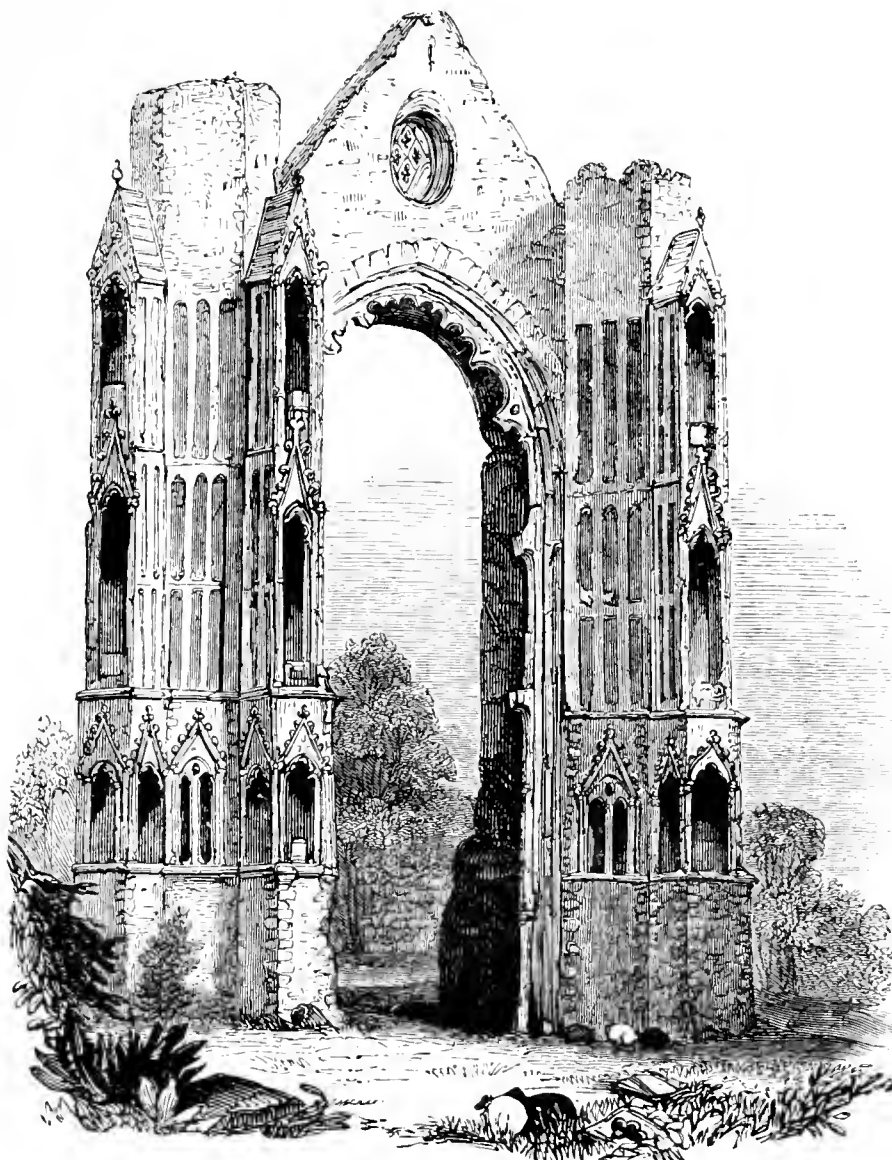
wooded islands and banks covered with ferns; the water is crowned, too, with white and golden lilies and the more pointed leaves of the arrow head; and many coloured flowers—some rare specimens—nestle amidst the plants and reeds that fringe the water, forget-me-nots and speedwells raising their blue eyes from amongst them.

Birds and insects are found on the Broads in great numbers. All the water-fowls—the land birds who are but visitors—the butterflies and dragonflies, and all other creatures that haunt the reeds or build on the shores, make the Broads instinct with life and the sounds of life; the call of birds in spring, the incessant cry of the cuckoo that in great numbers haunts the Broads. Blackheaded gulls breed in multitudes, and make much noise; swans float also on the calm waters silent and graceful; and snipes make a strange bleating in the air. These sounds increase about twilight, when the water fowl come from their hiding-places; the reed-wrens sing shrilly in the reeds; the reed buntings chatter; the coots and water-hens croak.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the sense of the fecundity of nature, and the fulness of life more strongly awakened; nowhere are we more impressed with the power of the great Giver of Life than on these Broads at eventide.

The vegetation of the banks and water adds greatly to the beauty of these lagoons. They are edged with reeds ten feet high; flags wave their yellow flowers; tall, smooth rushes whisper in the breeze; sweet sedge, with its curious catkins, is there; all kinds of grasses; foxgloves, and tall spikes of purple loosestrife; and dense clusters of white, sweetly-scented meadow-sweet, forget-me-nots, and speed-wells.

In fact, the naturalist, the botanist, and the landscape painter may well rejoice in the Broads of Norfolk, of which there are many more; but a description of one or two suffices generally for a description of all.



WALSINGHAM ABBEY.

WALSINGHAM ABBEY.

THE chapel or shrine of our Lady of Walsingham was, in its day, one of the richest in the world.

Roger Ascham, when visiting Cologne in 1550, says, "The Three Kings"—the famous Cathedral of the Magi—"be not so rich, I believe, as was the Lady at Walsingham."

The number of pilgrims who

yearly went to Walsingham was enormous. Thither penitents hurried for absolution, or persons in trouble to pray for aid. The image of the Virgin in the small chapel, "in all respects like to the *Santa Casa* at Nazareth, where the Virgin was saluted by the angel Gabriel," was the chief attraction; pilgrimages to this shrine exceeded those made to St. Thomas à Becket's, and large endowments and costly gifts enriched the priory.

Pilgrims from all nations came to this sacred place, and several of our English

sovereigns visited it. Even Henry VIII., at the commencement of his reign, with Queen Katherine, paid his devotions here.

Spelman, the antiquary, tells us that the king walked to Walsingham barefoot from Baseham, a distance of about three miles, it being a condition that if the pilgrim would benefit by his pilgrimage it must be made barefooted. Henry presented a valuable necklace to the image. It is supposed that the riches and splendour of Walsingham greatly impressed the king's mind, and tempted him to precipitate its fall. Cromwell seized the image and burned it at Chelsea. We wonder what became of the necklace!

The monks persuaded the people that the Milky Way in the heavens was a symbol of the road to this shrine, and the populace took to calling the starry road "the Walsingham way."

Erasmus visited Walsingham in 1511, and has described it in a mocking dialogue.

The pilgrims entered the sacred precincts by a low, narrow wicket, which was made purposely difficult to pass, as a precaution against robberies from the shrine. On the gate in which the little wicket opened was nailed a copper image of a knight on horseback, whose miraculous preservation on the spot by the Virgin was one of the legends of the place. To the east of the gate was a small chapel where any pilgrim who liked to pay for it was allowed to kiss a gigantic bone, said to have been the finger bone of St. Peter! After this he was conducted to a thatched building enclosing two wells, which had the repute of curing headaches and indigestion; and also for the miraculous power of insuring to the pilgrim whatever wish he might make while drinking the water. The building itself was said to have been transported there miraculously from the north in a deep snow-storm; and as a proof of it an old bear skin attached to one of the beams was pointed out to the visitor.

In the Chapel of the Virgin the celebrated statue of Our Lady stood on the

right of the altar. The chapel had only artificial light from numbers of tapers which dimly revealed the sacred image surrounded by gold and jewels. The air was strongly perfumed with incense. The pilgrim knelt on the steps of the altar, offered up his prayer and laid his offering on them and passed on. A priest stood in readiness to take the offering, "lest," we are told, "the next comer might steal it while depositing his own offering."

The Virgin and her Son bowed their heads, and Erasmus says it appeared as if they gave them a nod of approbation. Amongst the treasures of Walsingham were a silver statue on horseback, of Bartholomew, Lord Burghersh, ordered by his will in 1396 to be offered to Our Lady; and a kneeling figure of Henry VII. in silver gilt, given during his lifetime. The visitors at the Dissolution took possession of all these treasures for the king.

There are some fine remains of the abbey: a richly ornamented door that may have formed the east end of the church; the western entrance gateway to the monastery; the walls with windows and arches of the refectory; a Norman arch, with zigzag mouldings, remain. The joint excavations of Mr. H. I. L. Warner and Mr. Harrod have brought to light the west end of the church of the early decorated or early English period. The refectory and dormitory crypt are pure decorated; the west end has a noble window. The east end is early perpendicular. In the choir are a red and yellow glazed tile pavement, buttresses, and crypt.

A BALLAD OF WALSINGHAM.

"As you came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you with my true love
By the way you came?"

"How should I know your true love,
That have met many a one,
As I came from the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?"

"She's neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine
On the earth, in the air."

"Such a one did I meet, good sir,
With angel-like face ;
Who like a queen did appear
In her gait, in her grace."

"She hath left me here all alone,
All alone and unknown,
Who sometime loved me as her life,
And called me her own."

"What's the cause she hath left thee alone,
And a new way doth take,
That sometime did love thee as her life,
And her joy did thee make?"

"I loved her all my youth,
But now am old, as you see ;
Love liketh not the fallen fruit,
Nor the withered tree."

"For love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past ;
He is blind, he is deaf, when he list,
And in faith never fast."

"For love is a great delight,
And yet a trustless joy ;
He is won with a word of despair,
And is lost with a toy."

"Such is the love of womankind,
Or the word abused,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excused."

"But love is a durable fire
In the mind ever burning ;
Never sick, never dead, never cold,
From itself never turning."

Child's English and Scottish Ballads.

ALTON TOWERS.



THIS extremely beautiful and noble dwelling is situated in Staffordshire, near the borders of Derbyshire.

The routes to Alton Towers run from Manchester, Derby and the Staffordshire Potteries, and, though springing from centres of industry, are of themselves so pretty that they prepare the traveller for the extremely charming and even splendid place to which they conduct him. From Manchester we travel by Stockport, Macclesfield, Leek and Oakamoor, through the charming valley of the Churnet ; if we go from Derby we pass Sudbury, with its grand old church and castellated ruins, and the other route is equally picturesque.

The gate or entrance from the Uttoxeter Road Quicksall Lodge ushers the visitor into a magnificent approach to the Towers, called the Earl's Drive. It is three miles long, and leads along the vale of the Churnet ; at last the conservatory by the

house is seen, and then the Towers of Alton appear through the trees—spire and arcade, dome and gable.

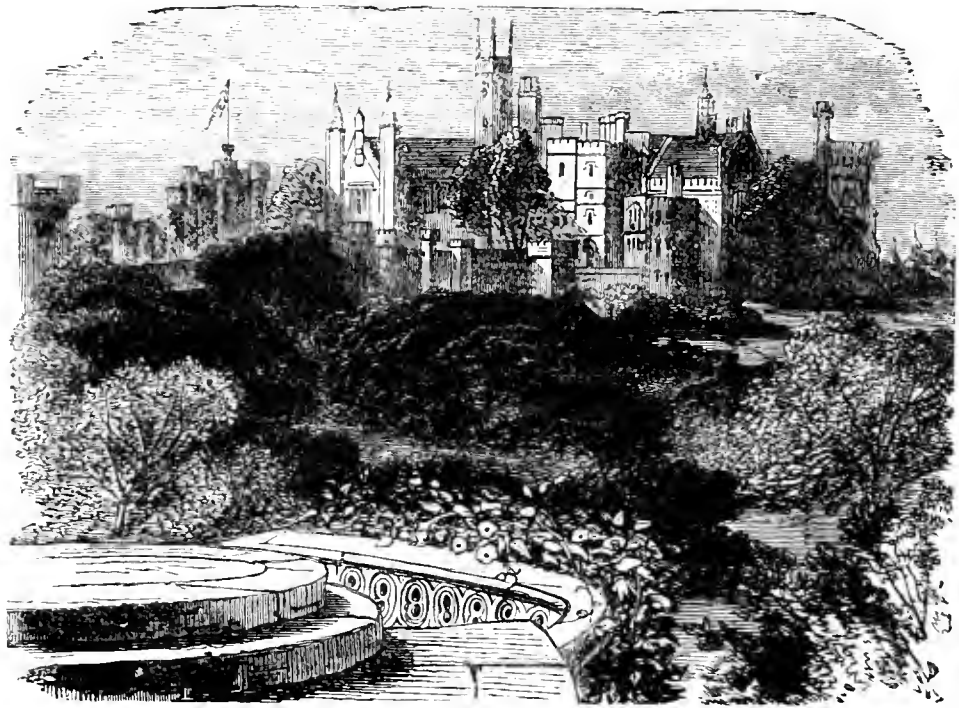
The gardens of Alton are wonderfully beautiful, a perfect specimen of the landscape gardener's work, and they are ornamented with temples, fountains, statues and exquisite vases. The chief conservatory contains a palm house and an orangery. Among the ornaments of the gardens is the Gothic temple, four stories high. A magnificent view is obtained from the top : the Flag Tower, which is a massive building, with four turrets, and is six stories high, is also a prospect tower.

There is an imitation of Stonehenge ; Ina's Rock, at which, after a great battle with the king of Mercia, Ina, king of the West Saxons, held a parliament ; and in the vicinity of the Towers is Alton Castle, with the picturesque ruins of some monastic buildings in which the early lords of Alton are buried. Alton Church, a Norman building, is beautifully situated, and is also near the castle. Demon's Dale, a valley to which many extraordinary legends belong, and Croxden Abbey, a grand old ruin founded in 1176, are both in the near vicinity. This

abbey was founded by Bertram de Verdun, the first Norman baron who was owner of the manor and stronghold of Alton.

He obtained Alton by marriage, for it had been restored by the Norman sovereign to the original Saxon possessors, and Rohesia, the daughter and heiress of the last of these, married Bertram, who thus became its lord. Rohesia died in 1215, leaving amongst other children, Nicholas, whose descendants contracted an alliance with the Lacies of Meath, Ireland. One of these,

Theobald de Verdun, was Baron Verdun in 1306. He had three daughters, one of whom married Thomas, Lord Furnival, and took him as her portion, Alton. Lord Furnival was fined £200 for marrying this lady without the royal permission. Through a female descendant the estates and title passed to Thomas Neville, who became thus fifth Baron Furnival. His eldest daughter Maude, "the lady of Hallamshire," married in 1408 Sir John Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, and conveyed Alton to the



ALTON TOWERS, FROM THE TERRACE.

Talbots, who have been in possession of it for five centuries. This Sir John Talbot was the great warrior who was called the scourge of France, and with whose name French mothers hushed their babes. He was slain with his son at the siege of Chatillon, in the eightieth year of his age.

George, seventh Earl of Shrewsbury, married the famous Bess of Hardwick, who built Chatsworth and Hardwick Hall. She was the daughter of John Hardwick, of Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire.

To this nobleman Elizabeth confided the safe keeping of Mary, Queen of Scots.

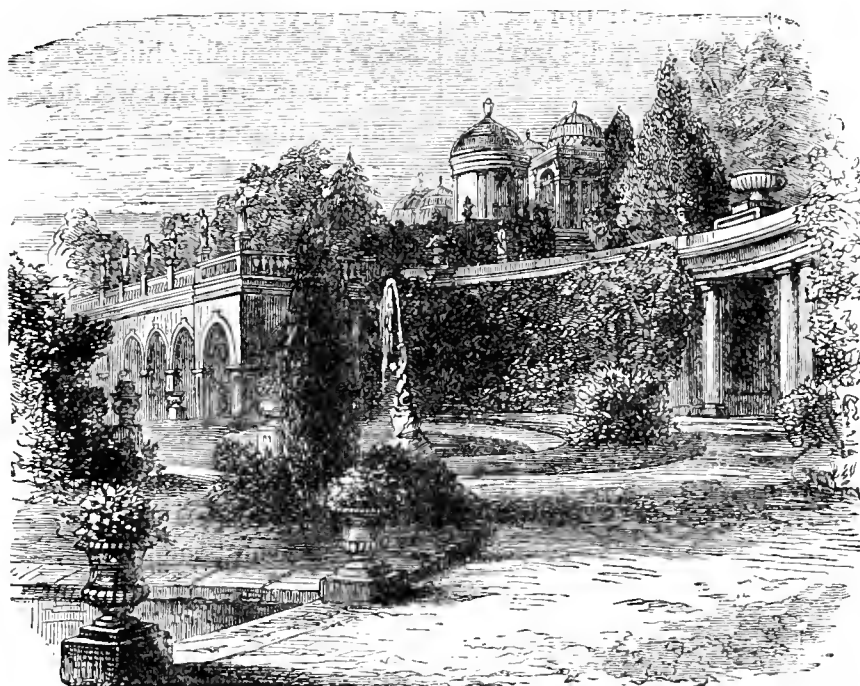
He was succeeded by his son, who died childless, and the estates passed to George Talbot, of Grafton, who succeeded as ninth earl. By regular descent the title passed to the twelfth earl, who was created Duke of Shrewsbury and Marquis of Alton by George I., but as he died without issue the dukedom and marquise became extinct.

In 1858 Earl Talbot established his claim to the estates, and his son was the nineteenth earl.

Alton Towers were not the old home of the family; they were built by the fifteenth

earl, a man of extraordinary taste and judgment. The castle of the De Verduns stood on an eminence; where the Towers stand was then the plain dwelling of the steward. The earl perceived that this spot

afforded great capabilities of building, and space for the landscape gardener, and he erected this magnificent home. He merited the inscription on his beautiful cenotaph "He made the desert smile."



THE CONSERVATORIES AND ALCOVE (ALTON).

TAMWORTH.



TAMWORTH is picturesquely situated at the confluence of the rivers Tame and Anker, in Staffordshire.

In the time of the kingdom of Mercia it was a royal village, and the favourite residence of their kings. Offa, the greatest of these sovereigns, resided at Tamworth, and dates a charter to the Monks of Worcester from it.

By an invasion of the Danes Tamworth was entirely destroyed, but the wonderful

Ethelfleda, the daughter of Alfred, rebuilt the town in 913, after she had by her valour freed the king's dominions from the pirates.

She built a tower also on part of the artificial mound on which the castle was afterwards erected, and here she dwelt till her death. She was one of the noblest women to whom England has given birth, and the greatest benefactor the Saxons knew. Wherever a town was destroyed Ethelfleda built it up; was a place defenceless and exposed, she fortified it. She died in 920, and two years later Tamworth and all the Mercian towns and tribes sub-

mitted to the power of Ethelfleda's brother, Edward.

The town, even as late as the reign of Henry VIII., was built of timber.

The poet Michael Drayton was born in this neighbourhood, on the banks of the Anker; he probably took his name from Drayton, a place on the western border of the county. Drayton Bassett and Drayton Manor are two of the finest seats in Staffordshire.

Near Drayton is Bloreheath, where the Lancastrians and Yorkists fought one of the battles of the Roses; the former were commanded by Lord Audley and the latter by the Earl of Salisbury. Queen Margaret watched the battle from a neighbouring steeple, and saw the Lancastrians fly.

The town and castle of Tamworth were bestowed by the Conqueror on Robert de Marmion,* one of his most devoted followers. Marmion had also the manor of Scrivelsby, in Lincolnshire, granted to him. Both these estates were held on champion service, that is, their possessor had to attend at the coronation of every king on horseback, and to defy any one who should object to the rightful title of the sovereign, throwing down his glove as a challenge. This service had hitherto been paid by the ancestors of Marmion to the Dukes of Normandy, and was continued till the reign of William IV.

"This Robert being settled at Tamworth," says Sir Walter Scott, "expelled the nuns he found here to Oldbury, about four miles distant. A year after this he gave a costly entertainment at Tamworth Castle to a party of friends, among whom was Sir Walter de Somerville, Lord of Whichover, his sworn brother. Now it happened that as he lay in his bed St. Edith appeared to him in the habit of a veiled nun, with a crozier in her hand, and advertised him that if he did not restore the Abbey of Polesworth (which lay within the territories

of his Castle of Tamworth) unto her successors, he should have an evil death and go to hell; and that he might be more sensible of this her admonition, she smote him on the side with the point of her crozier, and so vanished away. Moreover, by this stroke being much wounded, he cried out so loudly that his friends in the house arose; and finding him extremely tormented with the pain of his wound, advised him to confess himself to a priest, and vow to restore the nuns to their former possessions. Furthermore, having done so, his pain ceased, and in accomplishment of his vow (accompanied by Sir Walter de Somerville and others) he forthwith rode to Oldbury, and craving pardon of the nuns for the injury done, brought them back to Polesworth, desiring that himself and his friend, Sir Walter de Somerville, might be regarded as their patrons, and hence have burial for themselves and their heirs in this abbey, viz., the Marmions in the chapter house, and the Somervilles in the cloister. However some circumstances of this story may seem fabulous, the substance of it is perfectly true, for it appears by the very words of his charter that he gave to Osanna, the prioress."

We are bound to believe that he was wounded, and restored the priory, but we think the strong hand that could so severely wound, could not have belonged to gentle St. Edith.

A singular fate befell his son and heir, Robert. He and the Earls of Chester were deadly enemies. The Lords of Chester had a noble seat at Coventry, not very far from Marmion's castle. Robert Marmion entered the priory there, which was, we suppose, under the earl's protection, or on his land; he (Marmion) drove out the monks, fortified the priory, and dug deep ditches in the adjacent fields, which he covered lightly with branches and earth, so that any horseman approaching might be entrapped. But it so happened that he was caught in his own snare, for as he rode out to examine the Earl of Chester's forces,

* Scott used the name for one of his finest poems, but assures us that the character was wholly imaginary.

which were approaching to attack him, he forgot the exact situation of the ditches, and fell into one. He broke his thigh by the fall, and was unable to release himself; and thus he remained till a soldier saw him, seized him, and cut off his head.

Four generations of Marmions possessed Tamworth after this unlucky Robert, and then the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in Edward I.'s reign.

The Tamworth family had meantime lost the championship. Baldwin de Freville, fourth Lord of Tamworth, had claimed it; but it was adjudged to belong to the Manor of Scrivelsby, and as that had descended to the Dymocks through a co-heiress of Robert de Marmion, it was decreed that Sir John Dymock was hereditary Champion of England, and the honour remains in his family to the present day, Mr. Dymock being always addressed as "Champion."

The family and possessions of Freville became merged in the Earls of Ferrers; and has subsequently become the possession of the Marquis Townsend, in right of the heiress of the Comptons.

The present Castle of Tamworth stands on an elevation, and has an air of grandeur about it; its architecture is of different periods. The exterior is in tolerable repair, and the hall is perfect, but rude and comfortless in appearance.

Leland says, speaking in the time of Henry VIII., "The base court and great

ward of the castle is cleane decayed, and the wall fallen downe, and therein be now but houses of office of noe notable building. The dungeon hill yet standeth, and a great round tower of stone, wherein Mr. Ferrers dwelleth, and now repaireth it."

There are fine bay windows in the drawing and dining rooms, and the views from these over the river at the foot of the castle mount are very fine. Around the dining-room are emblazoned the arms of the family.

The name of Tamworth is immortalised by being mentioned in Shakspeare. On a plain near the town Richmond halted his forces on his march to Bosworth Field, and the poet makes him thus address his followers:—

"This foul swine *

Lies now even in the centre of the isle
Near to the town of Leicester, for, as we learn,
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody trial of sharp war."

—Rich. III. *Act v. Scene iii.*

The great and excellent statesman, Sir Robert Peel, was member for Tamworth for many years, and his constituents, proud of his fame and grateful for all he did for them, have erected his statue by subscription in their town. It stands in the Market Place with its back to London and its face towards the place of his birth; on the right is the church he attended, and on the left Drayton Manor, the noble dwelling he built.

* Richard III.'s cognizance was a boar.



WARWICK CASTLE;

AND THE LEGENDARY GUY.



WARWICK Castle, associated with so much of our national history, is a perfect specimen of the noble fortified dwellings of past ages. It is situated in the immediate vicinity of the ancient town of Warwick. It stands most picturesquely on a rocky eminence about forty feet high, overhanging the Avon. Seen from the bridge nothing can be more striking than the great building, with its lofty round towers, their base almost hidden by great old trees.

The present approach to the castle is through a recently erected gateway, called the Porter's Lodge; passing in by it we find ourselves in a broad road cut in the solid rock; above our heads extend the branches of old trees, making the wide road almost a pleached avenue, while moss and ivy at the roots, growing in wild luxuriance, add a natural charm to the spot.

A sudden turn in the road and we are at the outer court, and the stupendous line of ramparts and lofty towers rise before us.

On the right is the polygon tower, dedicated to Earl Guy, having walls ten feet thick and a base of thirty feet in diameter. It is 128 feet high; on the left is Cæsar's Tower, still quite perfect, though more than eight hundred years old.

An embattled wall connects it with Guy's Tower, in the centre of which is the great gateway flanked by towers. Then comes a second gateway, with towers and battlements rising above the first. In front is a now disused moat, crossed by an arch where formerly was the drawbridge. The gates were

formerly defended by two portcullises; one of these still remains.

We are now in the inner court, which is rather an enclosed lawn of rich verdure; on the left is Cæsar's Tower, on the right, Guy's. On one side is an artificial mound, covered with trees and shrubs and surmounted by an ancient tower.

Open flights of steps and broad walks on the ramparts are the means of communication throughout the castle.

The rooms inhabited by the family extend *en suite* 330 feet in length, and from the windows the most charming views are obtained.

The stately building at the north-west angle, called Guy's House, was erected in 1394. It is 128 feet high, and the walls are 10 feet thick.

Cæsar's Tower, which is supposed to be the most ancient part of the castle, is 174 feet high. In a room attached to this tower are shown the sword, shield and helmet said to have belonged to the fabulous Guy of Warwick, but they are really of varying dates. The custody of the sword was anciently thought of much importance, for it was granted in 1542 to Edward Cresswell, with a salary of 2d. a day out of the rents and profits of the castle. Guy's kettle of bell-metal, 26 feet wide, and capable of containing 120 gallons of water, is also preserved.

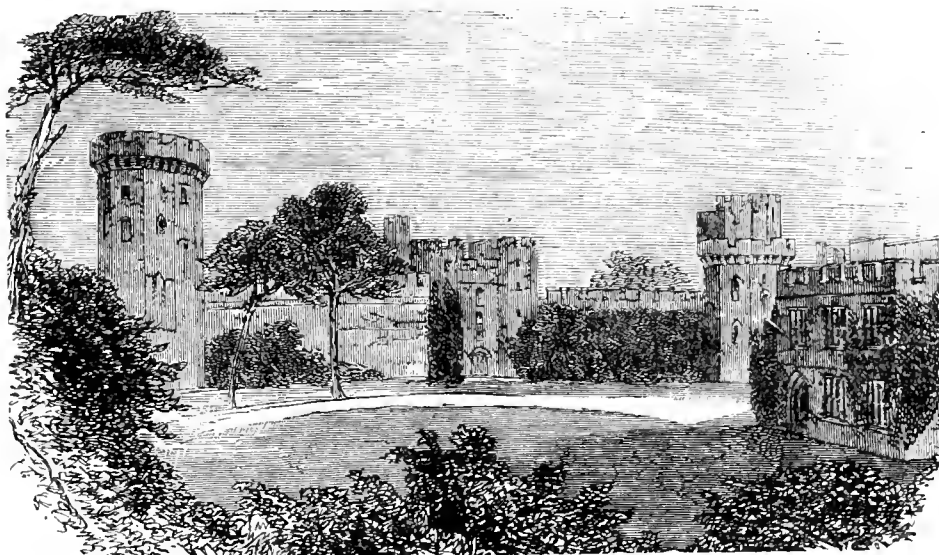
The grounds round Warwick Castle are very extensive and beautiful. In a greenhouse built for its reception is the celebrated marble vase found in the ruins of Hadrian's Villa, at Tivoli, and presented by Sir William Hamilton to the Earl of Warwick. Some magnificent cedars of Lebanon grow near the Hill Tower, of very great size and beauty.

This beautiful and majestic castle is of great antiquity. The first building was erected by the Lady Ethelfleda, the heroic daughter of Alfred, who probably intended her fort as a protection for the town, which she had recently repaired, after it had suffered terribly from recent ravages of the Danes. The donjon which she built on an artificial mound of earth can still be traced in the grounds.

The most ancient part of the present castle dates from Edward the Confessor's reign, he having erected it "as a special stronghold for the midland part of the kingdom."

It was considerably enlarged by William the Conqueror, who committed it to the custody of one of his faithful adherents, Henry de Newburgh, whom he created Earl of Warwick.

To the Newburghs succeeded the Beauchamps. Their heiress, Anne, married Richard Neville, who assumed the title of Earl of Warwick in his wife's right, and is known to all readers of English history and Shakspeare as the King-maker. How he set up and pulled down (for a time) the House of York is well known, and how, at length, he fell at the Battle of Barnet. He had two daughters; he married the elder to



VIEW OF WARWICK CASTLE.

Clarence, the unhappy brother of Edward IV.; and the younger, Anne, to Edward, Prince of Wales, the son of Henry VI., who was murdered by Edward and his brothers after the battle of Tewkesbury. She became afterwards the wife of Richard III.

Whilst Clarence was still on good terms with his brother, Edward put him in possession (in his wife's right) of Warwick Castle, and the title of Earl. Clarence made great additions to the building. On the duke's estates being forfeited, the castle was bestowed on the Dudleys. Their line failing, James I. bestowed the title on Robert, Lord Rich, and the castle on Sir

Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, who restored the then sadly ruinous building.

In the civil war it was garrisoned for the Parliament, and in 1642 besieged by the royal forces.

Francis Lord Brook was created Earl of Warwick in 1759, and the title and castle still remain in the family.

The story of Guy, Earl of Warwick, is well known. According to the legend, he was a man of gigantic stature and strength, renowned for courage and prowess, and had slain a dun cow of extraordinary size and fierceness.

The learned Dr. Caius, of Cambridge, tells us :—

"I met with the head of a certain huge animal, of which the naked bone, with the bones supporting the horns, were of enormous weight, and as much as a man could well lift. . . . Of this kind I saw another head at Warwick Castle A.D. 1552, in the place where the arms of the great and strong Guy, Earl of Warwick, are kept. . . . In the chapel of the great Guy, Earl of Warwick, which is situate rather more than a mile from the town of Warwick, there is hung up a rib of the same animal, as I suppose, the girth of which in the smallest part is nine inches, the length six feet and a half. Some of the common people fancy it to be a rib of a wild boar killed by Guy; some the rib of a cow that haunted a ditch near Coventry and injured many persons. This last opinion I judge to come nearer to the truth, since it may, perhaps, be the bone of a bonasus or urus. It is probable that many animals of this kind formerly lived in our England, being of old an island full of woods and forests; because even in our boyhood the horns of those animals were in common use at the table on more solemn feasts, in lieu of cups, as those of the urus were in Germany, according to Cæsar. They were supported on three silver feet, and had, as in Germany, a border of silver round the rim."

Guy departed, according to tradition, to the Holy Land, on a pilgrimage, and on his return landed, still clad as a palmer, at Portsmouth. Here he was confronted with King Athelstane, who, though ignorant of his name and his renown, came (he told him) directed by a vision to ask him to become his champion in a combat on which the freedom of England depended.

The king informed Guy that he was at war with the Danes, and that the enemy had penetrated to the neighbourhood of Winchester; but they had offered to stake their fortunes on a duel between an English and a Danish champion. Their champion was Colbran, a gigantic Saracen; the champion of England was yet to be declared.

If the latter won, the Danes and Norsemen were to leave the island; if Colbran were victor, England was to be given up to Anlaf, King of Denmark, and Govelaph, King of Norway. The stately palmer willingly undertook the fight, and defeated and killed the gigantic Saracen, his own name and fame remaining unknown. But he privately informed the king that he was Guy of Warwick, enjoined secrecy on the grateful monarch, and returned to the neighbourhood of his own castle, where his countess lived a life of devotion and charity. He did not reveal his return to her, but dwelt as a hermit in sight of his noble heritage till his death.

Guy's Cliff, the scene of this singular seclusion, is wonderfully picturesque, with its rock, wood, and water. It is supposed that there really was an oratory and cell for a hermit here in Anglo-Saxon times; it is certain that a hermit dwelt here in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry IV. Henry V. visited an anchorite on the cliffs, and a chantry was founded here by Warwick, the kingmaker.

Richard Neville was of almost, or probably of quite, as gigantic stature as the famous Guy, for no one in England equalled him in majestic stature but Edward IV., whom he placed on the throne. When Edward's skeleton was discovered on opening his tomb at Windsor, its height was found to be seven feet! Warwick must have been of the same height—a giant in form as he was in intellect.

In 1871 a disastrous fire occurred at Warwick Castle, which, before it was suppressed, consumed the whole eastern portion, including the great hall and its priceless treasures. The pictures and books, with some of the antiques in the private apartments, were, however, preserved, and the building was afterwards admirably restored.

The poet Crabb has given an explanation of Guy of Warwick's singular treatment of his wife in the following comic lines, written by him at Warwick:—

Hail ! centre county of our land, and known
 For matchless worth and valour all thine own ;
 Warwick ! renowned for him who best could write,
 Shakspeare, the bard, and him so fierce in fight,
 Guy, thy brave earl, who made whole armies fly,
 And giants fall—who has not heard of Guy ?

Him sent his lady, matchless in her charms,
 To gain immortal glory by his arms ;
 Felice the fair, who, as her bard maintained,
 The prize of beauty over Venus gained.

* * * *

Urged by his love the adventurous Guy proceeds,
 And Europe wonders at his warlike deeds ;
 Whatever prince his potent arm sustains,
 However weak, the certain conquest gains ;
 On every side the routed legions fly,
 Numbers are nothing in the sight of Guy ;
 To him the injured make their sufferings known,
 And he relieved all sorrows but his own ;
 Ladies who owed their freedom to his might
 Were grieved to find his heart another's right.

The brood of giants, famous in those times,
 Fell by his arm, and perished in their crimes,
 Colbrand the strong, who by the Dane was brought,
 When he the crown of good Athelstan sought,
 Fell by the prowess of our champion brave,
 And his huge body found an English grave.

But what to Guy were men, or great or small,
 Or one or many?—he despatched them all ;
 A huge dun cow, the dread of all around,
 A master spirit in our hero found ;
 'Twas desolation all about her den,—
 Her sport was murder, and her meals were men.
 At Dunmore Heath the monster he assailed,
 And o'er the fiercest of his foes prevailed.
 Nor feared he lions more than lions fear
 Poor trembling shepherds, or the sheep they shear ;
 A fiery dragon, whether green or red
 The story tells not, by his valour bled.
 What more I know not ; but by these 'tis plain
 That Guy of Warwick never fought in vain.

When much of life in martial deeds was spent,
 His sovereign lady found her heart relent,
 And gave her hand. Then all was joy around,
 And valiant Guy with love and glory crowned.
 Then Warwick Castle wide its gates displayed,
 And peace and pleasure this their dwelling made.

Alas ! not long,—a hero knows not rest ;
 A new sensation filled his anxious breast.
 His fancy brought before his eyes a train
 Of pensive shades, the ghosts of mortals slain ;
 His dreams presented what his sword had done ;
 He saw the blood from wounded soldiers run,
 And dying men with every ghastly wound
 Breathe forth their souls upon the sanguine ground.

Alarmed at this, he dared no longer stay,
 But left his bride, and as a pilgrim grey,
 With staff and beads, went forth to weep, and fast,
 and pray.
 In vain his Felice sighed,—nay, smiled in vain ;

With all he loved he dared not long remain,
 But roved he knew not where, nor said, " I come
 again."

The widowed countess passed her years in grief,
 But sought in alms and holy deeds relief,
 And many a pilgrim asked, with many a sigh,
 To give her tidings of the wandering Guy.

Perverse and cruel ! could it conscience ease,
 A wife so lovely and so fond to tease ?
 Or could he not with her a saint become,
 And like a quiet man repent at home ?

The chapel of Warwick Castle has been restored and opened for Divine worship. It was built in the reign of Henry VI., and is dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. Beneath the chapel are the rooms built for the residence of the priests now fitted up as bath-rooms. The giant statue of Earl Guy is still in the chapel, but is much mutilated ; the right arm is gone, and the hand of the left arm that holds a shield. The statue is eight feet high.

Returning to the entrance of the court, a small wicket gate on the right leads into a fine avenue of venerable firs. Crossing this, a general descent conducts us to Guy's Well, which was enclosed by Richard Beauchamp when he founded the chantry. It is arched over, and the enclosure is entered by an iron gate. The water rises into two circular basins, and is exceedingly limpid and so clear that, though the well is very deep, the bottom can be seen through it.

Beyond the chapel, shrouded by trees and ivy, is Guy's Cave. It may be entered at its side through a pair of massive oak doors. The interior is very sombre and solemn. Leaving the cave, and walking by the river side, the rocks are seen to great advantage, and are grandly picturesque.

Ascending to the plantation, we pass the Bowling Green, and come to "Fair Fely's Walk," where, according to tradition, Felice used to wander lamenting the absence of her husband, and all unconscious that he was living close beside his home. The path then leads to the entrance gate through an avenue of yews.

KENILWORTH;

AND ELEANOR PLANTAGENET.



THE ruins of Kenilworth Castle are some of the most picturesque in the country, and have had such a spell cast over them by the genius of Scott, that tourists from all lands visit them. They are of some magnitude, and in better preservation than most of our ruined castles, and they have especial historical associations as well as those of fiction and romance.

Henry I. bestowed the manor on Geoffrey de Clinton, who built the castle and an adjoining monastery. On the death of Geoffrey it descended to his son, who transferred it to the Crown, probably on himself assuming the cowl of the monk. Henry II. garrisoned it during his son's rebellion.

Henry III. gave Kenilworth to his favourite, Simon de Montfort, whom he had married in 1238 to his sister, the young widow of the great Earl of Pembroke. It was a strange story, that of Princess Eleanor. She had been married in her infancy (four years old) to the Earl of Pembroke, who was forty, when as a bride of fourteen he took her to his home; but she loved him passionately, and when left a widow at the age of sixteen, she was in agonies of grief, and took a solemn vow in the presence of Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, that she would never marry again, but become the bride of Christ.

Seven years went by, and the beautiful widow's grief passed. She returned to her brother's court, and there met his new favourite, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester in his mother's right, one of the handsomest and most accomplished

of the courtiers. The widowed countess forgot her vow, though solemnly warned of the peril of breaking her oath by the primate, and Montfort easily persuaded Henry to give him his sister. But the king knew that both the Church and the barons would violently oppose the match. Much objection had been made to her previous marriage with a subject, though *he* was the first of the English barons. How then could Henry expect them to agree to a union between a Princess of England and the younger son of a French noble? They could only be wedded secretly. Therefore it was, that at early dawn, one cold January morning, in the king's private chapel at Windsor, without the presence of any friend but her brother, the daughter of King John was married to De Montfort.

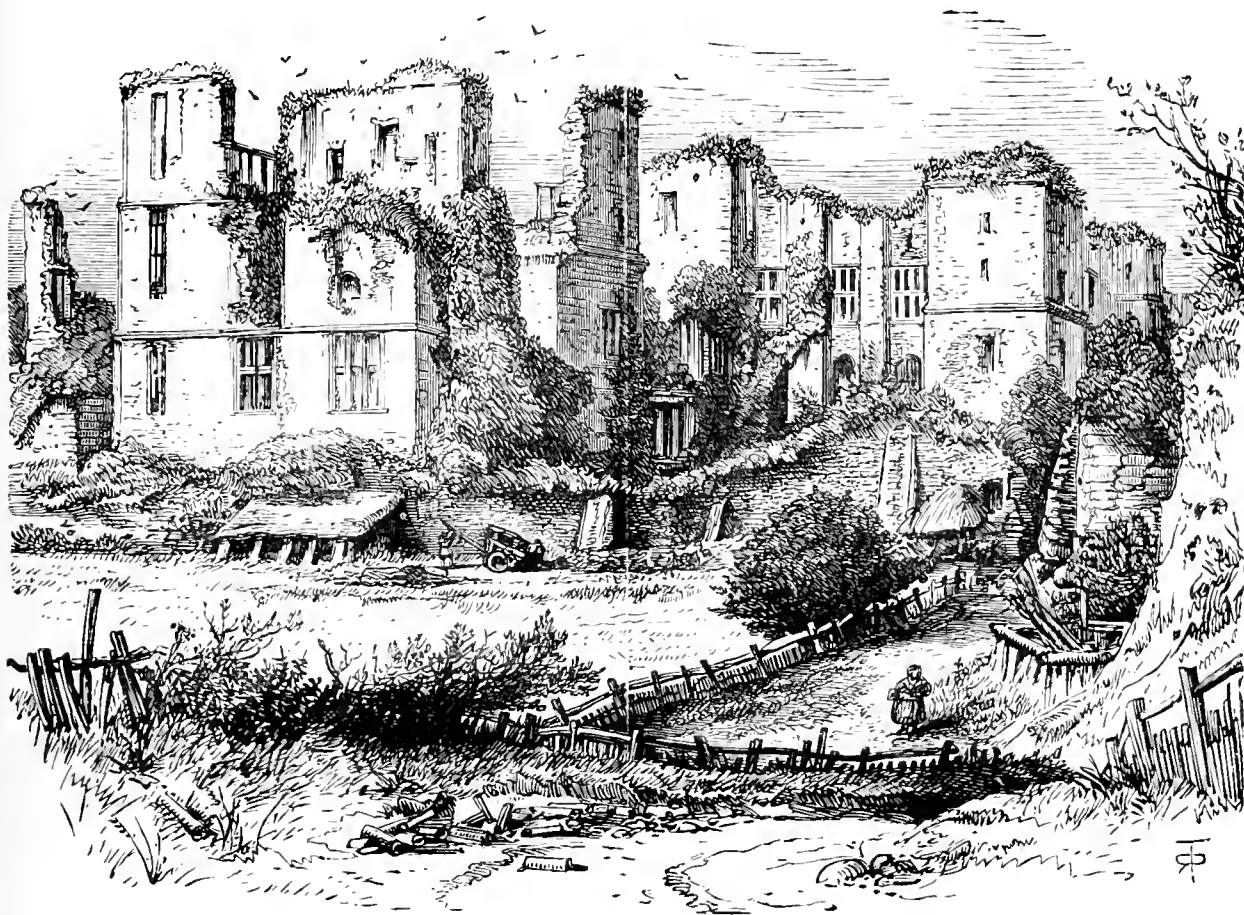
It was not possible, however, to keep the secret long, and when it was divulged, a storm of indignation from priests and peers followed. Henry had recently promised not to transact any business without the assent of the barons, and reproaches were showered upon him by the irate nobles for his broken promise. They took up arms, headed by Prince Richard, the king's brother, and De Montfort had the greatest difficulty, by the exercise of much prudence and ingenuity, to avert the threatened civil war. By bribes and persuasions, however, he dissolved the confederacy, and then he started with all speed for Rome to get a papal dispensation of Eleanor's vow, without which her marriage would always remain illegal. By means of bribes to the papal court and the influence of the Emperor Frederick, who had married Eleanor's sister Isabel, he prevailed in his suit. Meantime Eleanor, who saw that she was

looked on with secret scorn, withdrew from court and went to reside in her husband's castle at Kenilworth. How often she must have paced with a sad and anxious heart those ramparts, watching for the coming of him who would be the bearer of tidings either of honour or dishonour to her—her beloved De Montfort.

He came at last, happily before her son was born, and told her that the pope had

ordered the papal legate to ratify her marriage. The joy must have been as great as the preceding anxiety, and De Montfort kept his Christmas at Kenilworth with regal state that year.

The wedded life of Eleanor was, however, chequered with much sorrow. Her husband soon lost the fickle favour of the king, and she had herself to endure cruel insults on account of her marriage. Then came the



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

barons' wars; her husband opposed to her brother, and at last slain with her first-born son at the battle of Evesham.

Her youngest son, Simon, escaped, and with other fugitives took shelter at Kenilworth. Here he defied both king and legate, and was joined by the friends and followers of those who had fallen at the battle of Evesham. He exercised almost regal authority, sending his officers to drive in cattle and raise contributions for the

garrison. But in 1266 the king beleaguered the castle. De Montfort had previously left it, and gone to France to procure succour; but his place was admirably filled by the governor he left in charge, who repulsed every attack of the besiegers. The king then offered terms to the defenders, and also to De Montfort, who had returned and gathered forces in the Isle of Ely.

Meanwhile an assembly of clergy and barons was held at Coventry, and drew up

terms of accommodation known as the *Dictum de Kenilworth*. It provides that the liberties of the Church shall be preserved, and also the great charters, which the king is bound by his oath to keep. It declares that there shall be no disherison, but instead, fines from seven to half a year's rent. The family of De Montfort is excluded from this benefit, and all persons are forbidden, under both civil and spiritual penalties, to circulate stories of vain and foolish miracles done by Simon De Montfort, who was now popularly esteemed a saint and martyr.

The *dictum* was rejected by the followers of Simon De Montfort; but at length provisions failed at Kenilworth, and a pestilence broke out which obliged the governor to surrender to the king, who immediately bestowed the castle on his youngest son Edward, Earl of Lancaster, afterwards created Earl of Leicester.

"In 1286 a grand chivalric meeting of one hundred knights of high distinction, and the same number of ladies, was held at Kenilworth, and at this festival, it is said, silks were worn for the first time in England." (*Timbs.*)

The castle came again into the hands of the Crown in the reign of Edward II., who intended to make it an occasional home for himself when desirous of resting from the fatigues of ruling; but the rebellion headed by the queen broke out, he was taken prisoner in Wales, and brought to Kenilworth. Here he was compelled to sign his abdication, and was soon after removed to Berkeley Castle, where he was cruelly murdered in 1327.

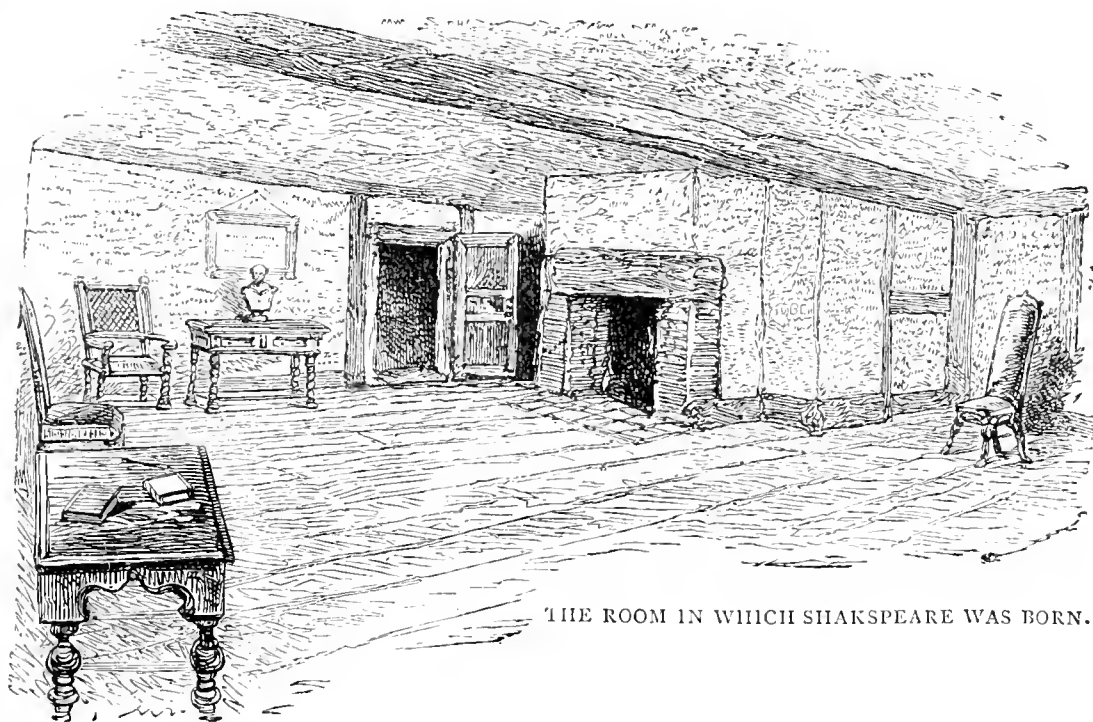
The castle frequently passed into the hands of the sovereign till it was bestowed by Queen Elizabeth on her favourite Leicester, who spared no expense in beautifying the fortress, and made splendid additions to it, called after him Leicester's Buildings. It was here the great earl received that celebrated visit from his royal mistress which has been so marvellously described by Scott. To his "Kenilworth" we must refer the reader for it.

On the death of Leicester, Kenilworth went by his will, first to his brother, Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, for his life, and secondly to Leicester's son, Sir Robert Dudley, the child of Lady Douglas Sheffield, daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham, whom the earl had secretly married, but never owned as his wife, and in whose lifetime he actually married the Countess of Essex.

Poor Sir Robert Dudley could never succeed in establishing the legality of his mother's marriage, and obtained leave to go abroad for three years. He was summoned to return, but not obeying the royal mandate, he was pronounced in contempt, and Kenilworth was forfeited to the Crown.

Lord Clarendon is its present possessor, and he has caused the great hall of the castle, Leicester's buildings, and part of the external walls to be repaired and strengthened.

Some of the towers rise seventy feet high, and the ruins being mantled with ivy and situated on an elevated site, are exceedingly picturesque as well as full of romantic and historical associations.



THE ROOM IN WHICH SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON has all the picturesque beauty of sylvan English scenery. It stands in an open valley of great pastoral loveliness; for it is highly cultivated, and surrounded by wooded uplands and distant ranges of hills; while the softly flowing Avon and the majestic trees are the same on which the eyes of the greatest poet our country has known, rested three hundred years ago. Shakspeare has immortalized his birthplace, and the very atmosphere seems full of him as one walks through the streets, though few of the old houses remain, and the new buildings are not picturesque. Here is the house in Henley Street, where the wonderful Englishman first saw the light, and the bed-

room in which he was born; a hallowed spot to which hundreds of the greatest men of the world have directed their steps as loving pilgrims.

The events—few in number—that have been recorded of the poet's life are well known. How he wooed in his boyhood the fair Anne Hathaway, and wedded her; how he (in company with a party of gay young companions) stole a deer from Sir Thomas Lucy's park, of Fulbrook, on the Warwick road (not as is commonly supposed from Charlecote), though it was in the hall of Charlecote that he was tried for poaching. How for this offence (which in those days would be looked on as a mere frolic) he was, he considered, too hardly treated, and how he avenged himself by writing a satirical ballad on Sir Thomas. It was so severe that it created for him a powerful enemy, and he took refuge in London, and became an actor and dramatist. Thus good

came out of evil, and we owe in a manner to Sir Thomas Lucy the arousing of the slumbering genius that was to doom him (Lucy) to a painful immortality, and to direct to Stratford the feet of pilgrims from all lands as to a hallowed spot. His after fortunes, too, were won by his temporary exile from home; for Shakspeare gained love, fame, and independence in London, and returned to his native town to occupy its best house, and be its first citizen.

He was educated at the Free Grammar School of the town, founded by a native of Stratford in the reign of Henry VI.

Immediately over the Guildhall is the schoolroom, now divided into two chambers, and having a low, flat plaster ceiling in place of the arched roof. Thither the boy Shakspeare went about the year 1571, his schoolmaster being the curate of the neighbouring village of Luddington—Thomas Hunt.

The tercentenary festival here, in 1864, bore good fruit, and in the way of permanent Shakspeare monuments there is much now to be seen there. The site of New Place, the house purchased by Shakspeare when he returned to the town, and in which he died, was bought for upwards of £3,000 by subscription from Mr. Halliwell Phillips, the first purchaser, the list of the subscribers' names being headed by that of the Prince Consort. The foundations of the house were all that remained of it, for it had been ruthlessly demolished by Mr. Gastrell; these foundations are now carefully preserved beneath an iron grating, and a scion of the mulberry tree, destroyed by the same person, was planted and grows there. The ground plan of the house and of the two gardens attached to it, may thus be easily traced. There is a Shakspearean museum to which many gifts have been made; a Shakspeare memorial (a fine building), and a library containing all the known editions, new and old, of the poet's works.

Shakspeare himself cared nothing about the preservation of his works. He seems to have been entirely free from "that last

infirmity of noble minds," the desire for fame.

In this pushing, puffing age, when some writers are always striving to bring their small names before the public, this appears astonishing. But as Howitt says:—

"He (Shakspeare) had a mind that could not only achieve what was beyond the fame of other men, but a calm indifference even for his own fame, that more resembled the elevation of a Divine nature than the nervous temperament of humanity." He might have added, "its weak little vanity." Mr. Howitt also suggests another reason for Shakspeare's indifference to his own wonderful productions, the hint being taken from his sonnets, especially the one commencing—

"O for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand;
Pity me, then, and wish I were renewed."

Mr. Howitt observes on this sonnet, "He clearly regarded his profession of an actor as a degradation, as no doubt it was considered in the eye of those times. He probably regarded his dramas as mere compositions written to advance his fortune, and as standing testimonies to that mode of life which he regarded with aversion. This, it is probable, was the cause why he so entirely neglected them, and turned, as it were, his thoughts from them, as reminding him of many things during the period of their production which he would fain forget for ever."

This is quite possible; but also there is the known prodigality of genius, and that high ideal which no really great poet ever fully reaches. To us the matchless dramas are wonders of mental power; to *him* his own greater ideal must have rendered them partly unsatisfactory. He must have had a good deal of the nature of his own Coriolanus, who "hated to hear his nothings monstered,"—the said "nothings" being

deeds of the most unparalleled heroism,—
a man fighting against a city.

Stratford Church stands between Stratford and the Avon, surrounded by trees, and with a pleached avenue up to the porch. The chancel is of beautiful architecture, and there is some grotesque carving on the stalls, where the priests used to sit.

Close to the communion table, in a niche on the north wall of the chancel, is the well-known bust of Shakspeare, placed on a cushion, holding a pen in his right hand, and his left resting upon a scroll. Above are his arms, and on each side of them a small sitting figure; one holding in his right hand a spade; the other, who has his eyes closed, has one hand upon a skull, and in the other holds an inverted torch. Beneath the cushion this distich is engraved:

“*Judicio Pylium, Genio Socratum, Arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mœrit, Olympus habet.*”

And on a tablet underneath these lines:—

“Stay, passenger, why goest thou so fast?
Read if thou canst whom curious death hath plast
Within this monument; Shakspeare, with whome
Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck ye
tombe
Far more than coste; sicth ytt he writt,
Leaves living art, but page to serve his witt.
Obiit Ano. Dei. 1616, Ætatis 53, Die 23 Ap.”

This monument is believed to have been erected by his son-in-law and executor, Dr. John Hall, not long after his death; for it was here before 1623.

Sir William Dugdale in his diary states the artist to have been Gerard Johnson, “a Hollander, a tombe-maker, who lived in St. Thomas’s Aposteles.” It is a fine head; remarkable for the gravity of its features; there is an expression in it of great and calm benevolence. The bust was originally painted to resemble life; the eyes were light hazel; the hair and beard auburn. The dress was a scarlet doublet, with a loose black, sleeveless gown over it.

In 1748 the monument was repaired and the colours restored; the expense was defrayed by the receipts for the performance of “Othello” at the Old Town Hall, given by Mrs. Siddons’ grandfather, Mr. Ward.

In 1793 Mr. Malone had the bust and monument painted white.

Below the monument and facing the communion rail are four inscribed flags covering the graves of the poet, his wife, his daughter Susanna, and her husband, Dr. John Hall. On that of Shakspeare is the awful warning by which the remains of the greatest Englishman have probably been preserved to his country.

“GOOD FRENDE, FOR JESUS SAKE forbear,
TO DIGG T-E DUST ENCLOSED HERE,
BLESE BE T-E Man $\frac{T}{y}$ spares T-E-S STONES,
AND CURST BE HE $\frac{T}{y}$ MOVES MY BONES.”

Thus roughly engraved in large and small capitals stand the malediction and blessing. It reads thus:—

Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here,
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

The desecration of his daughter Susanna’s tomb shows that there was in those days need for such a warning. Her grave-stone bore the following inscription: “Here lieth the body of Susanna, wife to John Hall, gent., the daughter of William Shakspeare, gent. She deceased ye 11th July, A.D. 1649, aged 66.

“Witty above her sexe; but that’s not all;
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall;
Something of Shakspeare was in that; but this
Wholly of Him with Whom she’s now in bliss.
Then, passenger, hast ne’re a tear
To weep with her who wept for all?
That wept yet set herself to chere
Them up with comforts cordiall.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne’re a teare to shed.”

But these lines were long ago obliterated for another inscription, carved on the same stone for a Richard Watts, who must have been buried in Susanna’s grave, though in no way related to the Shakspeares. In the eastern corner is the tomb of John-a-Combe, with his effigy stretched on it. He was a noted usurer. He lived at Welcome Lodge, and afterwards at the college, which, before Henry VIII.’s dissolution of the monasteries, was inhabited by priests and choristers. It was let by the Crown

to John-a-Combe, who died there, 1624, two years before Shakspeare. John-a-Combe became on friendly terms with the poet, and importuned him to write an epitaph for him; it is said that Shakspeare at last acceded to his wish, and for ever offended him by this epitaph:—

“Ten in the hundred lies here engraved,
'Tis a hundred to ten if his soul be saved.
If any one asks who lies in this tomb—
'Oho,' quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.”

As if to contradict this satire it is recorded on Combe's tomb, and on gold lettered tablets in the church, that he left £1 for two sermons to be preached in that church; £6 13s. 4d. to “buy ten goundes for ten poore people;” and (true to his old habits) £100 to be *loaned* to fifteen poor tradesmen of the borough, from three years to three years, at 50s. per annum interest. The gain of the loan was to be distributed to the inmates of the almshouses, adding on his tomb, “*Virtus Post Funera vivit.*” But in spite of this devised charity, the words of the poet have lived on in the hearts and mouths of the Stratford people to the present day.

Stratford Church has a very sad story attached to it. The Cloptons of Clopton were the great family of the neighbourhood—from them Shakspeare bought New Place—and at the east end of the north aisle (the chapel formerly dedicated to the Blessed Virgin) are their monuments “of massy though timeworn splendour.” Under a Gothic arch an altar-tomb is raised more than four feet from the pavement; its sides are panelled, and must once have held shields; these are gone, and the flat stone on the top has no inscription; but the arms of Clopton, with those of the city of London and of the Woolstaplers' Company, to which Sir Hugh Clopton belonged (he was Lord

Mayor of London in 1492), prove that this was his tomb.

The terrible story is this: the Cloptons had—judging by what we are told of her picture—a very lovely young daughter, with pale gold hair and soft blue eyes. During an epidemic of some sort that was highly infectious, Charlotte Clopton appeared to die, and was immediately, with unsafe haste, buried in Clopton Chapel. But the infection spread; another Clopton shortly after died, and was also hurried home to the ancestral vault. But, horror! as they descended the stairs with their burden, they saw by the torchlight, Charlotte Clopton in her grave-clothes, leaning against the wall. She had been buried in a trance, and they came too late to save her! She was dead; but in her agony of hunger she had bitten a piece from her own white shoulder.

Among the Shakspearean relics at Stratford is a painting of Charlotte in her trance—a lovely young woman leaning back in a cushioned chair in a profound sleep; probably it once hung in Clopton Hall.

TO THE AVON.

Flow on, sweet river! like his verse,
Who lies beneath this marble hearse,
Nor wait beside the churchyard wall
For him who cannot hear thy call.

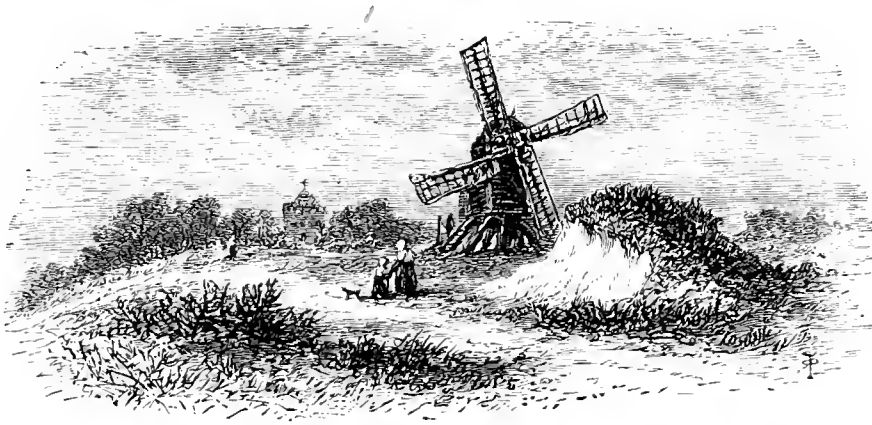
Thy playmate once;—I see him now,
A boy with sunshine on his brow,
And hear in Stratford's quiet street,
The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge,
Wading knee-deep amid the sedge,
And lost in thought, as if thy stream,
Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows,
And fain would follow where it goes,
To the wide world, that shall ere long
Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream! That dream is o'er,
He stands upon another shore;
A vaster river near him flows,
And still he follows where it goes.

LONGFELLOW.



MILL AT EDGE HILL

EDGE HILL.



FROM the top of this rather singular cliff or hill in Warwickshire, we have a most extensive and picturesque prospect, extending from Coventry to the Severn basin, to Worcestershire and Gloucestershire. The road to Edge Hill from Stratford ascends gently nearly all the way—a distance of ten miles—and then Edge Hill rises suddenly and almost precipitately. The height has thus become, almost imperceptibly, very great, and from the top of the hill the prospect is, as we have said, most extensive. The queen, if it should ever please her Majesty to ascend it, would see almost the breadth of her kingdom of England from it. And such a beautiful country, too,—lovely, rich Warwickshire; the soft beauty of Worcestershire's hill and dale; and of fair Gloucestershire,—all stretched before her, a glorious panorama; from the other side are airy views of Oxfordshire, towards Banbury.

And this lovely spot was two hundred odd years ago polluted by the blood of brethren in that most hateful of wars, a civil one; the battle of Edge Hill is

memorable also for being the first of that cruel strife.

The royal army amounted then only to two thousand men. The Earl of Lindsey, who had gained some military experience by service in the Low Countries, was general. The king's nephew, Prince Rupert, the finest cavalry officer of his day, commanded the horse; Sir Jacob Astley, the foot; Sir Arthur Aston, the dragoons; Sir John Heyden, the artillery; Lord Bernard Stuart, a troop of guards.

"The estates and revenues of this single troop," says Hume, "according to Lord Clarendon's computation, were at least equal to those of all the members who, at the commencement of the war, voted in both Houses. Their servants made another group, were commanded by Sir William Killigrew, and always marched with their masters."

With this army the king left Shrewsbury, and only two days after, Essex and the Parliamentary army left Worcester.

"Though it be commonly easy, in civil war, to get intelligence, the armies were within six miles of each other ere either of the generals was acquainted with the approach of his enemy. Shrewsbury and Worcester, the places from which they set

out, are not above twenty miles distant, yet had the two armies marched ten days in this mutual ignorance. So much had military skill, during a long peace, decayed in England." *

The royal army lay before Banbury, the Parliamentarians at Kington. Prince Rupert sent to inform the king of the enemy's approach, and though the day was far advanced,† Charles resolved to attack them.

The prayer and charge of Sir Jacob Astley before this battle are so admirable that we cannot omit them. "O Lord," he said, "Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee do not Thou forget me! March on, boys!"

Essex drew up his men to receive the Cavaliers. He had on the left wing of his army a Sir Faithful Fortescue, who had levied a troop to serve in Ireland, but had been compelled to serve in the Parliamentary army, and was now commanded by a Scotchman, named Ramsay.

As soon as he saw the royal army advancing, Fortescue ordered his men to fire their pistols into the ground, and went over with them to Prince Rupert. Partly through this occurrence, and partly from the furious charge of the Prince, the cavalry of Essex instantly fled, and were pursued for two miles. The right wing of his army was not more fortunate. They were put to flight by Wilmot and Sir Arthur Aston. The king's reserve, commanded by Sir John Byron, seeing the flight of both wings, thought, like inexperienced soldiers, that the day was won, and, anxious for some share in the fight, followed the chase at once.

Sir William Balfour, who commanded Essex's reserve, saw the advantage thus offered to him, wheeled about upon the royal infantry, now left without horse, and dashed in amongst them, slaying right and left. Lindsey fell mortally wounded, and was taken prisoner; his son, trying to rescue him, was also taken. The royal standard-

bearer, Sir Edmund Verney, was slain, and the standard taken, but it was afterwards recovered.

Thus Rupert found the fight when he returned from his reckless chase. It looked as if defeat were to be expected instead of victory, and several gentlemen entreated the king to leave the field, but he indignantly refused. The two armies faced each other for some time, and neither felt inclined to renew the contest. The feelings of both sides during that pause must have been terrible; brothers cannot, at first, shed the blood of brothers unmoved. It must have been one of the saddest nights ever passed in England, while those two armies lay under arms all night in sight of each other.

Next morning, as if heartsick, they did not renew the battle. Essex first drew off, and retired to Warwick; the king returned to his former quarters. Both sides claimed the victory, and it must certainly be regarded as a drawn battle. The king took Banbury a few days after, and then continuing his march took possession of Oxford, the only town on whose loyalty he could entirely depend.

Mr. Fisher, the Vicar of Kington, at the request of Lord Essex, numbered the killed of Parliamentary forces left on the field; they amounted to a little more than 1,300.

The slain were buried on two spots still to be distinguished; one of them is planted with fir trees that have their roots in a deep pit, into which five hundred bodies were thrown. The farm on which they stand is called Battle Farm, and the two places of burial, the Grave Fields; they are about half-way between Radway and Kington.

Edge Hill was fought October 23rd, 1642. It was Sunday. When Charles learned the state of Lord Lindsey, he wished to send him a surgeon, but it was useless. As long as the gallant Cavalier lived he reproached the Parliamentary officers for their treason and disloyalty.

Near the Round-house on the hill is a spot called Bullet Hill, from the vast quan-

* Hume.

† It was afternoon.

tity of bullets that have been taken out of it. It would appear to have received the hottest fire of the Parliamentary army, who evidently were not expert marksmen. Within view is the church of Barton Dasset, which is supposed to be the spot from which Cromwell, it is said, viewed the battle. Hooper states that he was not in the fight; afterwards excusing himself to the Earl of Essex by alleging that he could not come up in time. He was then but a lieutenant or captain, and watched the action from a church tower near, and seeing the flight of the Parliamentary cavalry he slid down the bell-rope and rode off; showing, as the historian remarks, what great endings may grow out of indifferent beginnings.

This story, which we repeat to contradict it, is utterly false. Carlyle has proved that at this battle "Cromwell was present and did his duty. . . . The fight was indecisive, victory claimed by both sides. Captain Cromwell told cousin Hampden that they never would get on with a set of poor tapsters and town apprentice people fighting against men of honour. To cope with men of honour they must have men of religion. Mr. Hampden answered, It was a good notion if it could be executed! Oliver himself set about executing a bit of it, his share of it, by-and-by." (*Carlyle*.)

Oliver was captain of the 67th troop of Lord Essex's cavalry, and his eldest son Oliver, then a young man of twenty, was a cornet in troop eight of the cavalry.

The two boy-princes, Charles and James, watched the battle from the hill, and during the temporary danger of the royal army might have been easily taken. In the village of Radway, at the foot of the hill, is a cottage in which tradition says the king and his sons breakfasted the morning after the battle, and an old table was shown years and years ago as the one on which their breakfast stood.

Dr. Thomas, in his additions to Dugdale, tells us that "as King Charles I. marched to Edgcot, near Banbury, on October 22nd, 1642 (the day previous to the battle), he

saw a gentleman hunting in the fields not far from Shuckburgh with a very good pack of hounds, upon which, fetching a deep sigh, he asked who that gentleman was that hunted so merrily that morning, when *he* was going to fight for his crown and dignity. And being told that it was Richard Shuckburgh, of Upper Shuckburgh, he was ordered to be called to him, and was by him (the king) very graciously received. Upon which he immediately went home, aroused all his tenants, and next day attended on him (the king) in the field, where he was knighted and was present at the battle. After the taking of Banbury, and his Majesty's retreat from those parts, he went to his own seat, and fortified himself on the top of Shuckburgh-hill. Here he was soon attacked by the parliamentary forces, and defended himself till he fell, with most of his tenants about him; but being taken up, and life perceived in him, he was carried prisoner to Kenilworth Castle, where he lay a considerable time, and was forced to purchase his liberty at a dear rate."

Charles II. rewarded the son, John de Shuckburgh, by creating him a baronet in 1660. He doubtless remembered that he, riding by his father's side, had seen blithe Richard Shuckburgh hunting merrily on that fatal October morning.

In 1809 a very sad event occurred in the family of this loyal gentleman's descendants

The Bedfordshire militia were at that time stationed near Shuckburgh Park, and the officers visited at the Hall. Sir Stewkley Shuckburgh had a remarkably beautiful and charming daughter, who was admired by all of them; but a young subaltern, Lieutenant Sharp, fell desperately in love with her. He had many opportunities of wooing her in the beautiful park and in the rooms of the old country-house, and by degrees he won her heart. A correspondence commenced; but as soon as Sir Stewkley heard of it, he forbade the engagement. The beautiful girl listened to her father's arguments against the match; its unsuitableness; its being, really, for her a

mésalliance, and consented to sacrifice her affection to the wishes and reasons of her parents. She wrote her resolution to Mr. Sharp; he was forbidden the house, and finding that she was resolute in her obedience to her parents, he consented to the renunciation of his beloved, and they agreed to return each other's letters. It was arranged that she should leave the packet containing his letters in a garden summer-house, where they had sometimes met, on the evening of Saturday, March 25th, 1809, and that during the night he should take it and leave her letters, that she could find on the morrow.

Early on Sunday morning, therefore, she took the way to the summer-house. The extreme earliness of the hour, and the knowledge that most servants manage to gather of the family secrets, induced a footman to follow her stealthily. As he drew near the summer-house he heard the voices of Mr. Sharp and his young lady in earnest contention. The officer was loud and vehement, the young lady gentle, tender,

but resolute. Suddenly there was the report of a pistol and the fall of a body, followed instantly by another report and fall.

The servant, greatly terrified, flew back to the house and aroused Sir Stewkley. He and the rest of the family hastened to the summer-house, and found in it the beautiful Miss Shuckburgh and her mad lover lying dead on the floor.

Mr. Sharp was the son of a gentleman farmer, living at the Priory farm, near Bedford; he was very handsome and amusing, and undoubtedly Miss Shuckburgh had resigned him unwillingly and as a concession to duty. Some people thought therefore that they had agreed to die together, but the servant's eavesdropping contradicts this idea, and brands the unhappy young suicide alone with the fatal deed. The truth must, however, always remain a mystery.

The place is almost entirely changed since that sad tragedy occurred, and has been much improved, but the memory of this strange and pathetic story lingers still about the park of Shuckburgh.

BIRMINGHAM.



THOSE who know the Birmingham of the present time will probably be interested in reading some account of its early days, when it presented much the same appearance as in the engraving we give opposite.

In the year 585 the Saxon Cridda, a military adventurer who founded the Saxon Kingdom of Mercia, gave the Manor of Birmingham to one of his lieutenants named Ulwine, from which the modern name Allen is derived.

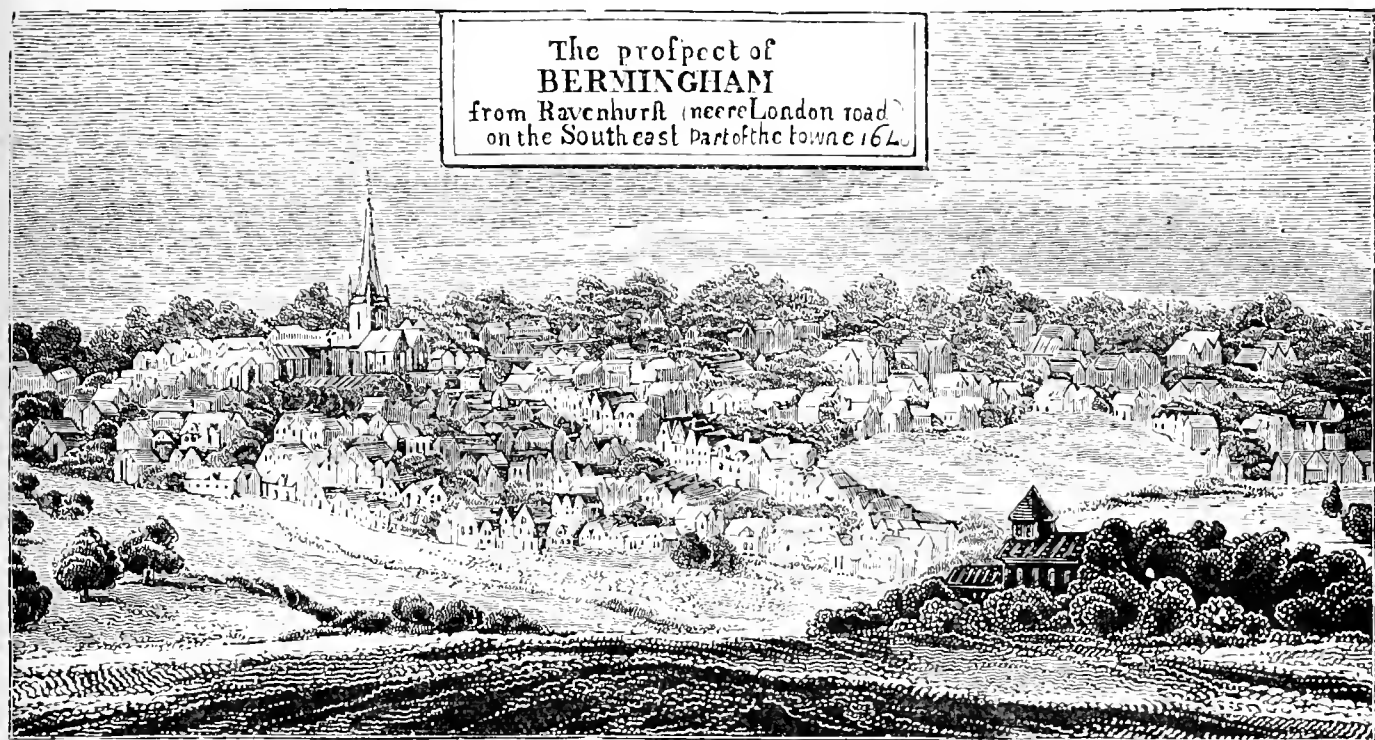
The Conquest, however, deprived the Ulwines or Allens of their property, which they were compelled to resign to the Norman Baron, Fitz Ausculph; to whom, henceforward, they became vassals; holding the lands that had been their own inheritance for nearly five hundred years under feudal tenure; yet residing on the estate. Can we not imagine what the Saxons must have felt at being thus robbed and degraded by the Conqueror, and can we not sympathise with the efforts made by Hereward le Wake, and by Morcar and Edwin, the brother-earls of Mercia, to free their native land from these Norman plunderers?

The Fitz Ausculphs were lords of Birmingham for more than four hundred years, and were dispossessed by a most infamous crime, related in Dugdale's "Antiquities of Warwickshire."

John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, an ambitious and rapacious man—the father of Queen Elizabeth's Leicester—had fixed a covetous eye on the pretty town and its lovely Warwickshire surroundings, and asked Edward de Birmingham, its lord, to dispose of it to him. Happy would it have been for him had he consented to sell

it! But De Birmingham loved his fair inheritance, and declined to part with it. The remainder of the story is like a romance. The Duke, resolved to have it, devised a villainous stratagem. He hired a gang of bravoës, who were ordered to commit a highway robbery on one of their own companions, at a moment when De Birmingham should be near the spot. The highwaymen watched for a favourable opportunity, and at length one evening in a lonely road near Birmingham, they saw Edward de Birmingham coming. Their play was immediately

The prospect of
BERMINGHAM
from Ravenhurst (nearer London road)
on the South east part of the town c 1640



VIEW OF ANCIENT BIRMINGHAM.

begun; two of the villains attacked their companion, who pretended to be a lonely traveller, and De Birmingham, like an honest and brave Englishman, hastened to the rescue. It must have been to his great amazement that as the apparent robbers retreated, two other men issued from an ambush, and on the accusation of the *soi-disant* traveller arrested him—De Birmingham—for highway robbery. He was taken to prison, tried for the alleged crime, and condemned to death. Then it was suggested to him that if he would give Birming-

ham to the Duke of Northumberland (who was at that time all powerful with the dying Edward VI.) the duke would use his influence with the king to obtain his pardon.

De Birmingham preferred poverty to a felon's death; he made over the town to his enemy, and retired to obscurity with his wife, with only £40 a year for their subsistence.

The wicked duke did not long enjoy his ill-gotten manor. He succeeded in making the dying king leave his crown by will to Lady Jane Grey, the daughter of the Duke

and Duchess of Suffolk, and therefore cousin to Edward VI. He married her to his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, a month before the poor young Edward expired, and on his death forced his charming and reluctant daughter-in-law into the place of Henry VIII.'s daughter Mary. This act of treason brought her innocent head to the block; for, as we all know, his crime failed, and he also paid for it by dying on the scaffold, regretted by no one.

Birmingham, by his death for treason, fell to the Crown, and a survey was taken of it before the duke was dead.

The manor passed by favour of Queen Mary to the Marrow family, no restitution being made to the dispossessed owner. The Marrows sold it at the beginning of the last century.

The residence of the Lords of Birmingham was a moated and castellated manor-house, the site of which is now occupied by a cattle market. It was situated at the southern extremity of the town, below St. Martin's Church.

In 1538, Leland thus describes Birmingham:—

"The beauty of Birmingham, a good market town in the extreme parts of Warwickshire, is one good street going up along, almost from the left ripe (shore) of the brook up a meane (small) hill by the length of a quarter of a mile. I saw but one parish church in the town. There be many smiths in the town that used to make knives and all manner of cutting tools, and many lorimers that make bitts, and a great many naylor, so that a great part of the town is maintained by smiths, who have their iron and coal out of Staffordshire."

A hundred years passed, and Birmingham was little changed; for progress was slow in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

In 1640 (the date of the engraving) the men of Birmingham were following the lead of Hampden, and refusing resolutely to pay the illegal tax called Ship-money. They were employed by the Parliament in

making the swords and other arms required by the army.

After the Restoration, the luxurious tastes of Charles II.'s court, and the growing refinement of the people, induced the energetic and industrious townsmen to devise and make new and costly metal articles, for which there grew a great demand.

The Revolution of 1688 was most fortunate for Birmingham.

At one of his levees William III. expressed regret that it was so difficult and expensive to get arms for the troops from Holland. Sir Richard Newdigate, a member for Warwickshire, replied that His Majesty need not go further than Warwickshire for them, since his Birmingham constituents were quite equal to making them. William instantly despatched Sir Richard to the town with a large order, and it was so well executed that he never again sent to Holland for arms; nor has any sovereign or minister found it a *necessity* to do so from want of skill in his people. William III., who introduced shoe buckles into England, was also, by means of this fashion, a benefactor to the town; for no less than 5,000 Birmingham workmen were employed for many years annually in making them.

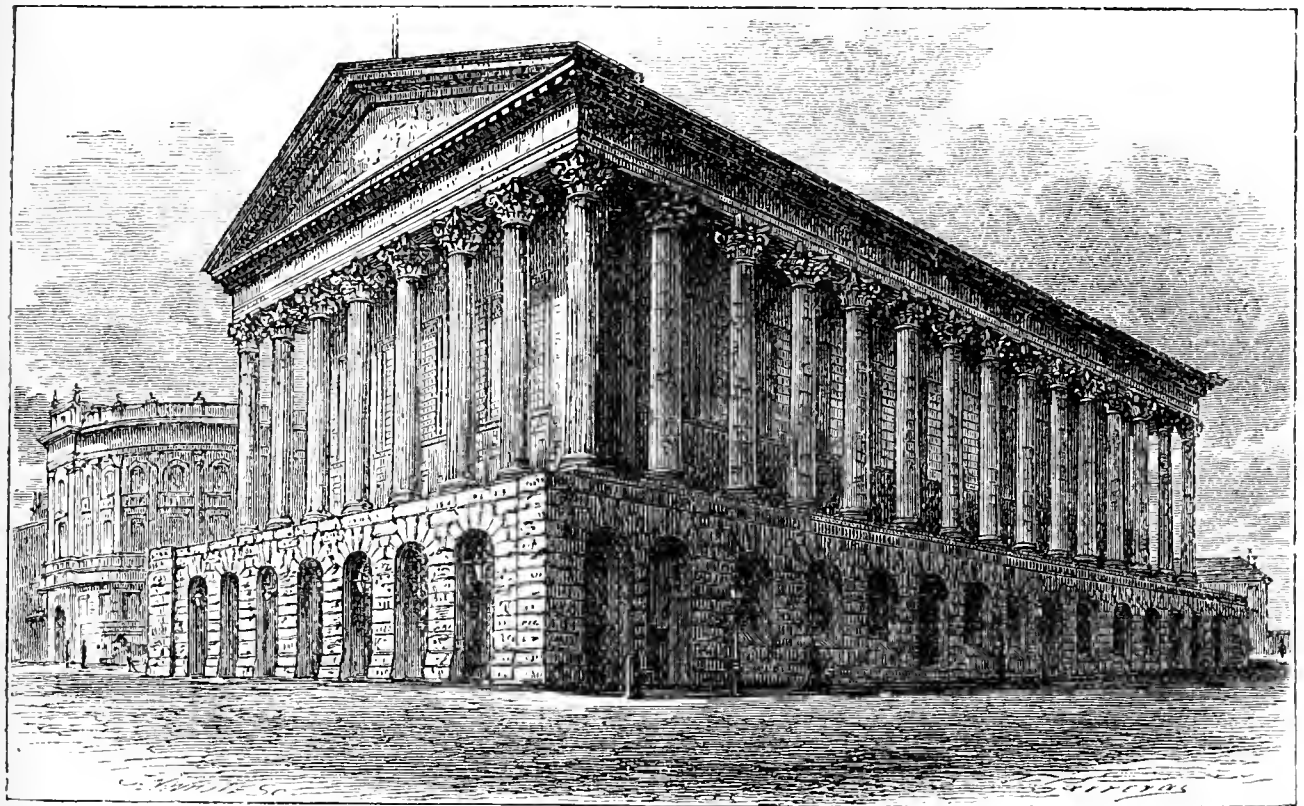
The discovery of the steam engine brought still more work and wealth to the Warwickshire town. It has made guns, cast-iron and plated articles, toys (Burke called Birmingham the "toy-shop of Europe") glass-blowing and steel pens. Great, indeed, is the wealth of the modern town, which presents a very different, if less picturesque, appearance than when its owner was so cruelly wronged by the potent and wicked noble of the Tudor days. It has many streets and fine buildings; and we must especially mention the Town Hall, built between the years 1832 and 1850. It is in the form of a Greek Temple; its columns stand upon an arcade basement, twenty-three feet high, and themselves measure thirty-six feet in height without the capitals. The interior contains a fine hall, richly

decorated, and capable of containing more than 3,000 persons.

Birmingham and its immediate district are remarkable for the attention paid by them to the education of the poorer classes of society. As an instance of this we may mention that the Adult School Movement is, perhaps, more largely developed there than in other parts of the kingdom.

"At the time of the survey made on the death of the Duke of Northumberland, the

houses of Birmingham were few and scattered. From St. Martin's Church the houses then extended only along Edgbaston Street. Down Digbeth there were scarcely any beyond the bridge. St. John's Chapel, Deritend, was then surrounded by trees, and a little further on an enclosure (marked on the survey as the Great Buckstalls and Little Buckstalls, and the Birchhills Pastures) is now the site of Birchall Street. The site of Deritend Pool is marked



TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

'Lake Meadows' and 'Oak Meadows,' and here were rows of trees."

The solitary church that Leland saw in 1538 was, we see, still standing at the time of the survey. It dated probably from the thirteenth century, and may have been the successor of an earlier building on the same site. It exists no longer, but on its site a new and elegant church—another St. Martin's—replaces it; and contains its old and interesting monuments of the Birmingham family. That of Sir William de

Birmingham dates from Edward I.'s time, and there is another that is to the memory of John de Birmingham, who built the two western towers of York Cathedral at the beginning of the fifteenth century, at his own expense.

"The grounds of the Priory of St. Thomas are well marked in the survey, and had many large trees in them; the land is now bounded by Bull Street, Dale End, Stafford Street and Steelhouse Lanes. Nearer Dale End stood the priory.

"The topmost house in Bull Street at the time of the survey was the Bull Inn, opposite the Free Chapel. At the bottom of Bull Street was a large well, lined with wrought stones; this was exposed to view and filled up when the Lamb House was taken down. It was in the nook at the bottom of Crooked Lane, and close behind the old Lamb House, that the well was placed. The outline of Crooked Lane and its divergence to the right into the Cherry Orchard, and what was Little Cherry Street, shows that Crooked Lane existed three centuries and a half ago, and the Lamb House was probably much older." *

Some account of this old house and its inmates may not be uninteresting. It was pulled down in 1886; and scarcely had they removed some of the rough stucco of the front when the ornamented and massive beams and timbers of an ancient and fine half-timbered house were found. It had been plastered over, though its overhanging projections and stuccoed front gave it always an air of antiquity. Many of the old windows had been bricked up inside, and the massive frame-work had been terribly injured by hacking to fix the plaster.

One of the small bricked-up windows upstairs had an old-fashioned lead light with diamond-shaped panes, such as were in use when glass was thick, greenish, and not equal in quality even to the bottle glass of the present day.

"The house was a fine example of the fifteenth or sixteenth century mode of building with half timber and brick. At the back of it might be seen a rather angular nook in Crooked Lane, as it was then called Lamb's Yard, rather wider than the rest; here was the public well we have just mentioned, which was then uncovered and filled in. Further up the lane, and adjoining Suffield's warehouse, was the

watch house, a small building to which the watchmen, or old 'Charlies' of that time, conducted any disturber of the night as prisoners.

"A certain Sarah Stevenson possessed the Lamb House in 1776, when it was demised to her by Thomas Walker. She resided here for more than twenty-five years, and was married to a Mr. Francis Skidmore.

"There is a tradition in the family of the Scudamores, or Skidmores, as the name is variously written, that this Francis Skidmore was a Herefordshire baronet of that name, who left his home and his estates about the time, and that it was he who married Sarah Stevenson, the successor to Thomas Walker in the Lamb House estate." *

This singular conduct of Mr. or Sir Francis Skidmore might have been caused, it is suggested, by his desire to be with the leaders and enthusiastic followers of John Wesley's awakening Methodism, and this is highly probable if we reflect on the enthusiastic zeal existing amidst his followers. It was quite possible at that period that a man of wealth and position may have been willing to lay aside his hereditary property and rank, and join the humble but earnest followers of a spiritual religion.

Miss Sarah Stevenson was also a religious enthusiast, and they both attended Cherry Street Meeting; thus he learned to love her for her goodness and sincerity, and we can well believe that the ancient house was then a very happy home. They had two sons, of whom some laughable anecdotes are told in "*Birmingham Places and Faces*," but we have not room to relate them here. A grandson of Mr. or Sir Francis Skidmore is, we hear, still living. He is the celebrated ecclesiastical and secular art metal worker of Coventry and Birmingham; a Mr. Tonks, of Birmingham, is also a descendant of the Skidmores by a daughter.

It is amusing to learn that some of the Birmingham people objected in 1708 to

* Abridged from "*Birmingham Places and Faces*."

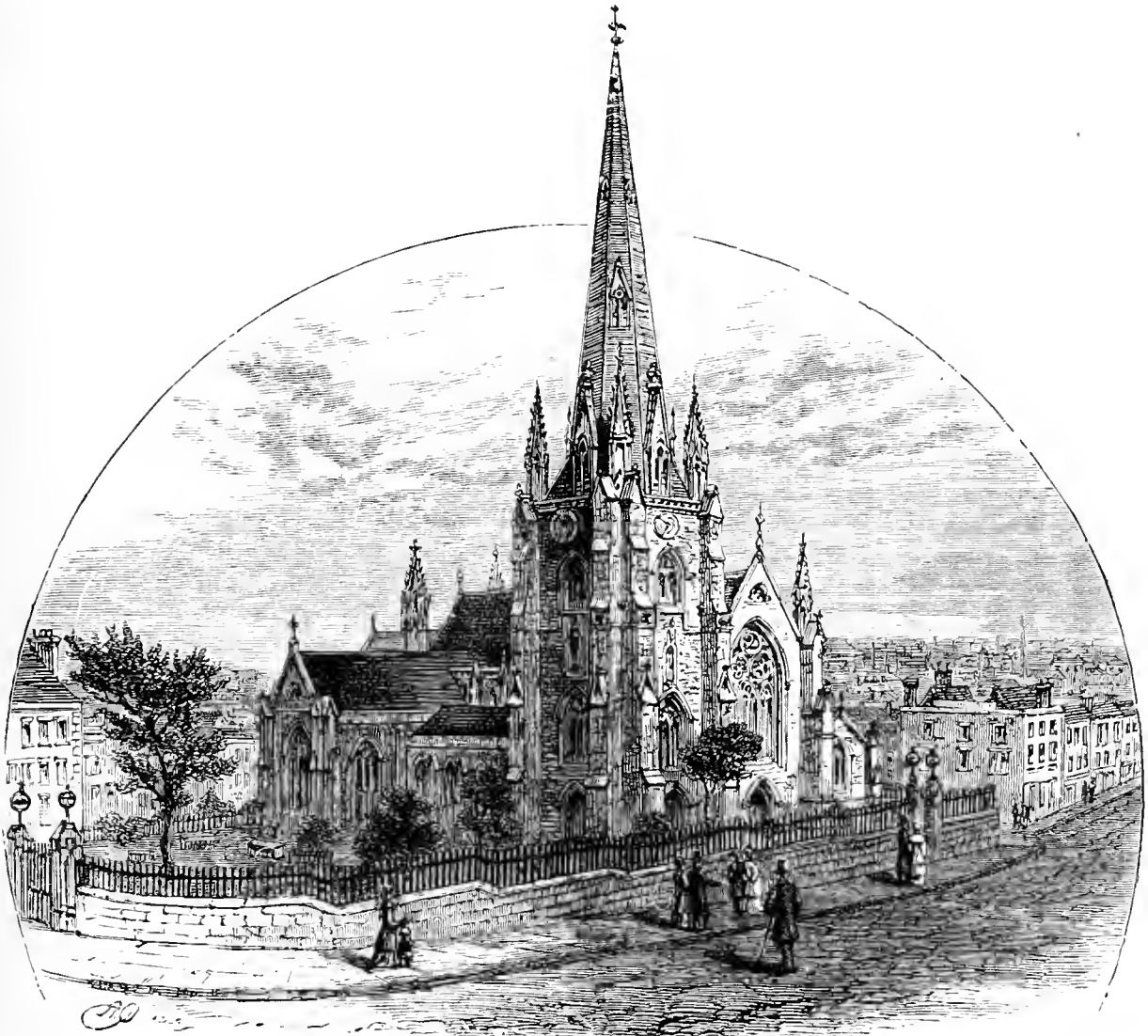
* "*Birmingham Places and Faces*."

lighting the streets, urging "that the necessity for lamps did not appear, from the experience of the town having hitherto subsisted without lamps, and that perhaps fewer robberies and accidents had happened to its inhabitants than in any other town for its size and number of people, which might perhaps be in part ascribed to the want of lamps!"

The objectors, however, formed the minority of the sagacious townsmen, and in

1769 fifty commissioners were appointed with powers for lighting and cleansing the town, etc., etc.

The perfection to which the arts have attained in Birmingham is proved by the extreme beauty of the famous Elkington shields. The subjects of one—that perhaps is the finer of the two to which we allude—are taken from Milton's "Paradise Lost;" the other repeats finely the scenes in the "Pilgrim's Progress."



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, BIRMINGHAM.

COMBE ABBEY;

AND THE CONSPIRATORS OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.



THREE miles from Coventry, in a pleasant park, lies the fine old mansion of Combe Abbey. It has particular attractions as an ancient monastic building, and as the scene of some remarkable events.

Here the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and afterwards the beautiful Queen of Bohemia, was placed by her royal parents, under the care of the Earl of Harrington, then the owner of the abbey. From this safe shelter the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot determined to seize and carry her off, when they had exterminated her parents, elder brother, the whole House of Peers and that of Commons, intending to make her queen. It was the fact of her being in Warwickshire that drew them, after the plot was discovered, into that neighbourhood, and because, also, they had friends and connections in the county as well as in Worcestershire and Staffordshire.

The three Midland counties, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire, were inhabited by more Roman Catholic families than any other part of England.

Catesby, the originator of the Gunpowder Plot, was intimately connected with families in these counties. He was lineally descended from the Catesby of Richard III.'s time, whose fame is preserved in the old rhyme,—

“The Rat (Ratcliffe), the Cat (Catesby), and Lovel
the dog,
Rule all England under the Hog.”*

* Richard, whose cognisance was a boar.

Robert Catesby, the descendant of the “Cat,” was one of the greatest bigots that ever lived. He was the friend of Garnet, the principal of the Jesuits in England, and had been concerned in all the plots against Elizabeth. On her death the Roman Catholics were in great hopes that their form of religion would be restored, for James was the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, who had suffered so much from Elizabeth, and whom they looked on as a martyr; surely he would at least tolerate and be indulgent to the professors of his mother's faith. They were disappointed. James was rather ready to put the laws against Popish recusants into rigorous force than to grant more toleration, and when the King of Spain concluded a peace with the king, in which no stipulation was made for the relief of the English Catholics, they were in despair.

Catesby resolved to settle the matter by blowing up the king, queen, Prince of Wales, and all the Parliament. How the plot was discovered is well known.

Of the conspirators, Sir Everard Digby had been employed to remain at Dunchurch for the purpose of seizing and carrying off the Princess Elizabeth; and when the day came, and all was discovered, Catesby, Percy, the Lyttletons, and others of the conspirators, “as if struck by infatuation,” instead of making their escape abroad, all hastened down to Dunchurch in the wild hope of securing the person of the little princess, and raising a civil war in her name.* But Lord Harrington had at once conveyed Elizabeth to Coventry, and the celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, who was deputy lieutenant of the county, raised a force and marched against them.

He seized the arms and horses of all

* Howitt.

whom he suspected of complicity in the plot; the sheriff raised the county, and the conspirators found that the people, far from being on their side, were as keen in the pursuit of them as the cavalry were.

They fled in confusion across the country into Worcestershire; some taking refuge at Hendlip Hall, the house of Thomas Habington, Esq., who was a secret favourer of their plots, but the greater number, with Sir Everard Digby, took shelter at Holbeach House, the seat of Stephen Lyttleton, where they resolved to make a strong resistance. But by a decree of Divine providence, the very death they had planned for others nearly became their own. Their gunpowder exploded and blew up the roof, wounding some of them and rendering the house untenable. They were therefore compelled to sally forth and endeavour to escape elsewhere; but their enemies had now reached them. Percy, Catesby, and some others were killed, and Sir Everard Digby and the rest made prisoners, and doomed to suffer the dreadful death of traitors. Stephen Lyttleton and Winter made their escape; but they were in a country swarming with pursuers, and were obliged to skulk in woods to hide themselves, in fear and starvation. At length Humphrey, the cousin of Stephen Lyttleton, conducted them to Hagley, belonging to his late brother John's widow.

Happily, the lady was from home and could not be blamed for sheltering them; but one of her servants betrayed them and they were taken prisoners.

They were all afterwards executed.

These men had, some of them, very remarkable family histories, and were undoubtedly descended from more or less guilty ancestors.

Sir Everard Digby, himself a generous, chivalrous young man, was descended from Simon Digby, Keeper of the Tower, who had been the accuser of De Montfort, in the reign of Henry VII., of having sent money to Perkin Warbeck, whom De Montfort firmly believed to be the son of

Edward IV. For this he was tried for high treason in Guildhall, in 1494, was condemned, hanged, and quartered, and his vast estates confiscated. But soon afterwards Simon Digby became possessor of the dead man's estate and seat, Coleshill Hall.

This raised suspicion of the motive of poor De Montfort's betrayal, and people remembered it when Digby's descendant suffered for treason, though no one could refuse pity and sympathy to the gifted young man who had been the victim of others.

To the Lyttletons a most sensational story belonged.

In Shirford, near Nuneaton, in Warwickshire, there stood once an old hall, which, with a fine estate, belonged to a Sir Walter Smith. About the middle of the sixteenth century this gentleman, then an aged man, lost his wife; and thought it right to marry his grown-up son to a gentlewoman in the neighbourhood; probably that they might have a lady in the house. He asked Mr. Chetwyn, a gentleman of old family and large estate, to give one of his daughters to his son. Mr. Chetwyn consented, and was willing to bestow on his daughter Dorothy a portion of five hundred pounds. But no sooner had the old knight seen the beautiful girl, than he fell in love with her, proposed to marry her himself, and to induce her father to consent to the change of bridegrooms he offered to give the five hundred pounds portion to him, instead of receiving it himself, and to settle a large jointure on the bride. Mr. Chetwyn agreed, and the old knight married the lovely Dorothy.

But she was as wicked as she was beautiful. She fell in love with a Mr. William Robinson, of Drayton Bassett, son of Sir George Robinson, a rich mercer of London, and hoping that he would marry her if she were a widow, she, with the assistance of her maid and a groom, strangled her husband, when asleep, with a long towel.

She managed to appear overwhelmed

with grief at having found her husband dead; no suspicion was entertained or examination made, and not long after she went to London. But, luckily for him, Mr. Robinson did not marry her, and within two years the groom, who had been retained in Mr. Richard Smith's service, confessed the crime to his master, when intoxicated. Afterwards he denied his confession; but upon being brought to trial confirmed it. His statement was borne out by several circumstances, and the murderess was found guilty and condemned to be burnt—the punishment then adjudged by law to a wife who killed her husband.

She died at the stake near the Hermitage, on Wolvey Heath, towards the side of Shirford lordship. Her servants were executed at Warwick.

Mr. Richard Smith had only one daughter, Margaret, and treated of a marriage for her with Sir John Lyttleton's son, of Frankley, in Worcestershire.

The intended bridegroom was William Lyttleton, the third son of Sir John, a boy of nine years old, Margaret Smith being of the same age. These children were married; and lived with Sir John. But before the wedding Mr. Smith had arranged to settle all his lands in remainder after his death on his daughter and her heirs, if he should not have any other child; he had the deeds drawn up and gave them to Sir John to get them engrossed.

A fraud was perpetrated. Sir John had deeds drawn out which gave the estate to William and Margaret, but if either died without children, it was to pass to William's heir-at-law, his brother Gilbert.

Mr. Smith was cheated into signing away his estates (without reading the deeds, of course) by the gamekeeper hurrying him to go and shoot some fat bucks, and did not know anything about it (as no claim was made) till after William's death, which happened when he was about fifteen, by a fall from his horse. Mr. Smith then wished his daughter to return to him, but Sir John objected, saying that he meant to marry

her to his second son, George. The father objected, and there was a quarrel, when the truth about the deed came out, and Mr. Smith found himself landless. He was unable to recover either his lands or his daughter, who was married to George, her brother-in-law. From Gilbert these stolen lands descended to his son John, though Mr. Smith tried to recover them by several suits at law. "But misfortune," says Mr. Howitt, "descended with it." John Lyttleton, Gilbert's son, was executed for high treason in Elizabeth's reign, and the estate was confiscated.

James I., however, on the widow petitioning him, granted the estate to his widow, and she, being fearful of more law-suits, sold it to Sergeant Hale, a great lawyer.

Sir John's grandson, the son of George and Margaret Smith, was one of the conspirators, as we have seen, in the gunpowder plot, and lost his life and estates in consequence.

The conspirators who had concealed themselves in Hendlip Hall were all discovered in the end; though the Habingtons had carefully hidden them; and Hendlip had been built so as to render it a most perfect place of concealment. There was scarcely an apartment in it that had not secret ways of getting in or going out; some had back stairs concealed in the walls; others, places of concealment in the chimneys; some had trap-doors; in short, the whole edifice was full of hiding-places.

When the sheriff, Sir Henry Bromley, and his men came to search Hendlip, Habington denied that any one was hidden there; but Sir Henry ordered a strict search to be made, and then in the gallery over the gate were found two very cleverly contrived conveyances in the main brick wall; three hiding-places were discovered in the chimney, most wonderfully arranged. Eleven hiding-places and secret stairs in all were found, but in them only the articles used at the mass.

Three days went by, and the sheriff began to despair of finding any one, nay, even to believe that no one was there, when on the fourth day, in the morning, from behind the wainscot in the gallery came forth two men who had been starved into surrender; for they had had only one apple for sustenance for three days. One of them was named Owen, and he afterwards killed himself in the Tower; the other was Chambers.

Ten days afterwards, Fathers Garnet and Hall came forth also voluntarily from their confinement. They came forth for air, the closet they were in having become stifling. They had not suffered from hunger, as they had even then food in their hiding-place, and Mrs. Habington had passed them warm and nutritive drinks through a reed put into the chimney; the secret closet being in her own bedroom.

They were conducted to Worcester, and from thence to London.

The old hall was pulled down many years ago, but has been handsomely rebuilt by Lord Southwell.

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, returned to Combe Abbey in her latter years. She is supposed to have privately married Lord Craven, who had devoted his life to her service.

The abbey is full of Stuart portraits, and has a fine collection also of pictures by the great masters.

The gallery is a fine old wainscoted room. There are old tapestry, old paintings, and old and valuable cabinets here, and it is even now in appearance, and by its contents, just such a home as fancy would place the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Bohemia in; it is full of memories of fair Elizabeth Stuart.

CITY OF WORCESTER.



THE city of Worcester was undoubtedly one of the most unlucky in England, for its early record is wholly of misfortunes. The first town occupying the site was taken by Penda, King of Mercia; was destroyed by the

Danes; and rebuilt in 894.

The Danish king of England, Hardicanute, took it in 1041, plundered it, and burnt it down to the ground. In 1113 the city, castle, and cathedral were burnt down, the fire being supposed to have been kindled by the Welsh; in the same year the relics of the city were burnt.

In 1139 the soldiers of the Empress Maud set fire to it and plundered it.

Ten years afterwards King Stephen burnt the city, but the castle resisted him. The remains of one of the forts, raised at that time to defend the city, may still be seen on Red Hill, near Digley. Eustace, Stephen's son, then besieged the castle, but vainly, and in revenge burnt the remains of the town. In 1189 the city again suffered from fire. In 1216 Worcester went over to the side of Louis the Dauphin against John, and was besieged and taken by Ranulph, Earl of Chester. In 1263 the city was besieged and taken by the barons, who brought Henry III. as their prisoner there after the battle of Lewes. Two years afterwards Prince Edward, who had been

taken prisoner also at the battle of Lewes, escaped, and flying to Worcester raised an army there, marched to Kenilworth and defeated young De Montfort; then returning to the heights above Worcester at Evesham, defeated Simon de Montfort and his other son, both of whom were killed and the barons' army dispersed.

In 1401 the city was again burnt and plundered by Owen Glendower's troops. In 1485, Henry VII., after the battle of Bosworth, took possession of it, and made it pay a ransom of 500 marks.

In 1534 an earthquake shook it; the next year it was infected by that terrible disease called the sweating sickness; and in 1637 it was ravaged by the plague. Every sort of misfortune seemed to assail it, yet its citizens never abandoned it, but rebuilt it again and again.

In 1651 Charles II. entered Worcester, and was there proclaimed king of England.

Here, however, Cromwell—who had pursued him from Scotland—attacked him on the propitious anniversary of the battle of Dunbar, September 3rd, 1651. Charles that day held a council of war "upon the top of the College Church steeple, the better to observe the enemies' posture,"* and perceiving some firing at Powick, and Cromwell making a bridge of boats over the Severn at Burnshill, about a mile below the city, towards Teammouth, instantly descended from his post of observation, ordered the troops to get under arms, and marched in person to Powick Bridge to give orders for defending it, and for opposing Cromwell's attempt to make a bridge of boats; he then returned to the city. His orders were obeyed, and the bridge when assaulted was gallantly defended by Montgomery; but dangerously wounded, and his ammunition spent, the gallant Cavalier was obliged to make a disorderly retreat into Worcester, leaving Colonel Keyth a prisoner at the bridge. The effort to defeat Cromwell's attempt at making the bridge of boats

was equally unsuccessful, though Colonel Pitscotty, with his Highlanders, did all that valour and fidelity could effect, in pursuance of his King's commands. They were, however, but 300 men opposed to great numbers, and were finally driven back. Cromwell achieved his purpose, took the bridge, and sending over a considerable body of men, with his usual benediction, "The Lord of Hosts be with you," returned to raise a battery of great guns against the fort royal on the north side of the city. Charles, with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Grandison, and some of his cavalry, then rode through the town, and made a sally at Sudbury Gate by the fort royal, where the balls from the rebels' great guns flew round him. Cromwell was posted at Perrywood, within a mile of the city. Duke Hamilton, with his own troop and some Highlanders, Sir Alexander Forbes, with a regiment of foot, and a body of gentlemen volunteers and English nobles, engaged him here, and forced him to retreat, leaving his guns in their possession. The king charged valiantly at the head of his brave Highlanders, who fought with the butt-ends of their muskets when their ammunition was spent; but the main body of the Scotch horse did not come up to their relief; the English were reinforced, and the Scots were compelled to retreat in much disorder into the town by Sudbury Gate. Duke Hamilton had his horse killed under him, and was mortally wounded; many gentlemen of his name were slain; Sir John Douglas received his death-wound; Sir Alexander Forbes was shot through the calves of both legs, and lay all night in the wood. He was brought prisoner to Worcester the next day.

At Sudbury Gate a cart laden with ammunition was overthrown, and lay across the passage, one of the oxen that drew it having been killed; this rendered it impossible for the king to ride into the town, and he was forced to dismount and return on foot. The English soon afterwards stormed the fort royal (the fortifications of

* Boscobel Tracts.

which were not finished), and put all the Scots found in it to the sword. On reaching Friar's Street, Charles laid aside his armour, the weight of which oppressed him, and took a fresh horse; then perceiving that many of his foot soldiers were throwing down their arms and declining to fight, he rode up and down among them, with his hat in his hand, entreating them to stand to their arms and fight like men; encouraging them, and alleging the goodness and justice of the cause they fought for; but seeing himself not able to prevail, he exclaimed, "I had rather you would shoot me than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day!" "So deep a sense had his prophetic soul of the miseries of his beloved country, even in the midst of his own dangers." *

During this hot engagement at Perrywood and Redhill, the Parliamentarians on the other side of the river possessed themselves of St. John's, and the brigade of Royalists stationed there laid down their arms and craved quarter.

But now the enemy had entered the town both at the Key, Castle Hill, and Sudbury Gate, and the fight raged in the streets of Worcester itself. A body of Cavaliers—among whom were the Earl of Cleveland, Sir James Hamilton, Colonels Wogan, Slaughter, and Carlis; Captains Giffard, Astley, and Kemble—rallied what force they could and charged the enemy very gallantly, both in Sudbury Street and High Street. Sir James Hamilton and Captain Kemble, however, fell desperately wounded, and many a brave Royalist went down in that hopeless struggle, but their devotion saved the king by giving him time to escape by St. Martin's Gate.

Meantime the Earl of Rothes, Sir William Hamilton, and Colonel Drummond, maintained the Castle Hill with their Scots till conditions were given for quarter.

At the Town-hall the battle also raged; Mr. Coningsby Colles and many other loyal

gentlemen were slain; Mr. Rumney, Mr. Charles Wells, and others, taken prisoners. With them fell the last defenders of Worcester, and the victorious soldiers of the Parliament marched through streets red with the blood of their brethren, as well as of the Scots, to plunder and ravage the town.

When Charles perceived that he could not rally his disordered infantry, he marched out of the city by St. Martin's Gate, as we have said, with his main body of horse, which was commanded by General David Lesley. During the first half-mile's march from Worcester, Charles repeatedly faced about and urged a renewal of the combat, but at the bridge many of the troopers threw down their arms and rode off, and it became evident that there was no hope of retrieving the day. It was then determined that the king should fly to Scotland; but, as is well known, Charles did not abide by this counsel. "The Lord St. Clare, with divers of the Scottish nobility and gentry, were taken prisoners in the town; and the foot soldiers (consisting most of Scots) were almost all either slain or taken, and such of them who in the battle escaped death, lived but longer to die for the most part most miserably, many of them being afterwards knocked on the head by country people, some bought and sold like slaves for a small price, others went begging up and down, till charity failing them their necessities brought on them diseases, and diseases death." *

It was six o'clock in the evening when Charles quitted Worcester, and, as day closed in, David Lesley turned his face homewards, and marched northwards by Newport with the remnant of the Scottish horse.

Charles found shelter at Whiteladies, half a mile from Boscobel, and from thence began the series of romantic adventures which ended in his escape from his kingdom to France.

The Earl of Derby, Lord Lauderdale,

* Boscobel Tracts.

* Boscobel Tracts.

Lord Talbot, and the other gentlemen who had escorted their unfortunate sovereign to Whiteladies, then took horse northwards, in hopes of overtaking General Lesley.

Just as they reached the high-road, however, they were overtaken by Lord Levison, who commanded the Royal Lifeguards, pursued by a party of Roundheads, led by Colonel Blundel. The Cavaliers faced about and beat off their foes; but a little beyond Newport they encountered Colonel Lilburn's men, while a party of Cromwell's horse came thundering in their rear. Their horses were worn out; and the Cavaliers (themselves exhausted) were finally compelled to surrender, with promise of quarter. They were taken to Whitchurch, and from thence to Banbury, in Cheshire, where, happily for him, Mr. Giffard, one of the party, managed to effect his escape.

The noble Derby was carried to Westchester, and there (in spite of the quarter given) was tried by a mock court-martial and condemned to death. He was beheaded on the 15th of October following, at Bolton, in Lancashire.

Lord Lauderdale and the other Cavaliers were carried to the Tower, and continued in captivity several years.

The prisoners taken at Worcester were

sold to the planters of Barbadoes, and the other West India Islands, as labourers, or rather slaves, by auction, at Tothill Fields; and the cause of the Stuarts remained hopeless till the Restoration, which took place nine years after the Battle of Worcester.

A curious memorial remains in Worcester of this battle. It is an old half-timbered house at the north end of New Street. Charles resided in it, and retreated here with Lord Wilmot, hotly pursued by Colonel Corbet, but he escaped by the back door just as Corbet entered by the front. The person who then lived in the house was named Durant. The room in which the king slept was in the front of the house. Over the entrance is this inscription:—"Love God. (W. B., 1577. R. D.) Honour the King." W. B. stands for Judge Berkeley who was born here. Robert Durant is represented by R. D.

In 1687 James II. paid a visit to Worcester, and persuaded the mayor to accompany him to a Roman Catholic chapel. When asked by the king if the corporation would not enter with him, the mayor answered, "I fear, your Majesty, we have gone too far already;" a warning, if James would have taken it.

Whiteladies still remains.

WESTWOOD HOUSE.



WITHIN two miles of Droitwich stands Westwood House, in the centre of a large and well-wooded park, with a lake of some size at the east of the house, and lovely avenues of grand old trees radiating from it. The front of the mansion commands a view of this lake. Nash, in

his History of Worcester, thus describes it:—

"Westwood House consists of a square building, from each corner of which projects a wing in the form of a parallelogram, and turreted in the style of the Chateau de Madrid, Paris, or Holland House."

Situated on a rising ground, and encircled with masses of glorious old trees, this ancient dwelling forms the centre of a picture of beauty that has few equals. The house greatly resembles a Norman chateau;

it is built of brick with stone quoins and parapets. The body of the house is square, and three storeys high; the saloon occupies the first floor, and is lighted by large bay windows. Wings project in a line from the centre of each corner of the house, and communicate, by doors on each floor, with the central building. At some distance from each wing, yet opposite to them, are small square towers that were once connected by walls with the main building; but the walls have been removed, or fallen, and the towers now stand alone.

The gate-house is immediately in front of the house at some little distance in advance; the gate has a red brick lodge on each side of it with ornamental gables and pinnacles. The gate between them is ornamented with the heraldic bearings of the family, the mullet or star of five points, and below them the garbs or wheat-sheaves. These bearings are also sculptured on the parapets, the wheatsheaves forming the pilasters and the mullets the balusters. The timber-work over the gate, with its high pointed roof and small pinnacle, is very picturesque.

The stables and servants' offices are at a short distance in the rear of the house, and where the kitchen garden now stands was originally a nunnery. No remains exist of it, but in digging, stone coffins have sometimes been found there.

Eustachia de Say and her son Osbert Fitz Hugh gave the church here to the Abbey de Frontevaud, in Normandy, where many of our kings are buried. Soon after a small priory was erected here, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, for six nuns of the Benedictine order; it ultimately numbered eighteen sisters. An abbess of this nunnery, Isabella, died under excommunication for having accepted Clement VII. as Pope.

The last prioress, Joyce Acton, received at the dissolution, in 1553, an annual pension of ten pounds.

After the dissolution Henry VIII. granted Westwood, with its lands, to Sir John

Pakyngton, knight, in whose descendants it still continues.

The Pakyngtons resided at Hampton Lovet, but that house was so much damaged during the civil wars that they moved to Westwood, which had been built in the reign of Elizabeth. They enlarged and repaired the house, and probably erected the stone portico—purely Italian in taste. There is an open balustrade on each side of the steps, and over the centre arch is a figure seated on an eagle.

The hall is an oblong room possessing no features of interest; we pass through it to the library, which contains many rare and valuable works.

The principal apartments, besides the hall and library, are reached by a splendid staircase of carved oak, supporting globes on Corinthian capitals. By this stairway the saloon is reached. It is a grand room, with a double bay window, immediately over the hall; its walls are lined with fine old tapestry of the Elizabethan age, and it has a magnificent fireplace, decorated with the royal arms. From the window of this room a grand view is obtained over a most beautiful and undulating country. The lake, the radiating avenues, and the ancient oaks add to its beauty. There is, indeed, all over Worcestershire a soft beauty of landscape that is very bewitching.

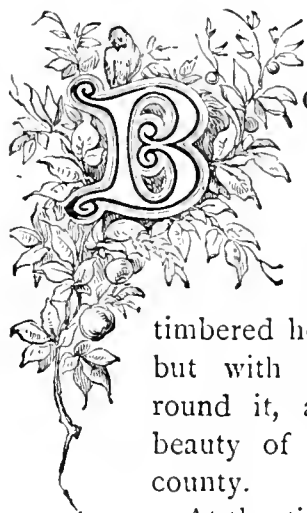
Sir John Pakyngton, Bart., knight of the shire in the reign of Charles I., was a strong Royalist, and was tried for his life by the Parliament; his estates were sequestered, and he was greatly plundered, but he ultimately compounded with the Parliamentary Committee for £5,000. Sir John Pakyngton's house was the refuge of learned men in those sad times when the king and Parliament were at war. Dr. Hammond found shelter here, and Bishops Morley, Fenn, Gunning, and others were received and treated with the greatest hospitality. In concert with these good and great men, Dorothy, Lady Pakyngton—the good Lady Pakyngton as she was called—is supposed to have written the “Whole Duty of Man,”

one of the most popular of religious works in its day. It has been asserted that the original MS. in the handwriting of this lady, with interlined corrections by Bishop Fell, was in the possession of her daughter, Mrs. Ayre, of Bampton, who declared it to be the production of her mother, adding that she was also the authoress of "The Decay

of Christian Piety," and other very popular religious works.

At the Revolution the tried hospitality of Westwood House was extended to those who scrupled to take the oath of allegiance to William of Orange, and Dean Hickeys wrote several of his important works at Westwood.

BOSCOBEL HOUSE.



BOSCOBEL is situated near the little town of Madeley, on the confines of Worcestershire and Shropshire; a half-timbered house of two stories, but with picturesque woods round it, and all the sylvan beauty of that sweet, sunny county.

At the time of Charles II.'s escape from Worcester, Boscobel was inhabited by William Penderell, a forester in the service of Mr. Giffard, the owner of the domain. William dwelt there with his wife, his mother, and four brothers—Richard, Humphrey, John, and George. To the loyalty, secrecy, and courage of these seven persons the king owed his life; death would have been the certain punishment of their fidelity had it been discovered that they concealed the king; riches would have been theirs had they uttered one treacherous word, and they were only poor labouring men, in this instance equalling the disinterested loyalty that has immortalised the poor Highlanders who sheltered Prince Charles Edward.

The king fled from Worcester attended

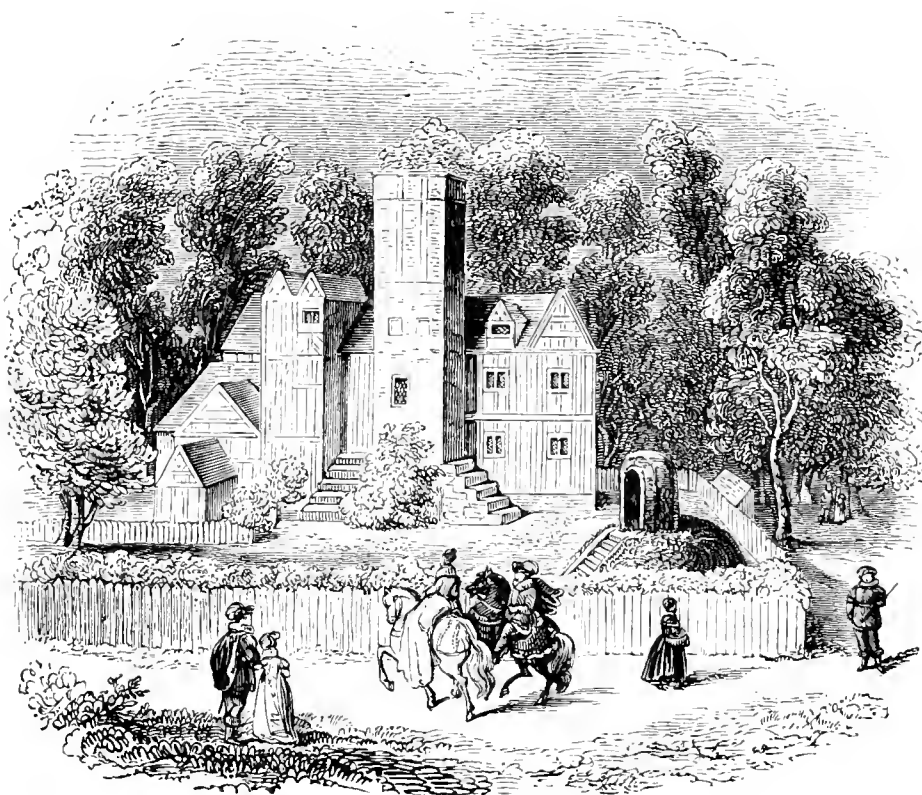
by Lords Derby and Wilmot and several other nobles, and arrived early next morning at Whiteladies, a house about three quarters of a mile from Boscobel House. At Whiteladies the king changed his dress for that of a peasant: "a pair of ordinary grey cloth breeches," he tells us, "a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin." He also cut off his lovelocks and made his hair very short. Here his companions left him, hoping to find, or fight, their way to Scotland, and begging Charles not to tell them what he purposed to do, lest they should be "forced to confess." The king went into the great wood near the house and stayed there all day without food, "and by great good fortune," his Majesty writes, or dictated, "it rained all the time, which hindered them (the militia), as I believe, from coming into the wood to search for men that might be fled thither. And one thing is remarkable enough, that those with whom I have since spoken, of them that joined with the horse upon the heath, did say that it rained little or nothing with them all the day, but only in the wood where I was."

After a vain expedition to reach the Severn, Charles returned to the Penderells, where he found Major Careless, an officer

of his own army. The king at once consulted him as to what they had better do the next day.

"He told me," says the king, "that it would be very dangerous for me either to stay in that house or go into the wood (there being a great wood near Boscobel), that he knew but one way how to pass the next day, and that was to get up into a great oak, in a pretty plain place where we might see round about us; for the enemy would certainly search at the wood for

people that had made their escape. Of which proposition I approving, we (that is to say Careless and I) went, and carried up with us some victuals for the whole day, viz., bread, cheese, small beer, and nothing else, and got up into a great oak that had been lopped some three or four years before, and being grown out again very bushy and thick, could not be seen through, and here we stayed all the day. . . . *Memorandum.* That while we were in this tree we saw soldiers going up and down in the



BOSCOBEL HOUSE.

thicket of the wood, searching for persons escaped, we seeing them, now and then, peeping out of the wood."

The custom of wearing oak-apples on the 29th of May was, of course, originated by the escape of King Charles in the Oak; the 29th of May was fixed on, because it was the king's birthday, and the day on which he entered London as its king.

The Royal Oak, as the tree was called, was destroyed by the Royalists cutting relics from it, but another oak, raised from one of its acorns, still flourishes. Charles also

planted two of its acorns in Hyde Park, on the north side of the Serpentine, but one tree only now remains.

The eager search for escaped Royalists may be easily explained by the fact that Cromwell *sold* his prisoners for slaves to the American planters, and thus every defeated soldier was worth money.

Meantime, while Charles was in the oak, one of the Penderells went to ask at Mr. Whitgrave's if Lord Wilmot were there. He brought back word that he was, and that Mr. Whitgrave had a secure hiding-

place, and wished his Majesty to go there. Here Charles was concealed for a day or two, and then went to Colonel Lane's. The colonel's sister was going on a visit to a cousin who lived near Bristol, and offered to take Charles with her as her servant. He changed his garb of peasant for a kind of grey cloth servant's suit.

On arriving at her cousin's house Mrs. Lane called the butler, a loyalist named Pope, told him that her servant had been ill with ague, and asked him to be kind to him. The man obeyed her by taking great care of the unknown king and letting him dine alone, not with the servants. But the next day when Charles, meeting Mrs. Norton in the hall, took off his hat to her, Pope recognised him; and the king thought it wise to take him into the secret. The man was faithful and most useful, and went to seek for a ship for Charles in Bristol to convey him to France, but without success. They (Mrs. Lane and her sovereign) then proceeded to the house of Mr. Frank Windham, a friend of the king, with whom he remained a fortnight, while his friends made every effort to get a ship for him, and the king went to a little village near Lyme for the purpose of embarking in a merchant vessel they had engaged, but the master failed to bring her for him. Cromwell's soldiers were indeed just then taking all the vessels for their expedition to Jersey. Mr. Windham, Mrs. Coningsby and the king then went to Burport, about four miles from Lyme, but, as they entered the town, they saw that the streets were full of Cromwell's soldiers. The king boldly resolved to go and take rooms at the best inn, and Mr. Windham and the lady attended him there. But the inn yard was full of soldiers. Charles took the horses—he was still acting servant—and pretending to be a loutish fellow, led them through the middle of the soldiers to the stable, amidst their abuse and anger. The hostler "thought he had seen his face before," and the king had some trouble in turning his thoughts away from these unpleasant remembrances.

The master of the ship at Lyme refused to take him, thinking it was some dangerous employment he was hired for, and they had to return to Mr. Windham's; but it was no longer safe for Charles to remain there. His next refuge was at a widow lady's house, about four miles from Salisbury. He went to it just as it was dark, with Colonel Robert Philips, not intending to make himself known, but the lady, Mrs. Hyde, recognised him immediately; however, he had already resolved to tell her who he was; and after supper he saw her alone and confided in her. She told him she had a very safe place to hide him in, and advised him to take his horse and quit the house the next day, but to return about night, when she would have sent all her servants out of the house, and no one would be there but herself and her sister. The king and Colonel Philips accordingly took their horses the next morning, and rode to Stonehenge, where they spent a great part of the day, returning at night to Hale at the hour Mrs. Hyde had appointed. She took him to her secret chamber, which was at once comfortable and safe, and he remained there four or five days. Then Colonel Philips came to tell him that a ship had been provided for him at Shoreham, by Colonel Gunter. So about two o'clock in the morning he left his hiding-place by the back way, and with Colonel Philips met Colonel Gunter and Lord Wilmot together, some fourteen miles off on the road to Shoreham, and went to lodge for that night at Hambleton, a village seven miles from Portsmouth. Here they stayed for the night at a brother-in-law's of Colonel Gunter's, Charles still acting serving-man.

The next day the party proceeded to Brighton (Bright-helmstone) to meet the master of the ship. When they reached the inn they found Mansel, the merchant whose vessel they had hired, with the master. The latter looked fixedly at the serving-man in grey, and then taking the merchant on one side, told him he had not dealt fairly with him, though he had given

him a very good price for carrying the gentleman over, for he said, "he is the king; I know him very well." The merchant assured him that he must be mistaken, but he answered, "I know him very well; he took my ship, together with some other fishing vessels, at Bright-helmstone in the year 1648." (This the king knew was true, but he had let them go again.)

"But," added the seaman, "be not troubled at that, for I think I do God and my country good service by preserving the king, and by the grace of God I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safely on shore, if I can, in France." The merchant hastened to repeat this to Charles, who found himself again under the necessity of revealing himself, but he delayed doing so; kept the merchant to supper with them, and sat up all night drinking beer and smoking with him.

Another danger arose. As the king stood after supper by the fireside alone (his friends had gone into another room), leaning his hand upon a chair, the landlord came in, and as soon as he saw that Charles was alone, he suddenly bent down and kissed the hand on the chair, saying, "God bless you wheresoever you go; I do not doubt before I die to be a lord and my wife a lady." The king laughed, and went away to the next room, not contradicting him, and the man proved very faithful.

The next morning at four o'clock they started for Shoreham, taking the master with them. The vessel, one of only sixty tons, lay dry, as it was low water, and the king and Lord Wilmot got on board her by means of a ladder, and went to lie down in the cabin, awaiting the tide floating the ship.

Charles had scarcely lain down, before the master came into the cabin, fell on his knees and kissed his hand, telling him that he knew him very well, and would venture life and all that he had to set him down safe in France. At high water they left the port, but the master being laden with coal for Poole, stood towards the Isle of Wight. Then he came to Charles and

asked him to induce the men to land himself and friend in France, to cover him (the master) from any suspicion. The king readily complied. He spoke to the crew of four men and a boy, told them that he and his friend were two merchants who had had misfortunes and were a little in debt, that they had money owing to them at Rouen, and that they were afraid of being arrested in England; that if they could persuade the master to take them to Dieppe, they would oblige them, and with that Charles gave them twenty shillings for drink. They agreed to second him if he would propose it to the master. Of course the captain yielded to these joint entreaties, and, about five o'clock, as they were in sight of the Isle of Wight, they stood over direct to the coast of France, with a fair wind, and the next morning saw the coast. But the tide failed and the wind veered, and the vessel was compelled to anchor two miles off the shore.

Then suddenly a vessel appeared to leeward that all took for an Ostend one, and as war was waging between France and Spain, the king thought it likely that they might be taken, plundered, and sent back to England. He proposed therefore that they should go ashore in a little cockboat. Wilmot agreed to this, and they went on shore at once, at Féchamp, where they stayed the day to provide horses for Rouen.

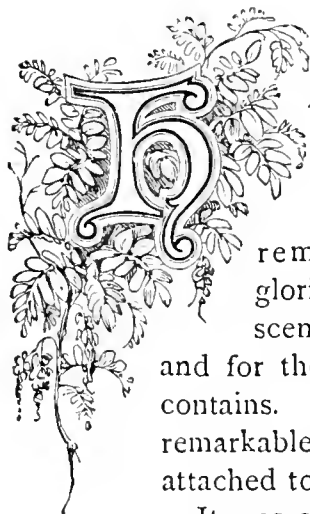
One is glad to hear that no sooner was the fugitive monarch landed, than the wind turned favourably for the return of the little vessel to Poole, so that it was never known that she had been upon the coast of France.

Charles stayed one day at Rouen, to get proper clothes, and then proceeded to Paris, and was met outside the city by his mother, Queen Henrietta Maria.

We have thus abridged from the Boscobel Tracts Charles II.'s own account of his perilous escape from England, which certainly may well account for the assurance he gave the Duke of York, "that he did not wish to set out on his travels again."

HAGLEY PARK;

AND ITS GHOST STORY.



HAGLEY is one of the most beautiful of the "stately homes" of England, remarkable for the glorious beauty of the scenery surrounding it, and for the treasures of art it contains. It has also a very remarkable supernatural story attached to it.

It was a favourite haunt of Thomson, Shenstone and Pope, and the former of the celebrated triad has left us a sketch of Hagley which does it almost, but not quite, justice. "The park," he writes, "where we pass a great part of our time, is thoroughly delightful, quite enchanting. It consists of several little hills, finely tufted with wood, and rising softly one above another, from which are seen a great variety of at once beautiful and grand extensive prospects; but I am most charmed with its sweet embowered retirements, and particularly with a winding dale that runs through the middle of it. This dale is overhung with deep woods, and enlivened by a stream that now gushing from mossy rocks, now falling in cascades, and now spreading into a calm length of water, forms the most natural and pleasing scene imaginable."

Horace Walpole is equally transported with Hagley, and has left us a more animated description of it.

"I cannot," he says, "describe the enchanting beauty of the park. It is a hill of three miles, but broken into all manner of beauty; such lawns—such woods—hills, cascades, and a thickness of verdure quite to the summit of the hill, and commanding such a view of towns and meadows and

woods, extending quite to the Black Mountains in Wales. Here is a ruined castle built by Millar; has the true rust of the barons' wars, . . . a small lake with cascades falling down such a Parnassus, with a circular temple on the distant eminence, a fairy dale with cascades gushing out of the rocks, a pretty well under a wood, like the Samaritan woman's in a picture of Nicolo Poussin."

The shrubberies and waterfalls of Hagley have been considerably altered since Walpole's time, but the grounds are still unsurpassed in beauty. The chief architectural ornaments of the park are the model of the porch of the temple of Theseus, the beautiful proportions of which are thrown out admirably by a dark background of Scottish firs; the octagon temple erected by George, Lord Lyttelton, to the memory of his friend the poet Thomson; the Ionic rotunda, a dome enclosed in an amphitheatre of wonderfully large and magnificent trees; the Doric temple, with the inscription, "*Quieti et musis*," standing near a lawn; the hermitage, a sequestered spot built chiefly of roots and moss, and containing only a bench, with lines from "*Il Penseroso*," of Milton, above it; the ruined tower, an excellent imitation of one; the ornamented urns in memory of Pope and Shenstone, and the column bearing the statue of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

The mansion itself stands on a rising ground, surrounded by lawns on the south-west and east; on the north are the offices and kitchen garden, bordered by the shrubbery, evergreens, and lines of limes and other trees. The house is quadrangular with a square tower at each angle. A handsome double flight of steps leads to the hall, which is thirty feet square. It has

a splendid white marble chimney-piece supported by two figures of Hercules. In it also are, "The Courtship of Diana by Pan," in relieve, by Vasari; busts of Rubens and Vandyck, by Rysbrach; and casts of Venus, Bacchus, and Mercury.

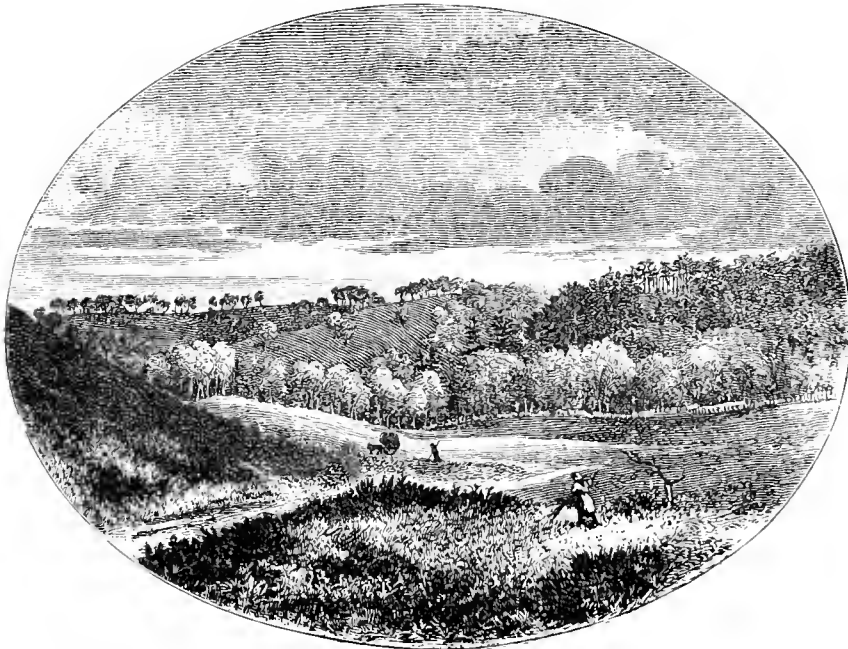
The library is a very fine one, and besides its valuable collection of books has busts of Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, and Dryden, the gift of Pope, from the studies of Scheemakers. There is also here a portrait of Pope with his dog Bounce. In the

gallery, which is 85 feet long by 22 feet broad, is a fine collection of pictures.

The drawing-room is hung with Gobelins tapestry, and has a number of portraits by Ramsay.

The church is a very fine building, and has been thoroughly repaired and restored from Street's designs by a fund raised in the county, in order to show the people's appreciation of Lord Lyttelton as Lord Lieutenant.

The parish register of Hagley is the oldest in England. It dates from Decem-



OAKEDGE, A VIEW NEAR HAGLEY HALL.

ber 1st, 1538, being the year in which registers were ordered to be kept in all parishes. In the chancel are two very fine monuments erected by George, Lord Lyttelton, to the memory of his first wife, and to his father and mother.

"Hagley was held at the time of the Great Survey as one of the fourteen lordships which William Fitzsculph held in Worcestershire as a member of his barony of Dudley. This wealthy lord died without issue, and the property came successively into the hands of the Paganel and

Somerys, barons of Dudley, and in the reign of Henry II. William de Haggaley held the manor of Gervase Paganel. The Lordship paramount of the manor fell, about the close of the reign of Edward III., to John de Botetourt, knight. The property was recovered by Henry de Haggaley, who was High Sheriff of Worcestershire in 1398, and subsequently it passed by sale to Thomas Walwyn, Esq., who alienated it to Jane Beauchamp, Lady Bergavenny, who devised it to her grandson, James Boteler. This gentleman, son

and heir to the Earl of Ormond, came into possession in 1445."* He fought on the Lancastrian side in the Wars of the Roses, was taken prisoner at Towton, and beheaded at Newcastle, his lands reverting to the Crown. Edward IV. bestowed Hagley on his wife, Elizabeth Woodville; but it soon passed into the possession of Thomas Boteler, or Butler, the younger son of the James Boteler who was beheaded. His daughter bequeathed the estate to her grandson, who in 1564 sold it to Sir John Lyttelton of Frankley, Worcestershire.

The Lytteltons were a very old family. They had property at South Lyttelton and in the Vale of Evesham at the beginning of the thirteenth century.

The most celebrated of the early Lytteltons was Thomas, who in 1464 was one of the judges in the Court of Common Pleas. His famous work, the "Treatise on Tenures," was said by Lord Coke to be "the ornament of the common law and the most perfect and absolute work that ever was wrote in any human science."

His grandson, John Lyttelton, married Elizabeth, great-great-grand-daughter of John of Gaunt, son of Edward III., in right of which alliance the Lytteltons quarter the arms of France and England within a bordure gobony.

Sir John Lyttelton, the eldest son of this marriage, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, in 1556.

His grandson, M.P. for Worcestershire, was both a brave and witty man. He was a Roman Catholic, and took some slight part in Essex's conspiracy. He was in consequence tried, condemned to death, and his estate forfeited, in 1600. At the intercession of Sir Walter Raleigh his life was spared, but the queen (Elizabeth) had done her best to get him condemned, that she might take his estates. He was imprisoned, and died in prison 1600-1.

When James I. two years afterwards succeeded to the throne, the widow of the un-

fortunate captive, Muriel, daughter of the Lord Chancellor Bromley, met the king at Doncaster, threw herself at his feet, and obtained a reversal of the attainder, and a grant by letters patent of the whole of his estates.

Thomas, her eldest son, was member for Worcestershire and Sheriff of the county in 1613. During the civil war he was a devoted adherent to the royal cause. He offered to raise a regiment of foot and a troop of horse in 1642. He suffered for his loyalty in the end, being imprisoned in the Tower, and dying in 1649-50. He was succeeded by his eldest son Sir Henry, also a faithful Royalist, who was consequently imprisoned in the Tower for nearly two years by Cromwell. He died childless in 1703, when the title devolved on his brother, Sir Charles, whose grandson, Sir George, laid out the grounds of Hagley Park, and was the friend of the poets Thomson, Shenstone, etc.

Sir George entered Parliament in 1730, and in 1755 became Chancellor and Under-Treasurer of the Exchequer. He was created a baron in 1757 by the title of Lord Lyttelton.

He had considerable reputation as an author. His works were "On the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul" (1747), "Dialogues of the Dead" (1760), and "History of Henry II." (1764).

"A singularly beautiful letter," says Mr. Timbs, "was written by his father to the first Lord Lyttelton on the publication of his treatise on the conversion of St. Paul."

"I have read your religious treatise," writes the author's father, "with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear; the argument close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of kings, whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labours, and grant that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eye-witness of that happiness which I don't doubt He will bountifully bestow on you. In the meantime I shall never cease glorifying

* Timbs.

God for having endowed you with such talents and given me so good a son."

The second Lord Lyttelton, the son of this beloved and admired nobleman, was a wild, profligate young man. He died at the early age of thirty-five without issue, and the peerage became extinct; the baronetcy reverting to his uncle. It is to this Lord Lyttelton that the singular ghost story belongs.

He had given his father great cause for displeasure by his wild conduct; but dissipation was the fashion of the age, and many young men were much more dissipated than he was. In his childhood he must have received religious impressions, and these probably awoke remorse at times in his mind at his waste of time. He had a great dislike to be alone, and a constitutional melancholy that drove him into society.

He held an office under Government in Ireland, and on his return from it, suffered from suffocating fits, proceeding either from indigestion or heart disease.

Finding himself ill on the evening of Nov. 24th, he retired early to bed. His servant gave him the medicine ordered for these attacks, and left him.

He had not been gone long when Lord Lyttelton, who believed himself to have been awake, heard a gentle fluttering of wings in his room; and while he listened to it with some surprise, he heard footsteps approaching the bed. Curious to know what caused these sounds, he sat up in bed, and was astonished to see a lovely female form all in white, with a small bird perched on her hand, standing by his bed. He was speechless from surprise, and she spoke to him. She bade him prepare himself, for that he would shortly die. Lyttelton inquired at once how long he had to live. The vision answered, "Not three days, and you will depart at the hour of twelve."

When he arose in the morning, he felt so uneasy that he could not help telling his dream or vision at the breakfast-table to

his assembled guests. But he tried to convince himself that it was only a common dream. He said he had had some trouble to catch a robin in the greenhouse at Pitt Place a few days before, meaning to set it free—that might account for the bird; but every one saw that he was uneasy and gloomy, and that his thoughts dwelt upon the subject.

He grew more composed during the day; attended the House of Lords, and delivered two brilliant and witty speeches.

The second day passed much in the same manner. The third day at dinner, Lord Lyttelton rallied wonderfully, and exclaimed as the cloth was removed, "Richard's himself again." Admiral Wolseley and his other guests have stated that his spirits were high, and that his conversation was remarkable for wit and brilliancy. But as the evening wore on, his mood changed to restlessness and despondency. To prevent his becoming the victim of a mere imagination, they had all put on their watches half an hour, and had, with the connivance of his valet and steward, altered all the clocks and his own watch, putting them on half an hour, so that when Lord Lyttelton believed it to be half-past eleven, it was in reality only eleven o'clock. About this time he complained of feeling very tired, and retired to bed; when there he showed great uneasiness; looked often at his watch and consulted that of his valet. At a few minutes to twelve he held both watches to his ear; was pleased to find they were going; and that it was a quarter-past twelve. "This mysterious lady is not a true prophetess, I find," he said; "give me my medicine. I will wait no longer."

The valet went into the next room to get it, but thinking he heard his lord breathing unusually hard, he hurried back to the room. He found Lord Lyttelton dying. He called for help, and Lord Fortescue, the Miss Amphlets, cousins of the dying man, and their companion, Mrs. Hood, hastened into the room; they were only

in time to see him die—exactly at twelve o'clock.

At the very hour he expired a Mr. Andrews, one of his most intimate friends, imagined that he saw Lord Lyttelton standing by his bedside, and thinking it was some joke on his part, reproached him for coming to Dartford Mills without notice, and jumped out of bed to ring and order a room to be prepared for his unexpected guest. But when he looked round his strange visitor was gone. The servant answered the bell, and Mr. Andrews asked if he had met Lord Lyttelton. Of course the answer was in the negative. Mr. Andrews, still suspecting a practical joke,

dressed himself, and searched everywhere for his friend. He was still suspecting a hoax, when at four o'clock next day, an express arrived telling him that Lord Lyttelton was dead.

We confess that this second ghost is much more puzzling than the first, which may have proceeded wholly from a melancholy imagination, feeling the approach of death.

Yet the whole subject is full of mystery; and incredible to us nineteenth-century people; though for our own part we believe with Shakspeare that there are "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

LINCOLN.



APPROACHING Lincoln from the south by the London road, we arrive unexpectedly on the brow of a steep hill, from which we

gaze into a lovely fertile valley stretching away to the right and left. Through the centre of it flows a gentle river called the Witham. Immediately opposite to where we stand rises another hill; and in the valley, and up and over the hill, lies outspread before us the beautiful city of Lincoln, with the magnificent cathedral towers rising above it and crowning the picture. This most noble of English buildings is charmingly situated. We see its whole length at once, and it is 470 feet long, with two handsome towers on the left, and the great tower, rising grandly from the centre, to the height of 267 feet.

This is our first view of Lincoln Cathedral, a structure that took two centuries

to build, and which therefore presents us with several changes—always for the better—of architecture in England.

The cathedral was begun by Remigius, who came over with the Conqueror. He was a most excellent and benevolent man. William of Malmesbury says of him, "that being in person far below the common proportion of men, his mind exerted itself to excel and shine." He was indeed an extraordinary dwarf. To set an example to his workmen, and to show them the reverential and devout spirit in which he reared this temple to God, he carried the stones and mortar to them on his own shoulders. He fed daily for three months each year—we suppose it was in the winter—one thousand poor persons; and he clothed the blind and the lame among their number. Remigius had been the Bishop of Dorchester, but was translated to Lincoln, and as we see, founded the cathedral; he built also the adjoining bishop's palace, and the houses for the ecclesiastical offices.

It is sad to think that he died the very

day before the minster he had built was opened; and strange in the extreme, that when he invited all the bishops to assist in the act of consecration, the Bishop of Hereford excused himself from coming, because he had ascertained by astrology that the church would not be consecrated while Remigius lived!

The central portion of the west front is all that now remains of Remigius's building; but it is supposed by a great authority that it did not differ much from the present building, except in size; it was sixty feet shorter eastwards, and the eastern front of Remigius showed a semi-circular tribune.

In 1185 an earthquake destroyed some of the original building, but Hugh de Grenoble re-erected it and added greatly to it. He began his repairs and additions in 1186, and continued them till 1200. The east or upper transept, with the chapel attached to it, the choir, chapter house, and east side of the west transept are all due to Bishop Hugh. This bishop was a native of Grenoble, and of such saintly and austere piety,* that when his body was brought to Lincoln for interment, the kings of England and Scotland, who had met there for a conference, put off their business to meet his body at the gates, and bore it on their shoulders to the cathedral close, where it was carried to the choir by a number of great and distinguished persons. It was finally buried at the east end of the cathedral. He was canonised in 1220, and sixty years later his body was taken up and placed in a shrine of pure gold in the presbytery. This gold shrine was eight feet long and four wide.

At the dissolution of the monasteries the shrine was plundered, of course, with the cathedral, and must have been a rich prize. The nave, which is unequalled in its majestic size and beauty of propor-

tion, was one of the last additions; and the curious Galilee porch, which is very interesting.

Dr. Milner has explained the use of the Galilee. "There were," he says, "formerly such porches at the western extremity of all large churches. In these public penitents were stationed; dead bodies were sometimes deposited, previous to their interment; and females were allowed to see the monks of the convent who were their relatives. We may gather in a passage from Gervase that upon a woman's applying for leave to see a monk, her relation, she was answered in the words of Scripture, 'He goeth before you into Galilee, there shall ye see him.'" (*Milner.*)

The lower part of the main tower is said to have been built by the famous Bishop Grostête.

This prelate was by no means favourable to the papal pretensions; he went to Rome to satisfy himself as to the demands of the pontiff, and was so disgusted with all he saw and heard there that he wrote a severe letter (and published it) about the papal pretensions and short-comings. The pope was so enraged that he excommunicated Grostête; but his sentence took no effect. The good bishop paid not the slightest attention to it, but went on calmly with the duties of his diocese, where he was greatly beloved for his wisdom, piety and charity.

The eastern front of the cathedral is of surpassing beauty. "The buttresses," says Knight, "almost cease to look like buttresses, so profusely are they decorated with crockets, creepers, and finials, with clustered columns at the angles, and with brackets and canopies for statues on the faces."

This front is wonderfully preserved, and is, indeed, "a joy for ever," as is also the angel choir, the extreme beauty of which is almost indescribable.

The bishop's porch is much mutilated, but traces of its great beauty still remain. The *alto rilievo* above the doorway, of the Last Judgment, is wonderful, both for

* Our readers will remember how he banished the remains of fair Rosamond from the church at Godstow.

design and execution ; and the porch must originally have been superb. The chapels and monumental remains are of great beauty and interest. Among the monuments are those of Bishop Remigius, the founder of the cathedral ; of Catherine Swynford, John of Gaunt's third wife, and the sister of Chaucer's wife ; and the remains of a monument, covering the stone coffin of little St. Hugh, a child who had been (it was said) crucified by the Jews on Good Friday, in mockery of our Lord's crucifixion.

This false accusation, for it has never been proved, was followed by very sad consequences. In 1255, a hundred and two Jews were taken from Lincoln and confined in the Tower, and in the end twenty-three were executed in London and eighteen at Lincoln.

The king seized all the houses of these unhappy Jews for his own use and profit.

The story probably suggested to Chaucer his *Prioress's Tale*, one of the most touching and beautiful of the "*Canterbury Tales*." The scene of her story is laid in Asia, but no doubt it was the tradition of little Hugh that inspired it. We give a verse or two from Wordsworth's modernized selections from Chaucer.

"Among these scholars was a widow's son,
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,
Who day by day into this school has gone
And eke when he the image did behold
Of Jesu's mother, as he had been told,
This child was wont to kneel adown and say,
Ave Marie as he goeth by the way."

The child learns at school the "*O Alma Redemptoris*," and sings it as he goes through the Jews' quarter ; enraged at this they murder him and throw him in a pit.

"Now this poor widow waiteth all that night
After her little child, and he came not ;
For which by earliest glimpse of morning light,
With face all pale with dread and busy thought,
She at the school and elsewhere hath him sought,
Until thus far she learned, that he had been
In the Jews' street, and there he last was seen."

The mother hastens thither and asks the Jews for her child : they say he is not there ; but she seeks and calls to him, and by-and-by she hears his dear little voice singing from a pit close by the *Alma Re-*

demptoris. Thus the murder is discovered, the body raised and taken to the abbey, and the babe is canonised.

The poem ends thus :—

"Young Hew of Lincoln ! in like sort laid low
By cursed Jews—thing well and widely known,—
For it was done a little while ago—
Pray also then for us, while here we tarry,
Weak, sinful folk, that God, with pitying eye,
In mercy should His mercy multiply
On us, for reverence of His Mother Mary."

A painted statue of little Hugh of Lincoln was formerly kept in the cathedral. It had marks of crucifixion in the hands and feet, and a wound in the side from which blood was issuing.

The story was commemorated also in the ballad, "*Sir Hugh, or the Jew's daughter*." There is in Lincoln a Norman building called the Jew's house, a curious piece of architecture, said to have belonged originally to Belaszel de Wallingford, a Jewess, who was hanged for clipping coin in the reign of Edward I.

Lincoln has a wonderful bell called Great Tom of Lincoln. It has been recast, having been accidentally broken, and is of immense weight and size. It is six feet high, six feet ten and a half inches broad, and weighs five tons eight hundred-weight. Its tone and volume are very grand and melodious.

King John was partial to Lincoln. There was an old prophecy that threatened misfortune to the king who should wear his crown in Lincoln ; and, some say, if he even entered the city. Stephen entered the town, and John wore his crown there, to show the absurdity of the prophecy ; but both he and Stephen were so unfortunate that they did but confirm a foolish superstition. Henry II. wore his crown only in the suburb of Wigford, to humour the fears of the townspeople.

William the Conqueror ordered a strong castle to be built here ; the remains of which stand on the hill west of the cathedral. In the reign of Stephen the Empress Maud was besieged in it by the king ; he took the castle, but Maud managed to

escape. It was retaken by her partizans, and again besieged by Stephen, to whom the town was loyal ; but Maud's half-brother Robert, Earl of Gloucester, came to its relief, and Stephen gave him battle. During the fight, Alan, Earl of Richmond, deserted to Gloucester's army, and Stephen, though fighting gallantly, was taken prisoner.

In the barons' war the town was taken by Gilbert de Gaunt, who held it for the French Dauphin, but the castle held out for John, and Gilbert, hearing that the king was marching to release it, retreated. John, however, lost his baggage and treasure in the Wash, and died of fever ; and Gilbert returned and retook the town. The Earl of Pembroke, regent for the little King Henry III., advanced to relieve it, and Fulke de Brent, who was on the king's side, threw himself into the castle. The besiegers were attacked both in front and rear, for Fulke made a sortie, while Pembroke attacked them, and they were entirely defeated, and the Dauphin's party ceased to have any power in the country.

In the civil war Lincoln was for the king, but in the struggle with the Parliamentarians the Royalists were obliged to retreat into the castle and cathedral, which were stormed, and, although very gallantly defended, taken on the night of May 5th, 1643.

The remains of the castle consist now of the outer wall of an extensive range of Norman buildings with perpendicular windows, and of the gateway with the billet in the dripstone over the archway, and two Norman windows. In one of the towers of the postern are the remains of a staircase by which one can climb to the top of the

ruins. At the south-west angle is a tower with some rooms intact still, a window, and some closets in the thickness of the wall. There is a crypt of Norman work under the hall.

The castle is situated on the banks of the river Trent. The greater part of its site is now filled by the county jail and courthouse. In one corner of it is "Cob's Hall," supposed to have been a chapel, and on the north side, in the outer wall, are the remains of a turret, in which is a gateway supposed to be of Roman build, when Lincoln was one of their stations.

Lincoln abounds in remains of ancient architecture. We have mentioned the Jews' house ; "John of Gaunt's stable" is also ancient and Norman. From a window of this hall Lord Hussey was executed for rebellion against Henry VIII. The original house has been pulled down, but there remains a beautiful oriel window. Abeda House, a very curious building, was erected by William Browne, merchant of the staple, in 1493 ; in the windows of the chapel is some very old painted glass.

The Stone Bow is a good gatehouse of Henry VIII.'s reign. It has a large arch in the centre, with a small round tower on each side ; above it is a clock. In a niche on the east side of the south front stands a statue of the angel Gabriel ; on the west, the Virgin Mary treading on a serpent ; in the centre is a shield with arms. The Stone Bow does not stand alone, but has houses joining it on each side, old battlemented buildings, one of which is a hair-dresser's shop.

St. Mary's Church and conduit, in High Street, is a very fine ecclesiastical building, and has an old tree by the entrance.

THORNTON ABBEY;

AND ITS "JMMURED" ABBOT.



THORNTON Abbey is a noble object seen from the railway. It must, in its best days, have been a splendid structure. It

originally consisted of a large quadrangular building surrounded by a deep ditch and an exceedingly high rampart.

These defences were greatly required, for pirates from the Humber and the German Ocean constantly attacked the monastic buildings near the sea. Its architecture was consequently a singular mixture of the ecclesiastical and castellated styles, caused by this necessity of defence. The fine gatehouse on the west, forming the only entrance, is nearly entire; it is a fine building and well calculated for defensive purposes. Probably here the vassals of the abbey have contended desperately with the piratical hordes who found their richest spoil in the monasteries.

The architecture of this gatehouse is late Perpendicular, and it still has a barbican, battlements, loopholes, and embattled parapets, terminating in two strong round towers between which there was formerly a draw-bridge.

The grand entrance-arch has a parapet over it, a small doorway from which leads to a cell, that was, probably, the watchman's lodge; in the entrance are the grooves of the decayed portcullis, and fragments of two ponderous doors. The western face of this entrance has six embattled turrets rising to the summit; between the two middle ones are three statues; the centre one wears a royal crown, the next is in armour, the third figure is mitred with a pastoral staff; each

stands under an enriched canopy. They probably represent the Army and Church supporting the Crown. Above these are some small figures kneeling, and other niches in this front have doubtless contained statues.

In the interior, on the first floor is the grand banquetting room, its bay window has the stonework still entire. Here, in 1541, the community entertained Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour; for King Henry, —on his return from a journey to the north, with his queen and retinue,—had crossed the Humber from Hull to Barrow, and honoured the Abbey of Thornton with a visit. The whole monastery had come out in solemn procession to meet the royal guests, and sumptuously entertained them for several days. Henry did not forget the flattering attentions paid him by the loyal brotherhood, and when the dissolution of the monasteries was decided on, the greater part of the revenues of Thornton Abbey was preserved for the endowment of a college here. Probably the monks had exhibited much erudition to the learned Tudor, and he meant both to reward them, and use their knowledge for educational purposes.

In the next reign it was suppressed, yet some of its members, even then, received pensions.

But we have wandered from our description of the ruins. The cells, chambers, and passages of the interior are very numerous and interesting. The chapter-house and the abbot's lodgings remain; the former is a most beautiful ruin. Eastward of the entrance the remains of the magnificent church have been excavated.

In taking down a wall in the abbey, a recess was found containing a human

skeleton, a table, books, and a candlestick. It is supposed to be the skeleton of the fourteenth abbot, who was for some crime sentenced to be immured; that is, buried alive within the wall. Was his crime reading the works of the Reformers, and acknowledging his belief in their doctrines? It may have been so, as other crimes were rarely so severely punished.

The abbey was founded in 1139 by William Fitz Odo, surnamed the Gros, as a priory of Black Canons. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. William le Gros died in 1180, and is supposed to have been buried here. The site of the abbey adjoins the parish of Thornton-Curtis, about five miles from Barton-on-Humber.

The monastery was first ruled by Prior Richard, who, with the monks, came from the monastery of Kirkham. It continued a priory for a short period, but having been endowed with many splendid grants, it was made an abbey.

Thornton was part of the estates of Henry Percy, first Earl of Northumberland, the

father of Hotspur, who was slain at Bramham Moor, 1407-8, after a severe struggle with Henry IV.'s troops.

His head, white with age, was cut off and set upon London Bridge on a pole; and the four quarters of his body were set on the gates of London, Lincoln, Berwick-on-Tweed, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. But in the May following they were taken down and interred.

Hotspur's son, after his father's death at the battle of Shrewsbury, was carried to Scotland, where he was brought up, but receiving, in after years, a pardon from the king through the intercession of Henry IV.'s half-sister Joan, he returned and was restored to his estates. Thornton thus became again the property of the Percies.

Thornton Abbey has passed to several other owners by purchase since that time; one of whom cut down a stately avenue of trees that extended from the gateway nearly to the church; but upon the whole the ruins have been well preserved.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.



THE name of Newstead is associated with one that is immortal as a poet—and whose fate as a man was almost tragic. But it has, also, a claim to be mentioned as the most beautiful ruin in Nottinghamshire.

In the lovely woodlands of this county, within the Forest of Sherwood, a priory of Black or Austin Canons was founded by Henry II., in 1170. He endowed it with the church and town of Papelwick, and a park of ten acres near

the town of Mansfield, celebrated as a hunting place of the Plantagenet kings, who visited it to enjoy the pleasures of the chase in Sherwood Forest. We may imagine that Robin Hood and his merry men were anything but pleasant neighbours to the monks of Newstead.

At the dissolution of the monasteries Newstead Priory passed into the possession of the Byrons, an ancient family, holding several manors in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, their chief seat being Horistan Castle, in Derbyshire.

Newstead was granted to Sir John Byron in 1540, "with the manor of Papelwick, a rectory of the same, and all the closes about

the priory, etc., etc." He fitted up a portion of the monastic buildings as a residence, but the church was let go to decay. Its front is a most beautiful specimen of Early English; the south aisle of the church was built into the mansion, "the western front remained a picturesque ruin," and ranges with the front of the house. The cloisters are quite perfect, and stand nearly in the middle of the building, which is large but irregular. Over the cloisters is a range of galleries, which connect all the rooms, and in these corridors are some perfect suits of armour. The drawing-room is on the upper floor; it is 72 feet long, and has a Gothic roof and plaster compartments, the work, in 1633, of Italian artists.

On the floor below is a grand dining-hall furnished in the olden style. But a prose description is very inadequate in comparison with the poetical picture that Byron has drawn so vividly himself, and which is so accurate that Sir Richard Phillips walked through and round the abbey with the poem in his hand in 1828, and found the description as correct as one by the dullest architect or antiquary would have been. We give it here:—

To Norman Abbey whirled the noble pair,
An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion—of a rich and rare
Mixed Gothic, such as artists all allow,
Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal: it lies perhaps a little low
Because the monks preferred a hill behind
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

It stood embosomed in a happy valley
Crowned by high woodlands, where the Druid
oak

Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder
stroke.

And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters: as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its softened way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and
stood
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

Its outlet dashed into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until, again subsiding,
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet, and thus allayed,
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods: now clear, now
blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half
apart,
In a grand arch, which once screened many an aisle.
These last had disappeared—a loss to art:
The first yet frowned superbly o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourned the power of time or tempest's
march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from his
throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell
The annals of full many a line undone—
The gallant Cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crowned,
The Virgin Mother of the God-born Child,
With her Son in her blessed arms, looked round,
Spared by some chance, when all beside was
spoiled:
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
This may be superstition, weak or wild;
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship, wake some thoughts divine.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepened glories once could
enter,
Streaming from off the sun, like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft
sings
The owl his anthem where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs quenched like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound which then
Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch which soars and sinks again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the nightwind by the water-fall,
And harmonised by the old choral wall:

Others, that some original shape or form,
Shaped by decay, perchance, hath given the
power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fixed hour)
To this grey ruin with a voice to charm.
Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower:
The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such
The fact: I've heard it—once perhaps too much.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played,
 Symmetrical, but decked with carvings quaint—
 Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
 And here perhaps a monster, there a saint :
 The spring gushed through grim mouths of granite
 made,
 And sparkled into basins, where it spent

Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
 Like man's vain-glory and his vainer troubles.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
 With more of the monastic than has been
 Elsewhere preserved : the cloisters still were stable :
 The cells, too, and refectory, I ween :



NEWSTEAD ABBEY AS IT WAS.

An exquisite small chapel had been able,
 Still unimpaired, to decorate the scene :
 The rest had been reformd, replaced, or sunk,
 And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers joined
 By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,

Might shock a connoisseur ; but, when combined,
 Formed a whole which, irregular in parts,
 Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
 At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.
 We gaze upon a giant, for his stature ;
 Nor judge, at first, if all be true to nature.

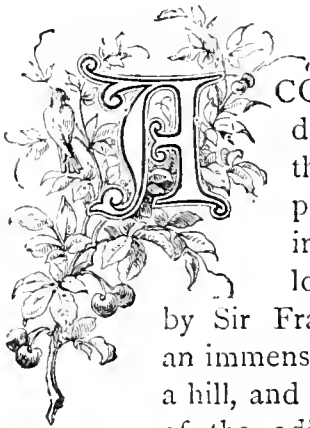
The poet-lord became possessor of Newstead at the age of six years by the death of his uncle. His predecessor had been a man of a haughty and impetuous spirit; and in a duel, which arose from a dispute between their gamekeepers, he killed his antagonist, Mr. Chaworth, the possessor of the adjoining manor. His youthful successor gave his boyish love to the last descendant of the Chaworth family—the Mary of his poems. “The Dream” contains their history, and the scenery of Newstead is again traceable in the poem. The lady became the wife of Mr. Musters; the poet wedded, was separated, as we know, from his wife, and died at Missolonghi, when about to fight for the liberty of Greece.

Circumstances had compelled him to sell his long-descended inheritance, but happily the purchaser was one who knew and loved the poet. Colonel Wildman, was a school-fellow on the same form as Lord Byron at Harrow, and had an enthusiastic admiration for his gifted acquaintance.

“The house,” says Sir Richard Phillips, “is, as it now exists” (1828), “everything that could delight a lover of Byron, an admirer of taste and elegance, and a devotee of antiquity, in close association with our national history and ancient religion. It was an abbey founded by Henry II., as one of many peace-offerings to the enraged Church, for adding a martyr to its calender, by the sacrifice of the imperious and wily Becket. It was magnificently built in the spirit of the age, and was intended in its structure and endowments to prove the repentance of the politic king. What it was, thanks to Colonel Wildman, it still is; and in Newstead we behold a veritable abbey of the twelfth century, nearly as it was six hundred years ago.”

Lord Byron's body was brought to England and buried in Hucknall village church; in the same vault lies his daughter, Lady Lovelace; but his name and fame will always be associated with Newstead Abbey.

WOLLATON HALL.



ACCORDING to Camden in his “Britannia,” this magnificent and picturesque house sank in its erection “three lordships,” being built by Sir Francis Willoughby at an immense cost. It stands on a hill, and is seen from all parts of the adjoining country; of course the views from it are equally extensive, both of rich woodlands and fertile valleys, and also of a busy and populous manufacturing town, for it is only three miles west of Nottingham. It is surrounded

by a splendid park, very finely wooded and full of delicious nooks of greenwood, by lovely streams, where greensward, moss, and fern, and wild flowers offer a charming couch for the lover of nature.

The house was built by Sir Francis Willoughby at the close of the sixteenth century, while still Queen Elizabeth held the sceptre of the Tudors.

His daughter Bridget married Sir Percival Willoughby, of another branch of the same family. They left five sons. The eldest, Sir Francis, was the father of Francis Willoughby, a great naturalist. His “History of Birds” (in Latin) was published

after his death, and is a most valuable work. He died in 1672, leaving two sons and one daughter. This young lady (her name was Cassandra) married James, Duke of Chandos, the "Gracious Chandos" of Pope, whose splendid hospitality and magnificent house at Canons the poet was accused of ridiculing in his *Essay on "False Taste"*; but Pope denied that he meant to allude to the duke's house.

James Brydges, first Duke of Chandos, was Paymaster of the Forces under Godolphin; and when, in 1711, the public accounts of Godolphin were examined by Harley, thirty-five millions had not been passed; fourteen of these belonged to the Paymaster's department. He was, however, successfully defended by St. John.

Francis Willoughby's eldest son died young and unmarried. His second son was created a peer in 1711. On the death of Thomas, Lord Middleton, without children, the estate descended to Henry Willoughby, Esq., of Birdfall, County York.

In consequence of the want of issue in many of this family, the title and estates

have generally gone to a distant relative of the last peer.

Wollaton Hall is a really grand building in the Italian style, built when the Gothic of Elizabeth's reign was undergoing a change. It is square, with large towers at each angle with pinnacles, and in the centre the body of the house rises higher than the towers, with projected coped turrets at the corners. The front and sides are adorned with Ionic pilasters, and there are very rich mouldings.

"In the richness of its ornaments it is surpassed by no mansion in the kingdom."

The hall is very fine; the roof, which is at a great height from the floor, is supported by arches. There is a beautiful screen with Doric pillars; and there are a great many quaint devices under the beams, as satyrs' heads, chimeras, etc., etc.

Laguerre was the painter who adorned the walls and ceilings.

The rooms are all lofty and spacious, and the house has really more resemblance to a palace than to a family mansion. It is the seat of Lord Middleton.

THORESBY HALL.



HE park surrounding this mansion (of ten miles in circuit) preserves much of the beauty of old Sherwood Forest, part of the remains of which it, in fact, is; for Thoresby Hall, in Nottinghamshire, is within the skirts of the ancient hamlet of Robin Hood and his merry men. A fine lake, formed by the river Meden, adds to the woodland beauty of the place, and was once, perhaps, the haunt

of the outlaws and the red deer of Sherwood.

The first recorded owner of Thoresby Hall came to England with the Conqueror, and received the property from him. This was Robert de Pierrepont, who was doubtless a brave and distinguished knight, and had served William well at the battle of Hastings.

Robert de Pierrepont, the descendant of this knight, was created a baron by Charles I. in the first year of his reign, by the title of Lord Pierrepont of Holm Pierrepont, in Nottinghamshire, Viscount Newark, and soon after Earl of Kingston.

This nobleman was known in his life, and long remembered after death, as the "good Earl of Kingston." He was a cadet of the noble family to which he belonged, and yet had been rapidly advanced to an earldom by the favour of Charles. He was consequently warmly attached to his royal master. But he was a clear-sighted man, good and tender to the poor, a lover, too, of freedom, and he could not help disapproving of many of the king's exacting and unconstitutional measures; at the same time, his sense of loyalty and gratitude and great personal affection for Charles I. forbade his siding with the men who dared draw the sword against their sovereign.

He resolved, therefore, to remain neutral—as if at such a period it were possible! Men's passions were then at fever-heat, and the bitter spirit of party was at its worst.

The gentlemen of Nottingham were generally against the king's measures, and Lord Kingston had not kept his own disapproval of Charles's illegal acts secret. The republicans expected him to join their cause, and they were very angry when he refused to do so. They said he was bound in conscience to act as he thought, and to peril all worldly advantages for his country.

It was an evil hour just then for the republican party. Fairfax had been defeated at Atherton Moor. Essex and Waller were jealous of each other, and their cause suffered from their enmity. It became most desirable to win the moral and physical support of so good and distinguished a man as Earl Kingston.

Amongst them—indeed, one of their committee—was Captain Lomax, a very old friend of Lord Kingston. They deputed him, therefore, to call upon the earl at Thoresby Park, and to press him to declare for the Parliament.

The messenger acted courteously and argued impressively, recalling to Lord Kingston's memory the blame with which he had formerly spoken of the king's measures, and assuring him that a victory at the present moment over the sovereign

would be the best thing that could happen to him, as it might check his power without endangering the throne. The earl listened much moved; he was agitated by strongly conflicting feelings, and as Captain Lomax ceased speaking, he started from his seat, raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and exclaimed passionately,—
"When I take arms with the king against the Parliament, or with the Parliament against the king, let a cannon-ball divide me between them."

The words thus solemnly uttered decided the republican captain to say no more, and he returned, disappointed, to his committee.

Time went on; the first successes of the Royalists were followed by defeats, the royal cause appeared declining, and King Charles's attached subject forgot his singular prayer and his prudent resolutions in tender sympathy with his royal master. More than once the real intentions of the Roundheads had become apparent, and doubtless disgusted him. He cast off his pacific determination, and joined the royal army with four thousand men. He was immediately appointed lieutenant-governor for the king of the five counties of Lincoln, Rutland, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and Norfolk, and did good service to Charles, devoting his fortune and hazarding his life in the royal cause. He was, unfortunately, surprised and taken prisoner at Gainsborough by Lord Willoughby, and sent off by sea in a pinnace to Hull. But a party of Royalists were in the neighbourhood, and hearing of the good earl's capture, pushed forward with all speed to rescue him.

They came up with the boat in which he was carried off, and demanded the liberation of the prisoner. Their demand was refused, and they at once began to cannonade the pinnace. The earl was below. Understanding the position of affairs, he rushed up on deck to stop the firing of the Royalists, but scarcely had he gained the deck when a cannon-ball struck him and cut him in halves, dividing him in the

middle. Thus his hasty wish was fulfilled. He was divided by a cannon ball between the king and the Parliament.

Henry, his son and successor, inherited his titles and property, and for faithful services to Charles II. was created Marquis of Dorchester.

At the old house, destroyed in 1745, the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was born. She was the daughter of Evelyn, Earl of Kingston, afterwards Marquis of Dorchester and Duke of Kingston. She was a very beautiful and attractive child, and her father was extremely proud and fond of her. He was a leader of fashion, and a violent Whig—one of the original members of the Kit-Cat Club. At a meeting of this club to choose toasts for the year, he named the little Lady Mary, then eight years old, as more beautiful than any of those ladies whose charms they meant to drink to; but the members demurred, saying that their rules forbade them to elect a beauty they had never seen. He said they should see her, and forthwith sent for her, ordering that she should be finely dressed.

The child soon appeared; she was received with acclamations, her health was drunk by all present, and her name engraved in due form upon the glasses. The members of the club “consisted of the most eminent men in England, and Lady Mary went from the lap of one statesman, or patriot, or poet, to another, to be feasted with sweetmeats and overwhelmed with caresses.”

Her father had her portrait taken for the club-room that she might be enrolled as a regular toast. As she grew up, however, the duke ceased to pet and spoil, and even neglected her.

She had a much-beloved female friend, Ann Wortley, the sister of Mr. Wortley Montagu. It was at this lady's tea-table that the witty Lady Mary met this gentleman. He fell in love with her, and she accepted him, but the duke (he was then Marquis of Dorchester) quarrelled with Mr. Montagu about the settlements, and

commanded his daughter to marry a suitor he had himself chosen for her. She refused; but her father persisted, ordered her wedding clothes, and named the day for the marriage. Then Lady Mary hurried out of his house and married Mr. Wortley Montagu, rather, perhaps, to escape from a husband she hated than to become the wife of one she loved. The marriage was not a happy one. Mr. Wortley left his young bride much alone in Yorkshire, but an appointment to a place in the Treasury obliged him to bring her to London and to court. Here she was greatly admired for her wit and beauty, and became intimate with Addison, Steele, Congreve, and Pope. In 1716 Mr. Wortley Montagu was appointed Ambassador to Constantinople, and took his beautiful wife with him. Lady Mary's letters from Turkey enchanted Pope and every one who read them; they are still thought masterpieces of epistolary style, and she is to England that which Madame de Sevigné is to France. She brought back with her from Turkey the secret of inoculation, and tried it on her own children with perfect success. It was a mighty boon to the English, so many of whose friends (as well as their Stuart princes) had died of that fatal complaint small-pox, and it was highly valued till Dr. Jenner discovered the still better preventive of vaccination.

In 1739 Lady Mary left England and her husband, and resided in France or Italy. It is supposed that Mr. Wortley had insisted on this exile from England, though nothing certain is known about it; for Lady Mary lived for twenty-two years abroad, but returned to England immediately after her husband's death. She survived her arrival in London only a year, dying in 1762.

She left two children—a most singular and probably half-mad son, and a daughter who was all that could be desired, and who married Lord Bute, the favourite minister of George III.

Lady Mary was a highly gifted woman, and her great abilities had had careful

training. She was a good classical scholar, and very well read. Her wit and power of satire made her many enemies in her own class, and her quarrel with Pope drew on her the sarcasms of a far greater satirist than herself. In her Italian home she was much beloved by the peasants, whom she aided and taught, and her servants were fond of her. *They* had not cause to fear her bitter tongue, by which she had alienated her English friends. "There was genius as well as activity in her blood," says Leigh Hunt. "The mother of Beaumont, the dramatist, was a Pierrepont, and, curiously enough, Lady Mary, in another Beaumont of Coleorton (the same stock), had a common ancestor with Villiers, the witty Duke of Buckingham, who was her great uncle.

. . . Henry Fielding, the novelist, was her second cousin."

Lady Mary had one brother, who died in his father's lifetime, and his son became the last Duke of Kingston. He was a kind, good man, though weak. He married Miss Chudleigh, one of the ladies of the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, George II.'s wife. Miss Chudleigh had been privately married previously to the Hon. Augustus Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol, and her trial for bigamy, after the duke's death, is one of the English *causes célèbres*.

The earls of Manvers, now representing the Pierrepont family, descended by marriage from the duke's sister and heir, Lady Frances.

SHERWOOD FOREST.



ENGLAND was in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries a great forest land, especially in the north, where there were the two great forests of Sherwood and Barnesdale.

Sherwood Forest extended for thirty miles northward from Nottingham, skirting the great north road on each side. It was formerly divided into Thorny Wood and High Forest, and in one of these divisions were nineteen towns and villages, including Nottingham; and this great woodland, almost unbroken, extended to Derbyshire and Yorkshire, nearly joining the famous forest of Barnsdale.

There is little or nothing left now of Sherwood Forest; the land has been cleared of the beautiful old trees that once bordered the road from Mansfield to Nottingham, the only ones now remaining being

the gigantic old trees that are to be found in the woods of Birkland and Bilhagh, and the oaks in Welbeck Park. Many of these aged trees are hollow, but they still put forth the tender green foliage of spring.

How beautiful those English woods must have been when Robin Hood and his archers dwelt in the forests; the oaks, the silver birches, the ashes, the elms, and the beeches growing close together; or in groups as they were wont to stand; with the rich undergrowth, the long trails of honeysuckle, or traveller's bower, the thistles, the foxgloves, and the primroses and bluebells of the spring beneath them. A thousand birds sang in the trees; the dappled deer bounded beneath them, and the rill trickled musically between the sedges. The trees made a natural fortress, for their entangled boughs, Camden tells us, "were so twisted together that they hardly left room for a person to pass."

There was much game, too, in the forest

coverts; the deer, the hare, the marten; the quail, the rail, the pheasant, the woodcock, and the heron. There were foxes, of course, and even the wolf might have been found in Sherwood down to the thirteenth century.

There are also a number of caverns in that part of the country, especially near Nottingham, and there is a cave traditionally connected with Robin Hood himself. It is a curious hollow rock in the side of a

hill near Newstead, known as Robin Hood's stable.

This remarkable man, whose memory was so long and dearly treasured by the English people, lived, some traditions say, in the reigns of John and Henry III., others in those of Henry III. and Edward I. He and his followers haunted Sherwood and Barnsdale.

These men were outlaws, but probably only on account of having in some way



ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET, AND LITTLE JOHN, FROM AN OLD PRINT.

broken the terrible game-laws of the Conqueror, or resented by a blow some insult from their superiors offered to a wife or sister. Men fled from mutilation to Robin Hood, and he sheltered them.

There were persons also of gentle and even noble birth amongst them; for after the battle of Evesham, in Henry III.'s reign, all who were on Montfort's side had their lands confiscated; and a much less offence than rebellion would, in his father John's reign, have justified a man in seeking shelter in the greenwood.

In the forests Robin Hood reigned an independent sovereign; at perpetual war with the king of England and his barons, but friend and father to the poor and destitute. When molested in one place he retired to another.

"It is not," says Mr. Ritson, "at the same time to be concluded that he must in this opposition have been guilty of manifest treason or rebellion; as he most certainly cannot be justly charged with either. An outlaw, in those times, being deprived of protection, owed no allegiance; his

hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him. These forests, in short, were his territories; those who accompanied and adhered to him, his subjects.

"The world was not his friend, nor the world's law. . . . The deer with which the royal forests then abounded (every Norman king being like Nimrod, 'a mighty hunter before the Lord') would afford our hero and his companions an ample supply of food throughout the year, and of fuel for dressing their venison, or for other purposes of life; they could evidently be in no want." The rest of their needs were, doubtless, supplied by the spoil of fat abbots or rich Norman nobles, and partly by selling venison or other game in the village.

In his way Robin was a religious man. Friar Tuck, his bluff chaplain, said mass daily to the outlaws, and Robin was very devout and reverent. A great reward had been offered by John for his apprehension, but no traitor was to be found in his band, or amongst his poor neighbours. Unhappily, however, he became ill with fever, and desirous of being bled, he applied to the Prioress of Kirklees Nunnery, in Yorkshire (his relation), to bleed him, women in those days being great in leechcraft. But the base woman, either desiring the reward, or in revenge for his robberies of Churchmen, was treacherous. She welcomed him to the shelter of her roof, and bled him to death! But ere life was quite extinct, his faithful archers, alarmed at his not returning to them, had entered the nunnery and stood beside his bed. They came too late, save to receive his last words, and the ballad tells us that they were these:—

"Give me my bent bow in my hand
And a broad arrow I'll let flee,
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave diggèd be.

Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet,
And lay my bent bow at my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

Let me have length and breadth enough
With a green sod under my head,
That they may say when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.

These words they readily promised him,
Which did bold Robin please,
And then they buried Robin Hood
Near to the Fair Kirklees."

The grave where he lies has still its pilgrims; the well of which he drank still bears his name, and within this century his bow and some of his broad arrows were to be seen at Fountain's Abbey, the spot memorable in ballad literature for his adventure with the curtail friar.

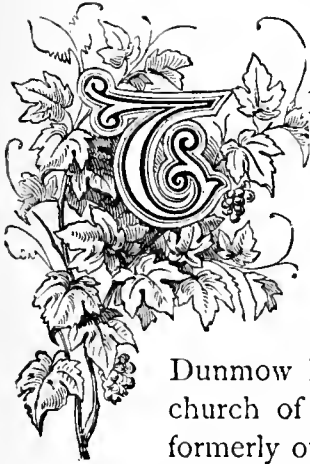
Little John, it is said, survived but to see his leader buried; his grave is claimed by Scotland as well as England, but tradition inclines to the grave in the churchyard of Hathersage. All we can learn more is that the place long continued "celebrated for the yielding of excellent whetstones."

So popular were Robin Hood and his men that annual processions were held in honour to his memory, "to gather for him" it was called, and it was, of course, a time of merriment and sports.

Latimer was very indignant at having, on one occasion, to give way to the outlaw's memory. In his sixth sermon before young Edward VI., he told a story of how, wishing to preach in a village church, he found the door locked, and the people gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood. He adds bitterly, "under the pretence of gathering for Robin Hood—a traitor and a thief—to put out a preacher!"

LITTLE DUNMOW PRIORY;

AND THE STORY OF MAID MARIAN.



THIS priory, being the resting-place of Robin Hood's Maid Marian, we place it here, though it is situated in Essex.

All that remains of Dunmow Priory is the present church of Dunmow, which was formerly only the south aisle of a magnificent collegiate church erected for the joint use of the parish and of the priory. It stands (divided from the public road by a cornfield) four miles from the town of Dunmow, and is picturesque with the true English loveliness of tree and golden grain, ancient walls and romantic memories; for within it repose some noble English dead, one of whom was a remarkable and beautiful woman.

Her story is worth telling. She was Matilda, or Marian, the daughter of Baron Richard Fitzwalter, and was one of the fairest of England's maidens. On her eighteenth birthday her father gave a tournament at one of his castles in her honour, and for three days the jousts went on with varying success to the challengers, who came from all parts to win honour in the eyes of the lovely women who filled the galleries and gazed on the martial sport. The legend has a great resemblance to the tournament in "Ivanhoe," for Prince John presided at it by the side of the Queen of Beauty—Marian Fitzwalter—and on the fourth day a stranger knight appeared clad in burnished mail, entered the lists, and vanquished the bravest of the competitors. He gave no name, his shield was argent uncharged, but his gallant bearing and his handsome countenance, as he knelt for the

Lady Marian to hang the victor's chain round his neck, won the girl's heart at once. He departed alone as he had come, and the tramp of his noble steed died away in the great still forest of Sherwood.

Prince John sounded his host at that time as to his feeling about the absent Richard—then a captive in Austria—and finding him entirely loyal to his sovereign, resolved on his destruction. Moreover, he had fixed his unholy affections on Marian, or Matilda (as she is variously called), and resolved to win her. It chanced shortly after that the brother of Fitzwalter departed for the Holy Land to join the crusade, taking with him a portion of the baron's retainers.

John seized his opportunity, attacked the imperfectly garrisoned castle, and killed its lord. But happily for herself Matilda had escaped into the forest and concealed herself in its green depths, taking her bow and arrow for protection from wild beasts or robbers.

Here she wandered all night and part of the next day, when she heard a rustling in the trees, and suddenly the victor of her birthday tournament appeared before her. He was no longer in armour, but clad in Lincoln green and holding a bow in his hand.

Amazed at finding the lady in the forest, he questioned her as to her trouble, proffering her ready aid, and then she told him her sad story—how her father was slain,—her home destroyed by the tyrant John.

The stranger gave her his warm and indignant sympathy, telling her that she would be safe with him and his merry men in the greenwood, for that he was Robin Hood, the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon. Ma-

tilda—henceforth to be known as Maid Marian—gratefully accepted his friendship, and went with him to his sylvan home. For her better protection he gave her a very light suit of armour, such as young knights wore at festivals, and thus disguised she roamed fearlessly in the forest with Robin, Allan-a-dale, or others of the outlaw band, for they were all her devoted followers.

But one day when she chanced to be alone, she came face to face with John himself, who was seeking for her. He did not know her at first, and called on her to surrender; but Marian drew her sword and ordered him to defend himself. Prince John was as cowardly as he was cruel, but he was confident of success when he found that his opponent was a woman. He was mistaken, however; she disarmed him, brought him to the ground, and granted him his life only on condition that he should instantly leave the forest. John, shamed and furious, fled from Sherwood, vowing vengeance against the heroic maiden.

After this adventure a love idyl went on in the greenwood, and Marian became the wife of Robin Hood, his faithful companion in storm and sunshine.

But now King Richard returned, and John, forgiven too easily, had to sink into vindictive insignificance.

Robin Hood was restored to his estates and rank as an earl, and Marian presided over his lordly castle with the same grace and ease as that with which she had ruled his greenwood home “under the shade of melancholy boughs.”

But their prosperity was short-lived. Richard was slain, Arthur set aside and murdered, and the hateful John was crowned king of England.

The time for John’s revenge was now come, and the hatred he had long nourished in his heart fell heavily on the Earl of Huntingdon. He was again outlawed, but once more found safety and true followers in the green woods of England. His faithful wife went with him, sharing all his dan-

gers and privations. Again her husband became an outlaw, but his band gathered together, and once more they defied the law.

But when Robin perished by the treachery of his cousin, Marian, utterly crushed by her grief, took refuge in Dunmow Priory, Essex; probably she had a friend or kinswoman amongst the nuns.

John heard of her retreat, and at once resolved on a terrible vengeance. Summoning a gallant knight of his train, Robert de Medieve, or Medewe, an ancestor of the Earl of Manvers, he ordered him to ride to Dunmow Priory and present to the widowed Countess of Huntingdon a valuable bracelet set with gems, asking her to accept it as a pledge of her sovereign’s pardon and of his future favour.

Marian must have been much younger than her husband, for she still retained great though mature beauty. She received the messenger graciously, and, having in much sorrow learned the duty of forgiveness, she accepted the king’s gift and put it on her arm. The knight took his leave, and rode off through the forest which then surrounded the priory. But he had been struck with love and admiration for the peerless Marian, and some strange instinct bade him look on her once more. He rode back to the priory. The day had closed in, but the windows of the church streamed with the light of many tapers, and he hastened thither at once, for the priory seemed deserted. His mailed step clanged on the pavement as he entered the church, but there he paused in horror, for before the altar lay the corpse of the beautiful Marian. The poisoned bracelet had eaten into the flesh and killed her rapidly. The veiled nuns were weeping round her.

The rage and indignation of the knight who had thus been made the unconscious agent in a dreadful crime must have equalled his sorrow. Never again would he serve that atrocious John. It was long before he could be moved from the spot,

and when he was, he laid aside mail for ever and became an Augustinian monk.

The grave of the Countess of Huntingdon is in Dunmow Church; shielded by a beautiful screen of dark oak which separates the nave from the chancel it stands forth in relief. The head is covered with a woollen coif and reposes on a cushion. She wears a collar of S.S., a necklace of pendants falling on a richly embroidered kerchief, a rich girdle and long robes; the sleeves close to the wrists and slit there; her fingers are loaded with rings. At the head are two angels, now mutilated; there is a dog on each side of her feet. According to Dugdale, in the Monasticon, she was buried across two columns; but her marble effigy, with its slab, are now placed upon a

grey altar tomb decorated with shields with quatrefoils.

It is some consolation to know that the name that headed the barons' demands on John (culminating at Runnymede) was that of Robert Fitzwalter, probably Marian's brother.

John destroyed Baynard's Castle in London, on the Thames, and every other castle the Fitzwalters possessed in his revengeful malice.

Sir Walter de Bohun and his wife Matilda are also buried at Dunmow. Robert Fitzwalter is said to have originated the custom of the flitch of bacon, by which "he that repenteth not of his marriage, sleeping or waking in a yeare and a day, might lawfully fetch a gammon of bacon."

CHESTER.



CHESTER, with its ancient walls and singular Rows, is one of the most picturesque cities in England; inferior to Durham in natural

beauties, but full of a romantic historical interest. It is situated on a rock raised above the river Dee, and is undoubtedly of Roman origin; for it is built

in the form of a Roman camp—an oblong, surrounded by walls (though *they* were not built by the Romans, but by Marcius, king of the Britons), and from a common centre four principal streets diverge at right angles, one north, one south, one east, one west, each terminating by a gate. It is, therefore, one of the most ancient cities in Britain, even setting aside the legend that avers it was built by a certain giant, named Leon Gawer; and another, and more probable

one, that it was erected by King Lear; the giant having only dug caves in the rock for habitations. It is possible that Lear may have dwelt in Chester.

In Roman times it was a place of much importance, being the spot in which the great Roman road, Watling Street, terminated, after running across the island in a direct line from Dover.

The Britons held the town, after the Roman legions were withdrawn from the island, till the Saxon invasion. The Saxons attacked and took it in 607; but the British princes gathered an army and regained it, possessing it in peace till about 828, when Egbert, King of the West Saxons, and finally of England, took it.

After Egbert's death Ethelwolf held the Witenagemot here, and received the homage of tributary kings, "From Berwick to Kent." He was crowned at Chester in 837.

The Danes, the following and more

terrible invaders, who had been allowed by Alfred the Great to settle in Northumberland, next assailed Chester, and seized the fortress, which was circular and of red stone; but Alfred hastened to the rescue of his city; besieged them in Chester for two days; drove away all the cattle; burned the corn; and slew every Dane that dared venture outside the encampment. Eventually the Danes were driven out, and retreated to North Wales. They had, however, nearly destroyed the city; but that wonderful woman Ethelfleda, the great daughter of the great Alfred, rebuilt and fortified it with walls and turrets.

In the time of King Edgar it was a station for the Saxon army, and it is recorded that he sailed up the Dee to Chester, and that eight kings or sub-kings came thither at his command to pay him homage. They were Kenneth, king of Scotland; Malcolm, king of Cumberland; Maccus, king of Anglesey and the Isles; three kings of Wales, and two others who obeyed the summons. But "his puerile vanity," says Sharon Turner, "demanded a more painful sacrifice. He ascended a large vessel, with his nobles and officers, and stationed himself at the helm, while the eight kings who had come to pay him homage were compelled to take the seats of the watermen, and to row him down the Dee—a most arrogant insult on the feelings of others whose titular dignity was equal to his own. Edgar crowned the scene, and consummated his disgrace, by declaring to his courtiers that his successors might call themselves kings of England when they could compel as many kings to give them such honour."

This disgraceful story is, however, contradicted by some historians, and it is to be hoped that it is not true.

We have already mentioned that there is a tradition averring that Harold escaped from Hastings; that when his body was found, though sorely wounded, he was not dead; that he was removed and concealed till he recovered; that then, one eye being

blind, he withdrew to Chester, and resided as "an anchorite in a hermitage close to St. John's Church, which is very romantically situated, and is a remarkably fine building."

After the Conquest, William, the Norman, made Cheshire a County Palatine, and it had consequently the power of holding Parliaments, and keeping its own Courts of Law, in which any offence against the dignity of the "Sword of Chester" was punished as if the offence had been given to the royal Crown. The power of life and death was in the "Sword of Chester," which is now preserved in the British Museum.

William created Hugh Lupus, who was one of his own relatives, Constable and Earl of Chester; for being so near the Welsh Marches, it was often at feud with its warlike neighbours, and required a martial ruler. Sir Walter Scott has used the state of the marches at that period, and the need of the Wardens being efficient soldiers with great effect in "The Betrothed."

There is something picturesque and quaint in some of the records of the fights on the Welsh Marches.

Earl Randle the Third, being surrounded by a Welsh army in the Castle of Rhudlands, and in imminent danger, despatched a messenger to Roger de Lacy, the Constable of Chester, praying for aid. The constable had not sufficient force with him to be of use; but Chester Fair was being held at the time, and he and his son-in-law, Ralph Dutton, went out into it, and asked if the minstrels and idle people in it would march against the Welsh, "for the love of Ralph Dutton," who was known to be extremely popular. The fiddlers at once volunteered, and one minstrel walked through the Fair, singing to his fiddle—

"Our Ralph Dutton's going to fight
In his doublet and his hose;
Who's wrong and who's right
No one cares and no one knows."

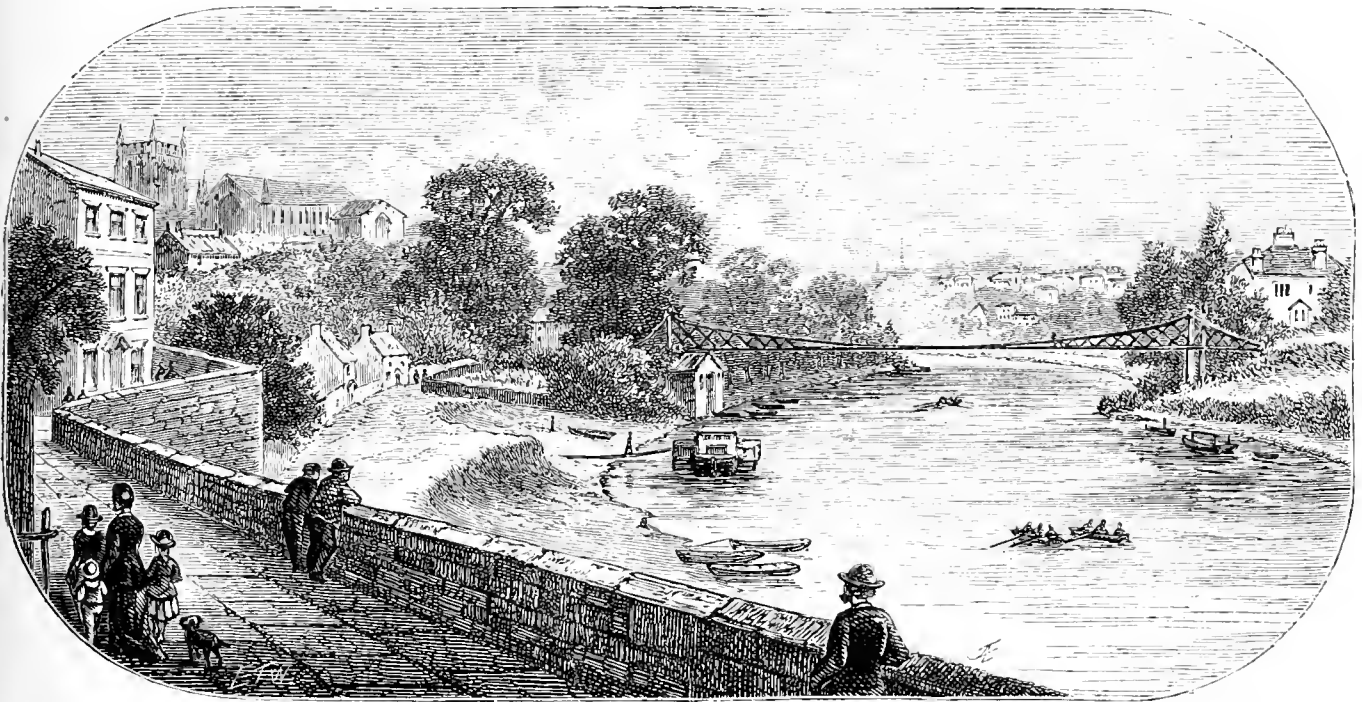
The invitation to fight thus given was irresistible to the people, and was instantly

accepted. The whole Fair turned out for such a frolic, and Dutton, who actually *did* fight, "in his doublet," *i.e.*, without armour, arranged and marshalled this extraordinary army, so as to give it the best appearance he could, and led them to the relief of his lord.

The Welsh, descreying from a distance the advance of a very large body of troops,—they knew not of what kind—broke up the siege at once, and retreated over the border. The Earl was saved, and the grateful noble rewarded De Lacy by giving

him "power over the instruments of the earl's preservation." Every anniversary, therefore, of the "Fight of the Fiddlers," as it was called, was kept by the assembling of all the minstrels and musicians of the county at Chester, when they walked in procession, playing all the way, to the Church of St. John; attended Divine service; and then escorted De Lacy to his home. Here their course of life and conversation was inquired into, and then they were feasted by their lord.

This annual procession of the Chester



VIEW OF CHESTER.

minstrels was not discontinued till the middle of the eighteenth century. The privileges granted to De Lacy and his heirs descended to the Dutton family, whose steward presided over the courts of inquiry as to the lives of the minstrels and musicians; and the latter claimed from him at the feast four bottles of wine, a lance, and a fee of fourpence halfpenny each. The rule or jurisdiction of the Duttons over the minstrels and wandering musicians was recognised by parliament as late as George II.'s reign, and clauses "saving their

rights" have found their way into modern vagrant acts.

King John spent a few days at Chester in 1222.

On the death of the seventh Earl of Chester of the Norman line, Henry III. thought it inexpedient that the Earl's daughters should possess such a city; for Chester was the rendezvous of the English army until the complete subjugation of Wales; and the king said "he cared not to parcel out so great an inheritance to distaffs." He therefore gave the ladies lands elsewhere,

and bestowed Chester on his own warlike son, Prince Edward. He, however, never assumed the title, but gave it to the first Prince of Wales, Edward of Carnarvon, since which time the eldest son of the king or queen of England has inherited the title of Earl of Chester, as well as that of Duke of Cornwall.

In the barons' wars the city and castle of Chester were taken by the Earl of Derby.

King Richard II. was brought here a prisoner by his usurping cousin, Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV.

The memory of Richard led captive by his crafty kinsman evidently left an unpleasant impression on the men of Chester; for they were right willing to take part in the rising of the Percies. They fought under Hotspur at Shrewsbury, or Hateley Field, and the greater number of knights and esquires of the county fell in that fatal battle, June 22, 1403. Two hundred Cheshire gentlemen died with Harry Percy, fighting against the usurping House of Lancaster.

In the Marian persecution, Chester was the scene of an amusing but most important and fortunate incident. In the year 1558 Dr. Henry Cole, Dean of St. Paul's, was entrusted with a commission by Queen Mary to institute a persecution of heretics in Ireland, where, in the north, were many Protestants. The dean stopped at Chester on his way, and went to the Blue Posts Inn, where he was visited by the mayor, to whom he told the errand he was going on to Ireland. Opening his cloak-bag he took out a leather box, saying, with exultation, "I have that within this box that will lash the heretics of Ireland." The hostess by chance (or shall we say providentially?) overheard their conversation, and having a brother a Protestant there, was much alarmed for his safety. With astonishing quickness of thought and deed, while the dean accompanied the mayor with great ceremony downstairs, she opened the box, took out the commission, and put in, instead

of it, a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost; there can be no doubt from her wit and readiness that she was an Irishwoman. The dean sailed immediately afterwards for Ireland, and arrived Dec. 7th, 1558. Being introduced to the Lord-Deputy Fitzwalter and the Privy Council, he explained the nature of his embassy, and then presented the box to the Lord-Deputy, who took it, opened it, and beheld the knave of clubs!

The dean was astonished and mortified; he declared that the commission had been made out and put in that box, and that it must have been stolen. "Then," said the Lord-Deputy, "you have nothing to do but to return to London and get it renewed; meantime, we will shuffle the cards."

The dean was obliged to take this unwelcome advice; but it was a bad time of year, and before he could reach Ireland a second time Queen Mary was dead. The woman whose wit and presence of mind had thus saved many lives was rewarded by Elizabeth, when she became queen, with a pension of forty pounds a year.

In the war between Charles I. and his parliament, Chester stood firm for the king, "by the virtue of its inhabitants," says Lord Clarendon, "and the interest of the bishop and cathedral men; but especially by the reputation and dexterity of Mr. O. Bridgman, son to the bishop, and a lawyer of very good estimation; who not only informed them of their duty and encouraged them in it, but upon his credit and estate, both of which were very good, supplied them with whatever was necessary for their defence; so that they were not put to be honest and expensive together." But they had no garrison of soldiers, nor any officers to direct their own efforts at defence, till the king sent Sir Nicholas Byron to command them as Colonel-general of Cheshire and Shropshire.

Chester was besieged, but most gallantly defended by Lord Byron, the nephew of the governor.

The siege began at Midsummer, 1643, and ended February, 1646, a period of nearly three years; the garrison were then reduced to the last extremity for food, and were feeding on cats, dogs, and rats. In those days, no other city had endured such an amount of suffering as loyal Chester did, but it had to surrender from actual famine at last.

Prior to that event, however, King Charles, on his way to Scotland, where he hoped and intended to join Montrose, came to Chester. The king found the city in great danger, for the Parliamentarians had taken the outworks and suburbs by surprise, and the king's appearance at once amazed and alarmed the besiegers and cheered the besieged.

"Sir Marmaduke Langdale was sent," says Lord Clarendon, "with most of the horse, over Holt Bridge, that he might be on the east side of the river Dee, and the king, with his guards, the Lord Gerrard and the rest of the horse, marched directly into Chester, with a resolution that, early the day following, Sir Marmaduke Langdale should have fallen on their backs," *i.e.* should assail the besiegers in the rear, "when all the force of the town should have sallied forth and enclosed them. But Sir Marmaduke Langdale being that night drawn on a heath two miles from Chester, had intercepted a letter from Pointz" (who was pursuing the king) "to the commander who was before Chester, telling him that he was come to their rescue, and desiring to have some foot sent to him to assist him against the king's horse." The next morning he appeared, and was charged by Sir Marmaduke, and forced to retire with loss, but he still kept near enough for the foot from the besiegers' camp at Chester to come to him. "The besiegers began to draw out of the suburbs with such haste" (the next morning) "that it was believed in Chester they were upon their flight; and so most of the horse and foot in the town had orders to pursue them. But the others' haste was to join with Pointz, which they

quickly did; and then they charged Sir Marmaduke Langdale, who, being overpowered, was routed and put to flight, and pursued by Pointz even to the walls of Chester. There the Earl of Lichfield, with the king's guards, and the Lord Gerrard, with the rest of the horse, were drawn up, and charged Pointz and forced him to retire. But the disorder of those horse that first fled had so filled the narrow ways, which were unfit for horse to fight in, that at last the enemy's musketeers compelled the king's horse to turn, and to rout one another, and to overbear their own officers who would have restrained them. Here fell many gentlemen and officers of name, with the brave Earl of Lichfield, who was the third brother of that illustrious family that sacrificed his life in this quarrel. He was a very faultless young man, of a most gentle, courteous, and affable nature, and of a spirit and courage invincible, whose loss was by all men exceedingly lamented, and the king bore it with extraordinary grief." *

The poor king had witnessed the fight on Rowton Heath from the walls, or rather from the top leads of the tower now called the Phoenix Tower, where he stood with the Mayor of Chester, the Recorder, Sir Francis Gamull, and Alderman Cowper, and gazed mournfully on the defeat of his soldiers. What his feelings must have been we can imagine! He stayed only one night after this defeat at Chester, and then left with only five hundred horse, and sought refuge in North Wales.

The "Great Stanley," as he was called, the seventh Earl of Derby, and the husband of the brave lady who so gallantly defended Lathom House, was a prisoner in Chester Castle.

In 1651 he set out from the Isle of Man to join Charles II. at Worcester, taking with him three hundred Royalists. But when he arrived in Lancashire he found the king had quitted that county; however,

* Clarendon.

he gathered three hundred more followers in Lancashire and Chester, and advanced to Wigan, where he and his men were attacked in a narrow lane by 1,800 dragoons under Lilburne, and by Cromwell's foot militia. In this fight Lord Derby received seven shots on his breastplate, many cuts and wounds, and had two horses killed under him. He mounted a third horse, and cut his way through the Parliamentarians to Worcester Field. After the Royalist defeat there he conducted the king to Whiteladies and Boscobel, and thence, with forty other Royalists, made his way into Cheshire. They met on the way a regiment of foot and a troop of horse of the Roundheads, and were compelled to surrender, but on terms that were afterwards "most disgracefully violated." He, a prisoner of war, fighting for the Crown, was tried by a Court martial for *high treason*, and sentenced to be executed in four days' time at Bolton. While he was in Chester Castle he nearly escaped from its leads by means of a long rope thrown up to him from outside the walls; he fastened the rope securely, slid down it, and reached the banks of the Dee, where a boat waited for him; but his flight was discovered, he was seized, and brought back to the castle, where two of his daughters had their last interview with him. Next day he was executed at Bolton, his own town.

The circuit of the wonderful old walls round Chester is about two miles. We gazed from them one autumn day over the plain towards Rowton Heath; there were clouds floating over the sky, and that peculiarly solemn and still light that we see at the waning of summer. There was an inexpressible feeling of sadness in the scene, as if nature herself kept some thought of those unhappy days when the passions of men, and that great instrument of the Evil One against Christianity, Party Spirit, stained the rich soil of our fair and once peaceful land with blood. "O Liberty!" cried Mde. Roland, "what

crimes are committed in thy name!" and we might add, "O loyalty" also; for from both sides the helpless country people suffered. Rupert and Oliver alike burnt villages.

Close beside where we stood was the Phoenix Tower, which Charles ascended to watch the fight; and there are other towers, and curious ones, on the walls. At the angle of the city walls, close to the old bridge, are the Dee Mills, famous in song and story. Every nursery knows about the Jolly Miller

"Who lived on the river Dee."

These mills were built at, or probably before, the Norman Conquest, and Earl Hugh Lupus derived a revenue from their grist. Edward the Black Prince rewarded the valour of a gallant Welshman at Poitiers by giving him these Mills.

But the most remarkable and picturesque part of Chester is the *Rows*, as they are called. They are in the old part of the town. The ground floor of the Rows is built even with the pavement or roadway. On the top of the front lower rooms or shops is a street or gallery into which the first floor windows look; the first floor receding, and opening on the "row" or street passing over the lower rooms. The second floor is built out over the row and even with the ground floor, as is all the upper part of the house; it is supported by pillars of solid masonry, and forms a roof over the row, which has, of course, a palisade or rails along the part open to the street. The Rows afford a pleasant walk on wet days, and contain some very fine shops. At the famous pastrycook's, Bolland's, the county people frequently meet at luncheon, and Brown's shop is equal to a London one.

The projecting house-fronts have gabled roofs, lattice windows, and cross beams carved and painted; they are chiefly buildings of the sixteenth century, and are extremely picturesque, as are some of the larger old houses in the town. The chief of these is the mansion called Stanley

Palace, which was anciently the dwelling of the Stanleys of Alderley, and Weever, in Cheshire, an offshoot from the Stanleys of Lathom and Knowsley. The family obtained a peerage in 1839. The house, now occupied by the Archæological Society, is a three-gabled building of timber, wonderfully carved; its massive staircase, oaken floors, and the panelled rooms are very fine. The date 1591 is inscribed on its front. It stands in a narrow passage opening out of Watergate Street.

Bishop Lloyd's house in Watergate Row has a wooden front, sculptured all over with groups from Scriptural history, from the Garden of Eden to the Crucifixion.

"God's Providence" House is a memorial of the Plague in 1662. It has the motto, "God's Providence is my inheritance," carved on the old oak front. The back part has been rebuilt.

We have forgotten to mention an old tower on the walls, called sometimes Julius Cæsar's Tower, and sometimes Agricola's Tower; it is square, and cased with red stone. It was once a chantry or chapel of St. Mary's; it is now a powder magazine, which the Fenians intended to capture, when they meant to surprise the garrison in 1867. It is near the weir on the Dee.

The Water Tower at the north-west angle of the city walls was built in 1332 by a mason who was paid £100 for the job. There is a higher tower upon the wall above, connected by a steep flight of steps and an embattled terrace with the lower tower, up to which the tidal waters of the Dee used to flow, so that ships could be

moored to the tower by the ring-bolts fixed to its foundations. The upper tower or keep is now a museum of curiosities; the lower tower has a flag staff. This tower bore the brunt of battle at the great siege by the Parliamentarians, in 1645, when towers and ramparts were much injured.

The Bishopric of Chester dates from Henry VIII.'s time, who founded within the site of the Abbey of Werburgh a new episcopal see and a cathedral church.

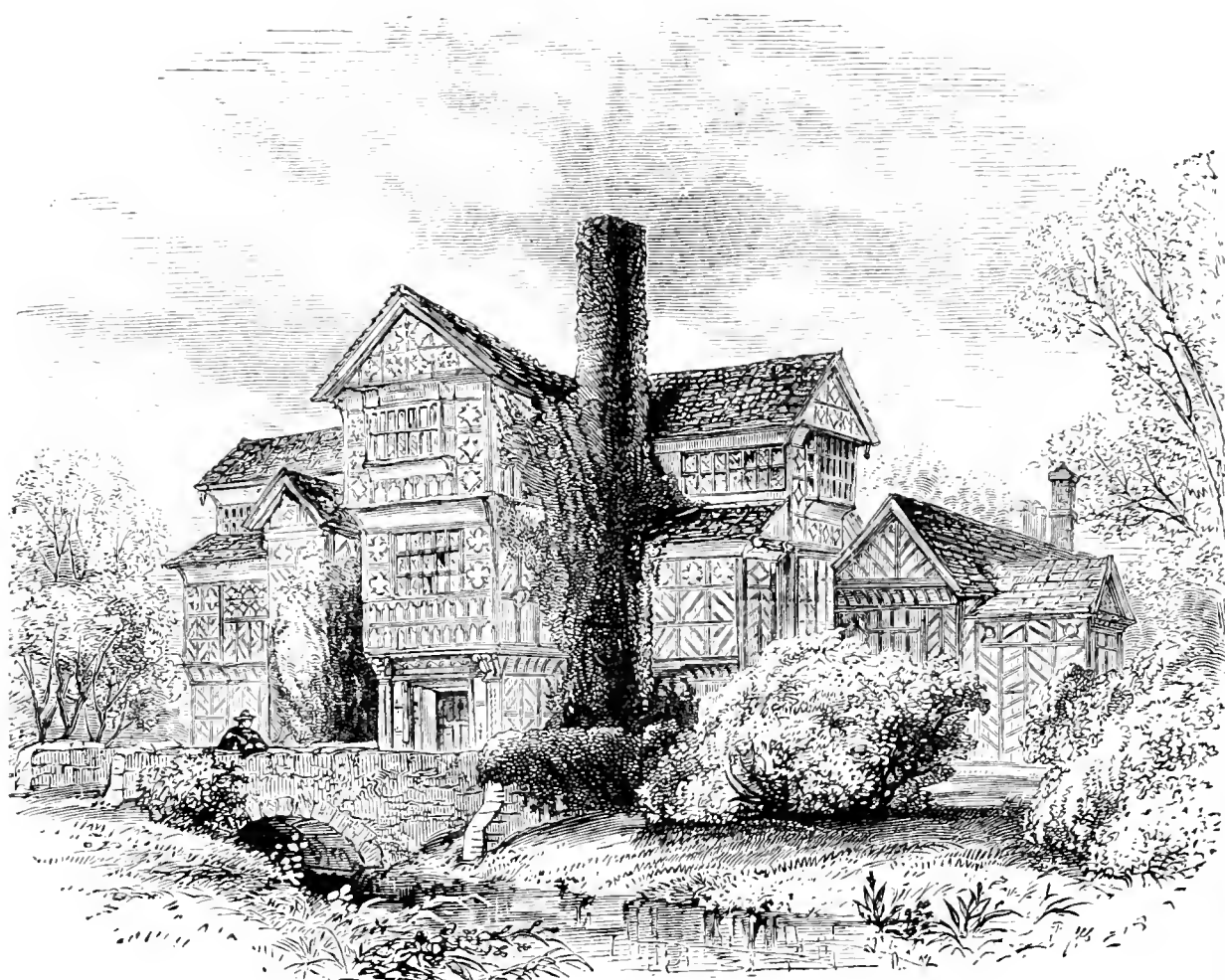
The cathedral is an irregular, spacious, and heavy building of redstone.

The ancient abbey must have been a very great establishment, and some of it survives in the cathedral chapter-house, the architecture of which is very beautiful, and it is also interesting as containing the grave of Hugh Lupus, who was interred here by his nephew, Randle the First, who built the chapter-house. In 1724 the remains of the Earl-Palatine were discovered there, in a stone coffin, on which was sculptured a wolf's head, in allusion to his name Lupus. There was originally a rhyming inscription annexed, commencing,—

"Although my corpse lies in the grave,
And that my flesh consumed be,
My picture here now that you have
An earl sometime of this city,
Hugh Lope by name," etc.

The sculptured stone case of the city's titular saint, St. Werburgh, is used as the bishop's throne.

Among the remains of the abbey are the great abbey gate, and the cloisters, which form a quadrangle a hundred and ten feet square, in the style of the fifteenth century.



MORETON HALL, CHESHIRE.

MORETON HALL.



HIS most picturesque old house is situated on the Staffordshire border of Cheshire. It has on its eastern side the range of hills that extends from Scotland to the centre of England.

Here, too, they present their most picturesque aspect, in the lofty hills called "Mow Cop" and "Cloud," both of which are more than a thousand feet above the level of the sea. Mow Cop is crowned by a ruined tower, and by an

isolated dome-shaped rock. On the side within view of Moreton windows these hills are finely covered with Scotch firs. Moreton Hall is an ancient timbered house, with black beams and star-like patterns traced on the white plaster.

It is surrounded by a narrow moat, at the South-western corner of which is a small mount, surmounted by a sycamore tree. The moat is crossed by a stone arch. The portal is square, the top and sides of well carved oak. Passing through it, we find each door-post leading into the inner court adorned with a carving of a halbert-bearer, in high relief, at the top of it.

Above this portal rises the building, con-

taining a number of rooms, generally small, and all wainscoted. An oaken staircase leads to a large room or gallery, that runs over all the rooms below, and is sixty-eight feet long. It is lighted from the south by a large window its whole length, and is wainscoted, except the ends of the gallery, where, on the upper part, are figures and tablets with inscriptions in stucco. That at the eastern end represents Fate supporting a globe with one hand, a pair of compasses in the other. The inscription is,—

“The speare of Destiny,
Whose rule is knowledge.”

At the western end is blind Fortune with her wheel, bearing this motto on its rim,—

“Qui modo scandit corrueat statim.”

The inscription is,—

“The wheele of Fortune,
Whose rule is ignorance.”

The gallery has a pitched roof and an oaken ceiling open to the rafters. Tradition says that Cromwell used this apartment as a council chamber during the civil wars.

Descending from this room, and passing out at the back door, nearly opposite the portal we enter a small court, into which seven doors open, and two large gabled bow windows, with several others. These bow windows light the Banqueting Hall. Their glazing is curious; the panes are small and joined by slips of lead in pretty patterns, some few being painted; upon bands round the windows are these inscriptions:—

“God is al in al thing. This window where made by William Moreton in the yeare of oure Lorde MDLII.

“Richarde Dale, carpender made theis windows, by the grace of God.”

Men who took the pride in their work that this carpenter did, and acknowledged from Whom they had their skill, worked better, as we still see, than our modern workmen.

On the right hand of the court one of the many doors leads into a small chapel, not used, and only showing that it was a place of worship by tablets suspended on the walls bearing on them texts of Scripture in old English characters.

The entrance to the house is closed by a heavy oaken door, with a small wicket in it, fastened with an immensely heavy bolt.

We now enter the old Banqueting Hall; a large wainscoted apartment with seats fastened to the wainscot all round it, and a long and fine old table of oak standing in it. This room, as we have said, is lighted by the bow-windows giving into the court, which have some stained glass in them with heraldic paintings of the Moretons and other families. A door leads from the Banqueting Hall into the living-room or drawing-room of the family, which also looks into the court. It has a carved chimney-piece surmounted by arms in stucco; the motto, “Honi soit qui mal y pense,” and a large A on each side of it.

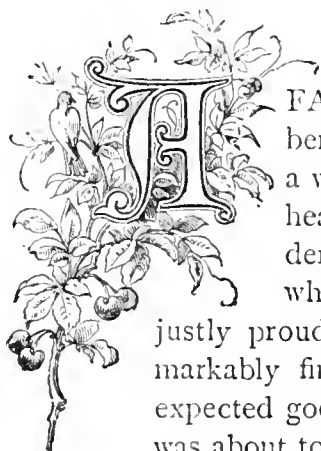
Many of the floors of Moreton House are made of plaster; and some of the bedroom doors are fastened with a bar of wood passing through an iron ring in the middle of the door and resting on the jambs at each side.

The house is still in the possession of the Moreton family, as it has been since the thirteenth century.

There is a cross in the garden, upon which is placed an old sun-dial. Moreton Hall is sometimes called Little Moreton Hall, to distinguish it from the residence of the Bellots in the near neighbourhood.

THE IRON GATES:

A LEGEND OF CHESHIRE.



A FARMER from Moberley was riding on a white horse over the heath that skirts Alderley Edge. Of the white horse he was justly proud, for it was a remarkably fine animal; and he expected good price for it, as he was about to sell it at Macclesfield. But as he was stooping to arrange its mane, it started violently, and looking up to see what could have startled it, he perceived a gigantic figure enveloped in a cowl, and holding a staff of black wood across the path. The figure addressed him in a commanding tone; told him that he would not be able to sell his steed, for which a nobler fate was decreed, and bade the farmer meet him at the same place when the sun had set, with his horse. He then disappeared.

The farmer, thinking it was some trick or practical joke, rode on, and reached Macclesfield Fair; but no purchaser was found for his horse. He tried to sell it at a sum that was absurdly inadequate to its value, but no one would buy; so when the sun had set he resolved to keep the tryst appointed by the gigantic monk.

He found the stranger waiting for him. "Follow me," he said, and led the way by the Golden Stone Stormy Point to Saddle Bole. When they reached this spot, the farmer heard distinctly the neighing of horses under his feet.

The stranger waved his staff; the earth opened, and disclosed a pair of enormous iron gates. Greatly terrified, the horse plunged and threw his rider, who knelt at the monk's feet and besought his mercy.

The stranger bade him fear nothing, but

enter the cavern, and see what mortal eye had never yet beheld. The farmer obeyed. On passing the gates, he found himself in a great cavern, on each side of which white horses, of the same size as his own, were tethered. Near these lay soldiers asleep, dressed in ancient armour, and in the chasms of the rocks were arms and piles of gold and silver. From them the monk took the price of the white horse in ancient coins. The farmer, trembling, asked who were these subterranean armies. His companion answered, "These are the caverned warriors preserved by the good genius of England, until that eventful day when, distracted by intestine broils, England shall be thrice won and lost between sunrise and sunset. Then we, awakening from our sleep, shall rise to turn the fate of Britain. This shall be when George the son of George shall reign. When the forests of Delamare shall wave their arms over the slaughtered sons of Albion, then shall the eagle drink the blood of princes from the headless cross. Now haste thee home, for it is not in thy time these things shall be. A Cestrian shall speak it, and be believed."

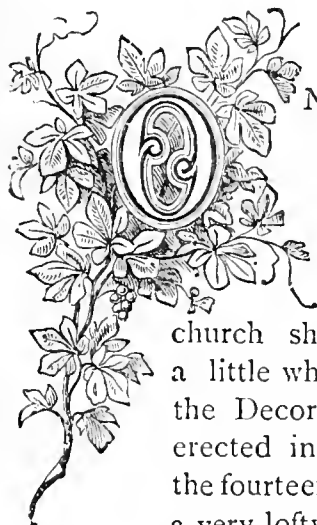
The farmer left the cavern, and the place has never again been found.

This legend has given rise to an inn sign in the neighbourhood of Macclesfield on Monk's Heath. It is "The Iron Gates;" the sign shows the gates opening before a figure in a cowl to whom a yeoman kneels. Behind him is a white horse rearing; the background is a view of Alderley Edge.

The farmer, it is said, sought to prove the truth of his story by showing the old coins. That the tradition must be an old one, well known, the sign certainly testifies.

THE PEAK:

ITS CAVES AND CASTLE.



Our way to Castleton from Bakewell we shall pass Hathersage, Mr. Shuttleworth's place, and the church should detain us for a little while. It is built in the Decorated style, and was erected in the early part of the fourteenth century. It has a very lofty and battlemented square tower, from which rises a crocketed octagonal spire, very lofty and elegant.

In the churchyard is a grave said to be that of Robin Hood's lieutenant Little John; the head and foot are marked by small upright stones a good distance apart. To verify the tradition that the tall outlaw lies here, search was made for his skeleton in 1784, and after very deep digging, a thigh bone was found which measured $29\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It seems likely, therefore, that Little John is really buried here.

As we draw near to Castleton two tall hills strike our eyes, and still more remarkable is the great Mam-Tor we see before us. It is called the Shivering Mountain, for its side shivers off shale, which in the distance or the dusk sounds like falling water. On the top of the Mam-Tor are the remains of an ancient entrenchment; the Tor itself is one of the gigantic portals to the high rocky hills called the Windgates or Winnats.

The view from the Mam-Tor summit is magnificent, for lofty hills and lovely dales spread around on all sides. This Tor is one of the Seven Wonders of the Peak, and is 1300 feet above the level of the valley. On the opposite side of the Winnats are the Speedwell Mine and the Blue John

Mine, which form two of the most celebrated caverns in the cave-dales. Blue John Mine is noted for the beautiful fluor spar it contains, which is of the loveliest blue; one can scarcely imagine how exquisite the colour is till one sees the Blue John Vase at Chatsworth, a specimen of this wonderful spar.

Beyond the Blue John Mine is the Variegated Cavern. It is a hundred feet high, while the great cavern called "Lord Mulgrave's dining room" is a hundred and fifty feet high. These vast caves glitter with sparkling stalactites. In the rock opposite the Tor, and half a mile nearer Castleton, is the Speedwell Mine. The entrance to this cavern was made by miners in search of lead, but after years of fruitless labour and great loss of money, it was abandoned; it has, however, shown the way to a natural cavern, which is considered one of the curiosities of the Peak. A hundred steps or more lead to a narrow canal, along which we are ferried, through a channel hewn in the rock, and by which we enter a void of impenetrable darkness. The torch's light is feeble in this place; it cannot illumine the great obscurity, the overpowering gloom of a darkness "that may be felt." Leaving the boat, a stage, erected above the level of the water, is ascended, and we stand where above our head rises a cavern whose lofty recesses the light cannot pierce, while below is an impenetrable deep—darkness above—darkness below—darkness around us—with a tremendous sound of rushing and falling water precipitated into the abyss at our feet. It is an awful place in very deed.

The Peak cavern, called by some the Devil's Hole, is close to the village of Castleton, and not five hundred yards from

the parish church ; it is under the hill on which the castle stands. The approach to Peak's Hole is beautiful. The trickling stream issuing from the cavern, the perpendicular rocks on either side ; the rookery among the elms, are all charmingly picturesque. The entrance to it is by a dark and gloomy recess, formed by a chasm in the rocks which rise perpendicularly on each side to a great height, and it is a steep ascent to an opening in the hill-side which resembles a Gothic arch, and is 120 feet wide and 42 high.

This natural archway is adorned by "Nature's cunning hand" with a variety of coloured stones from which drips water that petrifies.

Just inside the cavern is a rope walk ; a strange place for such an industry, and there are tables near it, where pieces of spar, and small objects made of Blue John, or the other spars and petrifications are sold. We have walked all the way by the side of a running stream, and we follow it into the cave which recedes downwards to the depth of ninety feet. The roof is of solid flat rock, with no support but that of the side walls of rock. This is the Bell House. Towards the further end of the cave this roof descends towards the water. Lights of course have been given us, and we proceed by the stream, "the river Styx" it is called, till we come to an expanse of water—a pool fourteen feet across ; here the rock forms an arch, under which the visitor is conveyed in a small boat.

Beyond this water is another cavern, vast and stupendous ! It is the Hall of Pluto. The rain drips down at one part, and we are in Roger's Rain House, where the water always drips. At last we reach the Devil's Wine Cellar—an awful abyss ; the eye cannot penetrate its depth.

A third "water" or pool, and then the cave slopes down almost to the surface of the water, and the caves are ended.

The Great Cave is 270 feet long, 210 feet wide, and 150 high. One cavern is named after the queen, Victoria.

About four miles from Castleton is a cavern called Elden Hole, which was long believed to be bottomless. A stone falling into it is never heard stop in its bounding descent ; and the Earl of Leicester—Elizabeth's Earl—was said to have had one of his men let down into it, but he returned speechless, and died soon after.

This story is very apocryphal, for just over a hundred years ago, a Mr. Lloyd went to the bottom, and returned safely. Elden Hole, therefore, is not bottomless, though very deep.

Poole's Hole is about a mile to the west of Buxton. It has been often described, and is supposed to have been named after a famous robber who was wont to hide here. Queen Mary of Scotland was allowed to visit this cave when she was at Buxton.

Castleton is a most lovely village in a fair Derbyshire dale completely shut in by mountains, having no visible outlet except by skirting the bases of the hills in the direction of the little stream that flows to the east, or by climbing the precipitous sides of the mountains that shut it in.

"Immediately behind this village to the south is a very high and steep rock, cut off from another still higher by a very deep and narrow valley, except at a point where an extremely narrow ledge connects both hills at the very part where the rock forms a perpendicular precipitous front towards the west of nearly 100 feet in height. Here in this front is the entrance to the Peak cavern, already described, and on the very edge of the precipice stand the ruins of the castle that gives its name to the valley." *

Of these ruins only the keep and part of the outer walls remain. There have been two towers, but the keep stands on the highest and most inaccessible part of the hill.

No one knows exactly when or why Peak Castle was built ; but it may have been erected by William Peverell, a natural son of Norman William, who distinguished him-

* Timbs



DOVEDALE, DERBYSHIRE.

self at the battle of Hastings. While the Peverells held it, and about this time, a splendid tournament was held here; the victor in it was to be rewarded with the hand of a fair lady, who thought that none but the brave deserve the fair.

The story runs thus:—

Pain Peverell, Lord of Whittington, in Shropshire, had two daughters who were both beautiful maidens. The eldest was named Mellet; she was sought in marriage by many noble young knights, but she declared that she would wed no one but a knight who had proved himself pre-eminent in martial skill and courage. Her father, delighted to recognise his own spirit in his first-born, proclaimed a tournament to be held on a certain day at "Peverell's Place in the Peke," and invited all young men of noble birth to contend for the hand of the beautiful Mellet, and her dowry of Whittington Castle. The contest for so rich a prize was severe. Amongst the knights was one with a maiden shield of silver, bearing a peacock for his crest—a youthful knight, who had to win his quarterings. But he proved the bravest of the brave; he unhorsed and vanquished the field opposed to him, overthrew a knight of Burgundy and a prince of Scotland, and by his daring gallantry won Mellet's heart as well as her hand. He proved to be a Fitzwarren, and Whittington Castle passed to him.

One cannot think where the tournament could have been held; but it is said that the lists were formed on the plain near the Castle.

The Peverells only possessed the Peak

for eighty years; they lost it by a crime. The William Peverell of that time was convicted in Henry II.'s reign of having poisoned Ranulph, Earl of Chester; his lands and castles were of course forfeited to the Crown, and Henry bestowed them on his youngest son John, afterwards the evil king of that name.

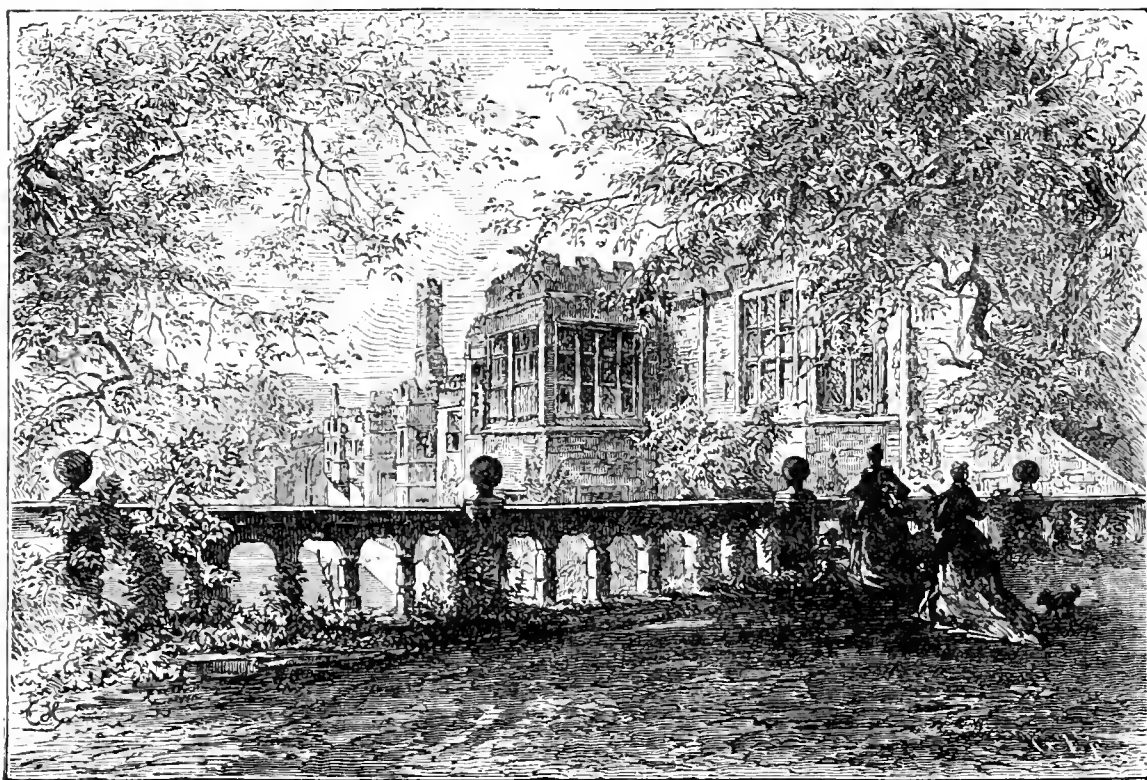
In 1215 the Peak Castle was held by the Barons, who were in arms against John, but William de Ferrers, Earl of Derby, took it by assault for the king, and was made governor of it. In the reign of Edward II. John, Earl of Warren, received a free grant of the castle, and of the whole forest of High Peak for his life.

In the forty-sixth year of Edward III. it was granted to his son, John of Gaunt, and now forms part of the Queen's duchy of Lancaster. The Duke of Devonshire holds it at the present day, as lessee from the Crown.

The Peak Castle was used for keeping the records of the Miners' Courts, till the time of Elizabeth, when they were removed to Tutbury.* An entrenchment that begins at the lower end of the valley, called the Cave, enclosed Castleton, ending at the Peak Cavern; as much of it as can now be seen is called the Town Ditch.

The churchyard at Bakewell has a very fine prospect from it; near here the Wye and the Derwent mingle their waters, and one of the finest baronial residences in the kingdom is seen amidst embosoming woods. It is Haddon Hall.

* Timbs.



HADDON HALL.

HADDON HALL.



THIS most picturesque and beautiful ancient manor house is situated in one of the finest districts of Derbyshire, and about fourteen miles from Buxton. The hall stands on a raised platform of limestone, above the western bank of the Wye. The river is crossed by an ancient picturesque bridge.

Passing over it we are at the foot of the rock fronting the lodge of the custodian who keeps the keys. Going by the old stables, we reach the gateway with its massive nail-studded door. The architecture of this part of the building is extremely beautiful; it is Gothic, and the heraldic bearings with which it is decorated are admirably carved.

Beneath the archway by which we enter, on the right side, is the guardroom of the porter. There is a "peep hole" in it from which he was wont to scan the applicants for admission to the hall.

Mounting the inner steps we find ourselves in the first or lower courtyard; for Haddon has two courtyards or quadrangles, a lower and an upper one, each of them surrounded by buildings. Opposite to the gateway are the stone steps that lead to the state apartments. To the right is the chapel, to the left the hall with a minstrels' gallery. Of the apartments surrounding the lower court, those on the west were occupied by the household, officers and servants. The entire south side was occupied by the state rooms.

The apartments on the east side of the upper court were those appropriated to the family; the rooms over the front archway

formed the nurseries, and the library is believed to have occupied the space between them and the entrance tower. There are second-floor rooms in nearly every part of the Hall, and one third-floor room in the Eagle tower, the highest chamber in the house, which is not very lofty. The ball-room is a long gallery; the drawing-room is over the dining-room.

"Some portions of Haddon Hall," says Mr. Timbs (quoting from S. C. Hall's articles on Haddon), "are of undoubted Norman origin, and it is not unlikely that these were grafted on a Saxon erection; the hall-porch, the magnificent kitchen and adjoining offices, the great or banqueting hall, part of the north-east tower, etc., belong to the next later period, from 1300 to 1380. In the third period, from about 1380 to 1470, were added the east and part of the west end of the chapel, and the remaining buildings on the east side of the upper courtyard. The fourth period, from 1470 to 1530, comprises the fittings and interior finishings of the dining-room, the western range of buildings in the lower court and the west end of the north range. The fifth period, from 1530 to 1624, comprises the later alterations, the pulpit, desks and pews of the chapel, and the barn and bowling green."

In the chaplain's room are a pair of remarkably fine fire-dogs, a warder's horn, gigantic jack-boots, a black leather doublet, a number of matchlocks and some pewter dishes—the room is thus used as a kind of museum for antiquities.

The chapel consists now only of a nave, "a side aisle and a chancel. It is entered from the courtyard by an arched doorway opening into a small antechapel. The arches and pillars are Norman. At the west end of the nave is a remarkably fine and large vestment chest of very thick timber, having two shields of arms carved on its front."

There is a circular font in the church, and on each side of the chancel a large pew with open railings, the pews of the family

who dwelt at Haddon. The remains of paintings on the walls, and of gold and carving on these pews speak of the former magnificent decoration of the chapel.

The banqueting hall is thirty-five feet in length and twenty-five in width. It is entered by two open doorways in the ancient oak screen that separates it from the passage. In the first of these doorways is a little iron bracket and ring. This, according to tradition, was used to enforce the laws of convivial meetings at that period.

When a guest failed to drink his liquor he was suspended by the wrist to this ring, and the wine he refused to swallow was poured down his sleeve.

The screen in which the door openings are is very high, and forms the front of the minstrels' gallery which was over the passage. At the opposite end of the hall is the raised dais for the lord of the hall, his family and guests, and here still stands the fine old table on which many a banquet was served.

Behind the table a flight of steps leads to the state apartments; a separate door to the private dining-room and the grounds. On the walls of the hall are magnificent stags' heads and antlers and some mural oil paintings, one a portrait of Martin Middleton, another the likeness of an old and favourite huntsman and gamekeeper.

The dining-room is a beautiful apartment. One end, that opposite to the door, is entirely occupied by a Gothic window of eight lights filled with glass, arranged in a geometric pattern. In some of the lights are shields of arms in stained glass, one containing the Vernon quarterings. The room is wainscoted and the upper panels are fitted with exquisite carvings and tracery.

Over the mantelpiece are the royal arms, supported by a greyhound and a griffin; on one side of it is the plume of the Prince of Wales, on the other the arms of Vernon. Below is the motto, "Drede God and honour the Kyng," in Gothic capitals.

Near the fireplace is a charming oriel window with seats on all sides, overlooking the romantic woods and grounds of Haddon. On one of its panels is the grotesque head of a court fool, said to be a portrait or caricature of Will Somers, Henry VIII.'s jester.

The drawing-room is hung with grand

old tapestry, above which is a frieze of ornamented mouldings in pargetted work, of raised festoons of fruit and flowers.

In the fireplace is a very curious grate of alternate upright bars, each terminating in a *fleur de lis*, and a pair of extremely fine fire-dogs.

The semi-circular steps leading to the long



HADDON HALL—ANTEROOM TO THE EARL'S BEDROOM.

gallery or ballroom are said to have been cut out of a single tree that grew in the park. This room is 109 feet in length and 18 feet wide. It is wainscoted with oak panelling, and the ceiling is carved and covered with geometric tracery of squares, lozenges, quatrefoils, etc.

The ante-room is a small apartment hung

with paintings. Strongly barred doors open from it on a flight of stone steps leading down to the terrace. This double-doorway is called "Dorothy Vernon's door," for it was from thence that the beautiful heiress fled to her lover.

The state bedroom is hung with Gobelin tapestry illustrating Æsop's fables. The

state bed is fourteen feet six inches high, and is hung with green silk velvet and white satin, richly embroidered. The last person who slept in it was George IV., when Prince of Wales. In the ancient state room is a wooden frame that was used for the stringing of cross-bows and bows. The kitchen is of immense size, and contains two enormous fire-places; there are bake-house, larders, pantries and salting rooms close by it. In one of these salting rooms is a great salting trough, hollowed out of one immense block of wood without join or fastening. Salting was much used in the days that trough was formed, for our ancestors knew little of winter feeding, and lived much on salted and dried meats in the winter.

The upper garden is a lawn, from which rises a flight of stone steps to the Terrace and Winter Garden. The Terrace is a very noble one, with one of the finest views from it; the Winter Garden is planted with very ancient yew trees.

The Vernons, a long descended family, whose origin was in Normandy, were a prosperous and noble race. Sir Henry Vernon, of Haddon, was governor to Prince Arthur, and a favourite of Henry VII. His son, a second Sir Henry, was appointed by Henry VIII. high steward of the king's forest in the Peak; he was succeeded by his son Sir George, who, on account of his magnificent hospitality, was called "The King of the Peak."

The beautiful Dorothy Vernon was his daughter and co-heiress. She loved the handsome John Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland, but her father, sister, and step-mother opposed their union. The elder sister was the affianced bride of Sir Thomas Stanley, second son of the Earl of Derby, and she was the centre of congratulations from every one, and received the warm

approval of her parents. Dorothy was kept in the background and carefully watched, nevertheless she every now and then obtained a hurried word or pressure of the hand from her lover, who, in the disguise of a woodman, haunted the woods of Haddon.

One night a ball was given in honour of her sister's approaching nuptials. The ballroom was crowded, and long country dances extended down its length, as well as the other fashionable "brawls." Dorothy had that day seen John Manners near the house. Unnoticed she stole from the gallery and passed into the ante-room. She opened the door, crossed the terrace and reached the spot near the stables where the "steps" were placed for ladies to mount on their pillion by their aid, and in another moment John Stanley held her in his arms. Horses were ready, and Dorothy rode away with her lover all through the night, and was married to him next morning in Leicestershire.

But she left an enduring memory at Haddon; there we still find "Dorothy's Garden," "Dorothy's Walk"—a fine avenue—and "Dorothy's Door," with its noble balustrade and overhanging trees.

The beautiful daughter was in time forgiven, and, through her, Haddon Hall passed to the house of Rutland. Her lover husband was knighted in 1603 and died in 1611. Dorothy had died before him, in 1584. They had four children; the eldest, Sir George, lived in great style at Haddon. He was succeeded by his third son, John Manners, ninth Earl of Rutland, who kept eighty-four servants at Haddon, and entertained with princely hospitality. His son John, second Duke of Rutland, died in 1779, and was the last of the family who resided in the beautiful home of Dorothy Vernon.

CHATSWORTH:

THE PALACE OF THE PEAK.



CHATSWORTH is called popularly one of the Wonders of the Peak, and is, indeed, as fine and remarkable a specimen of human art as the cavern and hills are of the beauty of nature.

The situation of Chatsworth is peculiarly beautiful. It stands on the east bank of the river Derwent, near the bottom of a high and finely wooded hill. The house consists of an immense quadrangle, with two principal fronts. The approach to it is by a bridge built by Paine, it is said from a design by Michael Angelo. In the niches between the arches are four marble figures.

It was not in the present mansion that the royal captive, Mary of Scotland, was detained. It was in the original Chatsworth House, built by Sir William Cavendish about the middle of the sixteenth century. This was a quadrangular building with turrets, on the same site as the present house; and was in the possession of the Earl of Shrewsbury. To his charge Queen Elizabeth committed her unjustly held captive, the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. She allowed the earl not quite a hundred a year for the expenses of his charge and her attendants; and the noble jailer was consequently greatly out of pocket by the duty thrust on him. Moreover, his wife, the celebrated Bess of Hardwick, grew jealous of their beautiful guest, and made his life miserable in consequence. He never failed, however, in kindly courtesy to Mary, and it was at his entreaty

that Elizabeth permitted him to take the captive queen to Buxton for the baths; to try their effect in curing her rheumatism, caused doubtless by the damp of Tutbury Castle, one of her places of imprisonment; for she was taken to Sheffield Castle, then to Tutbury, next to Winfield House, and again to Chatsworth.

During the civil wars old Chatsworth House was occupied at different times by both parties. In 1643 it was garrisoned for the Parliament, and in December of the same year was taken by the Earl of Newcastle, who put a garrison in it for the king, under the command of Colonel Eyre. In September, 1645, it was still held for the Royalist cause, though with a fresh garrison and commander, Colonel Shalcross. It was besieged by the Parliamentarians under Major Mollanus, but the siege was raised by command of Colonel Gell.

The fourth earl, and first Duke of Devonshire, planned and rebuilt the house. Talman was the principal architect, but Sir Christopher Wren was also employed there, as was Cibber as a stone carver, and the Watsons for the wood carving. They were natives of the county, and are thought to have worked under Gibbons, who gave the designs. Sir James Thornhill, Verrio, and Laguerre were the painters.

The armorial bearings and motto of the Cavendishes are carved on the west façade of the house, which has Ionic columns and a balustrade ornamented with vases.

The south front looks on a beautiful lawn, ornamented with magnificent fountains. Many of the private apartments are in this front.

In the park, where every varied moorland beauty is to be found, but not far from the house, is a small clear lake, half concealed by thick foliage, and in a sweet secluded spot.

In the centre of it is a tower, and on the platform at the top is a garden or lawn, on which are several fine trees, especially a wide-spreading yew tree. There is a light balustrade round the platform, and the view from it across the park, where the deer feed, and the river flows gleaming and glittering in the sunlight, is very charming. It must even have soothed by its beauty the troubled spirit of the captive queen who was allowed to take the air here.

But here, as elsewhere, she was most carefully guarded. Armed retainers of the earl stood at the door of the tower, and beyond where the steps ended. She could have had no hope of escape; for the hills of the Peak surrounded her, great moors stretched beyond, and everywhere the eyes of guards followed her. How she must sometimes have thought on Lochleven, and that escape by moonlight, with little William Douglas for her guide. For thirteen years Queen Mary lived at Chatsworth. She tried to beguile the weary hours with needlework, we are told "all day she wrought with her neydill, and the diversity of colours made the work seem less tedious, and she continued (continued) so long at it till the very *pyne* (pain) made her give it over."

It is impossible in our space to give a full description of the magnificent interior of this house, or rather palace.

The grand entrance hall is painted with the life and death of Julius Cæsar.

The staircase has steps of rock amethyst and variegated alabaster, guarded by a richly gilt balustrade. The drawing-room is painted by Thornhill; the second drawing-room is hung with Gobelin tapestry. The state apartments are superb. They are lined with exquisite woods, and adorned with carvings and old paintings, and hung with Gobelin tapestry of Raffaele's cartoons. The state dining-room has wood carvings

which are absolutely perfect, nor must we omit to mention the pen carved over the door of the ante-chamber, which may be actually taken for a feather. The great northern staircase is of oak, richly gilt.

The fittings of the chapel are of cedar, with which it is wainscoted; the altar is made of the fluors and marbles of Derbyshire, sculptured by Cibber.

The Sketch Galleries contain paintings by Rubens, Raffaele, Titian, and all the greatest artists; and the Sculpture Gallery contains very fine works of that art; it is lined with Devonshire marble. Here are exquisite statues and busts, and two lions carved out of a solid block of marble, nine feet long by four feet high.

Next to the Sculpture Gallery is the orangery, which has thirty orange trees, from Malmaison, and some marble bas-reliefs by Thorwaldsen.

In the garden, to which we pass from the orangery, is an immense tropical conservatory, covering an acre and a quarter. It has a carriage drive through it, and is rich in lofty palms, bananas, and other eastern trees, with flocks of birds of brilliant tropical plumage. Here, also, is the hot-house built for the Victoria Regia Lily, which requires such excessive heat; it was designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, and suggested the gigantic glass palace of the first exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851.

The pleasure-grounds are more than eighty acres in extent, and have every possible beauty of woodland, rocks, and water. There is a large cascade which descends with great noise and velocity down a precipitous rock, forty feet high, and after running a little distance disappears in the ground. The fountains are magnificent; the principal one throws water to the height of a hundred feet.

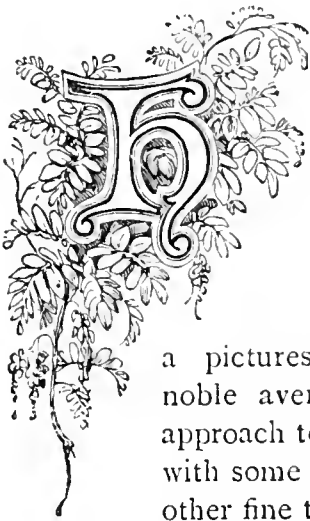
At the back of Chatsworth, on the highest summit of the hill, is a building called the Hunting Tower. It is square, with a round tower at each corner, and rises to the height of two storeys above the ground floor. The whole height is about ninety feet. It com-

mands a fine view, and is believed to have been built that the ladies of the house might watch the stag-hunt from it. It is probably as old as the first house. At present its only use is to support the flag of

the Duke of Devonshire as Lord Lieutenant of the county.

Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort visited Chatsworth, and were given a most magnificent reception by their ducal host.

HARDWICK HALL.



HARDWICK HALL is another seat of the Duke of Devonshire. It is situated between Chesterfield and Mansfield, and is a picturesque place with a noble avenue of trees for an approach to it, and a fine park with some grand old oaks and other fine trees in it.

In the entrance hall we are struck at once by a statue of Mary Queen of Scots, at the upper end of the apartment; it bears the following inscription:—

“ Maria, Scotorum Regina, nat., 1542.
A suis in exilium acta, 1568.
Ab hospitâ neci data, 1587.”

Tradition says that Mary visited Hardwick, and it is quite possible, as it belonged to the Earl of Shrewsbury, or, rather, to his wife, the celebrated Bess of Hardwick and the Queen of Scots was a prisoner in his charge.

There is in the house a bedroom and bed shown as hers, with her arms as Queen of Scotland and Dowager of France over the door, and her initials worked into the tapestry.

The finest room in the hall is a picture gallery that runs the whole length of the house, and has a number of interesting portraits in it. There are likenesses of the

kings and queens of England, from Henry IV. downwards; the Court of Charles II. and the Beauties, painted by Sir Peter Lely; Queen Elizabeth; a good equestrian portrait of the first Duke of Devonshire; and portraits of the Cavendishes.

The Presence Chamber is hung with tapestry, and the upper part has figures in relief on plaster, coloured. At the upper end of the room is the Canopy of State and some beautifully worked velvet chairs.

In this apartment there is one of those music-tables found in most houses when England was a musical nation, and the guests used to sing glees and madrigals for their amusement; everybody nearly at that period being able to sing part-music at sight. This table has representations on it, in mosaic work, of music books and musical instruments, and on the open leaves of the books the notes are inscribed. The tapestry in all the rooms is admirable.

Hardwick is very picturesque. The avenue of trees to the house is beautiful, and so is the park, with its greensward, its grand old oaks, the murmuring stream that runs through it, its wooded margin, its forget-me-nots and water-flowers, and the red deer that wander or gather in groups in the shade. All is the perfection of sylvan loveliness; and the old and new halls crown the scene. They are seen in contrast on the “crest of one of the highest and bold-

est ridges of the new red sandstone, looking over a beautiful valley and commanding an extent of country rarely equalled."

From the state room of the new hall and of the old there is a magnificent view, comprising some of the loftiest heights of the High and Low Peak, Barrel Edge, and the Black Rocks, near Matlock, Middleton and Tansley Moors, Stubbing Edge, and in the foreground a rich and fertile stretch of country.

The hall is a high, oblong building of stone, with a tall square tower at each of its corners. It was built by the famous Bess of Hardwick, Countess of Shrewsbury, in 1590, and is consequently Elizabethan.

Old Hardwick Hall, or Mr. Hardwick's house, as it is called, almost touches the structure raised by his daughter.

This lady built also Chatsworth, and another house in Derbyshire.

The legend is that it had been foretold



PORTRAIT GALLERY, HARDWICK HALL, DERBYSHIRE.

to her, that as long as she was building she would live; but that when she ceased to build she would die. So she built continually, and at last died when her building was stopped by a hard frost and the masons could not work.

But she was, in reality, a very remarkable woman, and her story is worth telling—for she had a master-mind, united, undoubtedly, to great personal attractions.

She was married at fourteen to a Mr. Bailey, a very rich young man, who died a

year afterwards, leaving her a widow at fifteen, in possession of nearly all his estates.

At the age of thirty she married her second husband, Sir William Cavendish, who died in 1557, leaving her with eight children; but all fairly provided for. Her third husband, Sir William Saint Loe, had great estates, and before she would marry him she insisted on his settling them all on her and her heirs—a hard condition, as he was a widower with children of his own;

however, rather than lose the lady, he consented to do as she wished. He died shortly after their marriage; and his widow was soon wooed again by the Earl of Shrewsbury. She could not ask him to settle the Talbot property on her as she had made Captain Saint Loe settle his, but before she consented to wed him, she insisted that he should give two of his children in marriage to two of hers.

His eldest son was already married; but he gave his second son, Gilbert, to her daughter Mary, and his eldest unmarried daughter, the Lady Grace Talbot, to her eldest son, Henry Cavendish. The marriages were solemnized at Sheffield; Mary Cavendish, one of the brides, was not yet twelve years old.

The wedding of the parents followed shortly afterwards; they were both about fifty years old.

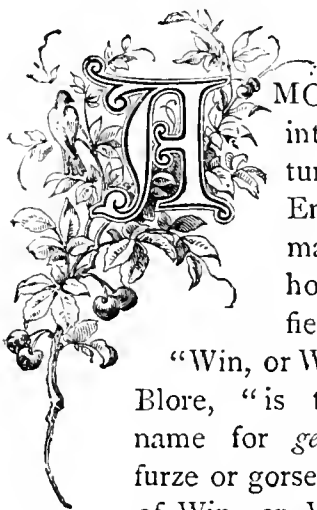
Bess of Hardwick's fourth marriage was not as happy as her previous unions. She lavished her money on building, in which taste her husband did not sympathise with her; and when the custody of Mary

Queen of Scots was vested in the earl, their dissensions became serious. Bess of Hardwick was absurdly jealous of the beautiful captive, resenting even the ordinary courtesy the earl showed her; and they separated. Lord Shrewsbury had been rendered so unhappy and anxious by her temper,—and by that of the queen,—and the care of his dangerous prisoner, that his health failed under his troubles, and he died in 1590, when she built Hardwick.

He was succeeded by his second son Gilbert (Lord Talbot, the eldest son, had died), and Bess of Hardwick's daughter became Countess of Shrewsbury. In character she seems to have greatly resembled her mother.

Lady Shrewsbury (Bess of Hardwick) had under her care, for some time, the Lady Arabella Stuart, whose future fate was to be so romantic and so miserable. She can scarcely have had a happy girlhood under the rule of this domineering woman—who has, however, left some beautiful buildings to England, and amongst them is Hardwick Hall.

REMAINS OF WINFIELD MANOR HOUSE.



AMONGST the most interesting and picturesque ruins of England are the remains of the manor house of South Winfield.

"Win, or Whin," says Thomas Blore, "is the more ancient name for *genista spinosa*, i.e., furze or gorse, and by the name of Win, or Whin, that plant is still commonly known in Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and other counties in England farther

northwards. And as there yet remains much gorse on the hill eastward of, and facing south-west, and some within a hundred yards of the manor house, it seems not unlikely that the etymon of the name may be Whinfield or Gorsefield. But there is another derivation of the name which is not far-fetched and must, therefore, be noticed. *Guin*, in British, signifies water, and probably the Norman clerk who made the minutes from which Domesday Book was transcribed, writing from the ear would write it *Win*, and that the etymon may be Guinfield, or Waterfield; which conjecture

is somewhat strengthened by the frequent floods from the little river that runs through Winfield, and which overflows the valley so much that three or four times every winter the pavement of the church of Winfield is nearly a foot under water."

The manor house was built by Ralph Lord Cromwell, temp. Henry VI. This Lord Cromwell was Treasurer, and the testimony of Camden that he built the manor house is confirmed by the bags or purses carved on the gateway, for they were belonging to the Treasury.

The building consists of two square courts; one, to the north, has been built so that its south wall forms the north wall of the south court, which has ranges of buildings on the east and west sides and part of the south.

The entrance is under an arched gateway on the east side of the south court. The arch is a round one. From hence the communication with the inner court is under another arched gateway in the middle of the north side of the south court. One half of this range of buildings seems to have



REMAINS OF WINFIELD MANOR HOUSE.

been a hall, lighted by a beautiful octagon window. In the other part of this range are the remains of the chapel and of the great state apartment.

Winfield was one of the prisons of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. Tradition says she was confined here for nine years; but this is doubtful, as she is said to have come here in 1569, but she may have been often elsewhere during that long interval, and returned to Winfield. It was during Mary's residence here that Leonard Dacre devised her escape; but the plot

was discovered by Elizabeth's all-seeing ministers, and it was made the excuse to transfer Mary ultimately to Fotheringay, where she was executed.

It is singular, but nearly all the prisons of the Scottish queen have ceased to exist. Not a stone remains of Fotheringay, where she was executed. Tutbury is in ruins; Sheffield Castle has utterly disappeared; Chatsworth has been taken down and rebuilt. The Old Hall Hotel, Buxton, once "The Old Hall," is the only place containing any of the walls that held Mary

captive. Her suite of apartments at Winfield were on the west side of the north court.

The manor house suffered from both parties during the civil war of Charles I.'s reign, and in November, 1643, the loyal Marquis of Newcastle stormed and took it.

In August, 1644, Winfield Manor was retaken by Sir John Gell, and on the 23rd of June, 1646, Parliament ordered the mansion to be dismantled. The house was thus reduced to a ruin. The noble ruins that surround the inner triangle are very striking, and also very picturesque from the verdant greensward, the lichens, the wild flowers, and the foliage which have overrun the building. On the north side is a beautiful porch; there is a fine window in the great saloon, and a bay projecting from the great banquetting hall.

The porch is almost entire; it is immediately in the front, and led to the banquetting-room on the right, to the buttery on the left, and straight on to the platform and portal, from which formerly, doubtless, there was a descent to the court, garden, and chapel. All the building was embattled, and dated from the reign of Henry VI. The porch is almost entire; under the battlements is a band of quatrefoils and rosettes, below is an old sundial; the tracery of the window is gone.

The ruins are, in brief, very interesting, and we must regret that such houses, at least, were not kept or restored.

Near the Winfield railway station is a very celebrated hotel, called the Peacock.

Here Dick Turpin stopped to have his famous Brown Bess re-shod.

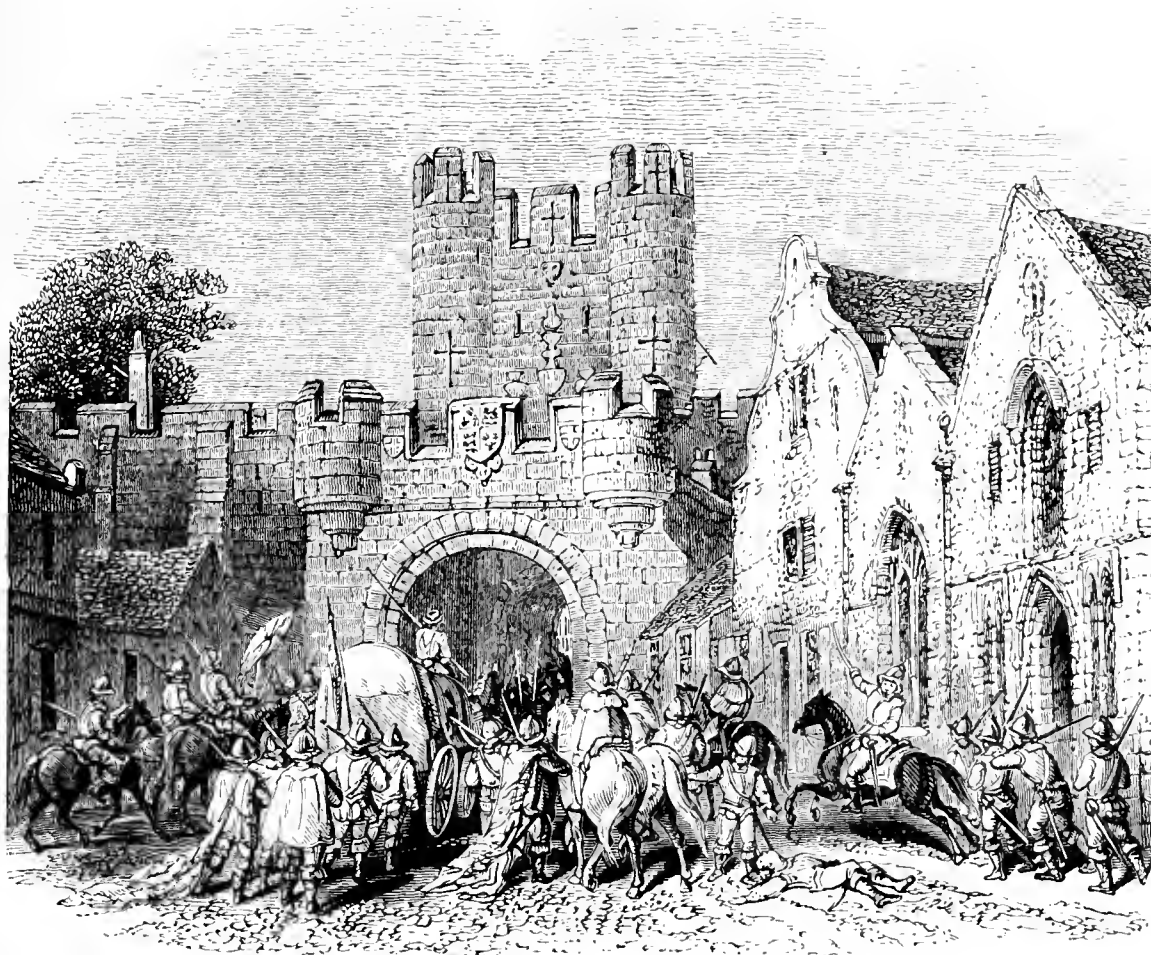
Underneath, and issuing from the cellars of this house, is a well-built subterranean passage, the full height of a man. It is believed to have been connected with the manor house, as a means of escape or entrance in those troublous times.

Underneath the stables of the Peacock Hotel there is still existing a crypt capable of stabling a number of horses, with an underground passage from the house. The hotel has evidently been a house of some importance, since it has a very large hall.

Winfield has a famous oak tree, standing within sight of the long suite of rooms where Mary Stuart was so long a captive. Peveril of the Peak erected a tower here, and a portion of it still remains amid the ruins; and there was a small tower on the wall close to Mary's apartments. Tradition says that she spent much of her time in summer on this tower, watching for signals from Leonard Dacre, who made many attempts to liberate her. But Lord Shrewsbury was a careful jailer; his vigilance never failed, and the poor queen watched and waited in vain, though it is believed that signals were at times attached to the grand old oak that still survives.

Oh! 'tis a strange unearthly sound
When loud the raging wind raves round
This ruined home of former days;
The warrior's boast the minstrel's praise,
For now the stately pile is low,
And rank the grass and nettles grow
Where princes sat in regal state
And bold retainers passed the gate—
The strong old gate all broken now
Twined with the ivy's matted bough.

MARY ROBERTS.



MICKLEGATE BAR, IN THE TIME OF THE CIVIL WAR.

YORK.



YORK was a Roman city; probably, however, founded by the ancient Britons. Agricola, in A.D. 79, made it his headquarters after his conquest of the Brigantes, as it was on his line of march to the north. He commenced building the Picts' Wall, and for three centuries Roman legions occupied the city, which they called Eboracum.

Emperors of the great Roman empire

also visited it; Severus died here; his body was burned in York, and the ashes carried to Rome in a porphyry urn. The cremation was, it is believed, performed on one of the three little hills a mile and a half to the west of the city, which are still called Severus's hills.

When the empire, nearly a century afterwards, was divided between Galerius and Constantius Chlorus, Britain fell to the share of the latter, who made York the seat of his empire; here also he died in 306. His body was cremated and his ashes taken to Rome

Constantine, his son, was proclaimed emperor by the soldiers in York,—probably they were the conquering Sixth Legion, who were long quartered in the city. He left immediately after for Gaul, and no Roman emperor again appeared in York—Constantine became *THE GREAT*, and was the first Christian emperor, as every one knows. His mother, the Empress Helena, was supposed to be a British lady, but there are doubts on the subject.

The Romans abandoned Britain; it was conquered by the Saxons, and Edwin, the Saxon king of Northumbria, had to flee from his inheritance for his life when a child, and to take refuge in East Anglia, casting himself on the hospitality of its king, Redwald. But even here he was in danger, and one night,—the legend says,—he went outside the palace, where he was threatened with treachery, and sat mournfully down on a stone in the moonlight, reflecting that he had no friends, or refuge; because Redwald had been terrified by the threats of Ethelfrith (who had usurped Edwin's crown), and had promised to yield the young prince up to him—and death.

Whilst he sat and reflected mournfully on his evil fortune, a tall person in a long black robe stood suddenly before him, and inquired "why he sat there when every one else was asleep?" Edwin answered, that it could be no concern of his whether he watched or slept. The stranger said, "But I know the cause; be of good cheer; Redwald will not betray you. You shall recover your father's throne and be the greatest of the Anglo-Saxon princes, and when you are powerful and prosperous will you promise to receive instruction from one who can do you good?"

"I will," promised the king.

"Remember your promise when this sign shall be repeated," said the stranger solemnly, and he laid his hand on Edwin's head.

Then he disappeared. His prophecy came true. Redwald of East Anglia was saved from guilt and infamy by the brave

counsel of his wife. He bade defiance to Ethelfrith, marched against him before he had collected all his forces, gave him battle on the banks of the river Idel, in Nottinghamshire, defeated and slew him, though with the loss of his own son. Edwin was thus restored to his kingdom; in fact, he thus obtained all Northumbria, and Redwald became Bretwalda or head of the Heptarchy.

Restored to his enlarged dominions, Edwin sought in marriage a Princess of Kent, Edilburga, daughter of Ethelbert, and sister of Eadbald. Eadbald, who was then reigning, objected to give her to a heathen; but at length yielded his assent on condition that Edilburga should be allowed the free exercise of her religion for herself and her household. Edwin willingly consented, and said that he would examine this new faith, and if he thought it good would adopt it; and the queen departed to the kingdom of her intended husband, taking with her Paulinus (one of the last missionaries that Gregory the Great had sent to help Augustine), whom the king of Kent hoped might prove an Apostle to the Northumbrians. Paulinus acted with great prudence. He did not immediately begin the attempt to convert Edwin; he suffered the fair young wife to show, by her gentle example, the power and beauty of Christianity, and thus nearly a year went by, when an assassin was sent by the King of Wessex to murder the Northumbrian king. The attempt was defeated by Lilla, one of Edwin's thanes, throwing himself before his master and receiving the poisoned short sword in his own breast. That same night a daughter was born to Edwin, who thanked the gods aloud for his wife's safety. Paulinus told him that he did not owe his safety or his child to his gods, but to the one Almighty—Alfather—to whom Christians prayed. The king's heart was softened; his wife implored him to let Paulinus baptize her child, and he gave assent; with the babe, twelve of the royal household were also baptized, but the little

princess Eanfleda was the first Christian baptized in Northumbria. The king promised that if the Christian's God would give him the victory over the King of Wessex (for whose late attempt he was going to war with him), he would be baptized also.

He defeated and slew his enemy, and returned victorious. From that day he never again worshipped idols, but he still hesitated to accept the new faith. About this time the Pope addressed a letter to him and to the queen calculated to make a deep impression on him. One day when Edwin was alone reflecting on these, to him, strange mysteries of which the Pope had written, Paulinus entered the room, and laying his hand upon the king's head, asked him "if he remembered the token." The king fell at his feet.

"Behold," said the missionary, raising him up, "thou hast escaped from all thine enemies. By God's favour thou hast recovered thy kingdom. Remember now thine own promise and observe it; that He who hath elevated thee to a temporal kingdom may deliver thee also from eternal misery, and take thee to live and reign with Him eternally in Heaven." Edwin hesitated no longer, he assembled his chiefs, and required them each to deliver his opinion as to the new religion preached to them by Paulinus.

Coifi, the chief priest of Northumbria, spoke at once—"As for what the religion is, which is now propounded to us, O king, see thou to it! For my part, I will assert what I certainly know that that which we have hitherto held is good for nothing. For among all thy people, there is no one who hath given himself more diligently to the worship of our gods than I; and yet many have received greater benefits and obtained higher dignities, and prospered better in whatever they undertook. But if the gods had possessed any power, they rather would have assisted me, who have endeavoured carefully to serve them. If, therefore, after due examination you have perceived that

these new things, of which we are told, are better, and more efficacious, let us without delay hasten to adopt them."

Another chief spoke in a very different manner to that of the selfish old priest.

"O king, the present life of man, when considered in relation to that which is to come, may be likened to a sparrow flying through the hall wherein you and your chiefs and servants are seated at supper in winter time, the hearth blazing in the centre and the viands smoking, while without is the storm, and rain, or snow; the bird flies through, entering at one door and passing out at the other; he feels not the weather during the little minute that he is within; but after that minute he returns again to winter, as from winter he came, and is seen no more. Such is the life of man; and what follows it, or of what has preceded it, we are altogether ignorant. Wherefore if this new doctrine should bring anything more certain, it well deserves to be followed."

Paulinus was then summoned, and he explained to them the principles of Christianity. The change of religion was decided on at once. The chief priest then offered to throw down the idols and altars. Taking a lance in his hand and mounting a horse, he rode up to the sacred enclosure and threw his lance into it. Then the temple was set on fire. From that day the king and his chiefs gave up idolatry; and on Easter-day, 627, Edwin the king was baptized. A wooden oratory being erected in York for the king's baptism, the king's example was followed by the people, and Paulinus is said to have been employed for six and thirty days, from morning till evening, in baptizing the multitudes who flocked to him at Yevering. The ceremony was performed in the river Glen, in Bernicia, and in the Swale, in Deira; for there were no churches or oratories for them to be baptized in as yet.

A church of stone was immediately begun upon the same spot on which the king had been christened, enclosing the

wooden oratory, and thus York Minster was first founded, to be replaced, by-and-by, by a temple more meet for the worship of God. Paulinus was first Archbishop of York.

Archbishop Egbert, a little more than a hundred years afterwards, founded the school and library which became so celebrated that students came from every part of England, and even from the Continent, to be instructed by the archbishop. The school of York in the time of Egbert's successor became even more renowned, as Archbishop Albert placed it under the care of the famous poet and scholar Alcuin, who was afterwards the teacher and guide of Charlemagne.

York submitted to the Normans in 1068 after a slight resistance, but the next year the Saxons and Danes united to drive out the invaders, and, retaking the city, put the Norman garrison to death.

William the Conqueror took a terrible vengeance for this revolt. He carried fire and sword into the north, and almost entirely depopulated the country between York and Durham, reducing it to a desert. It is said that 100,000 human beings* perished by the sword or famine at this time. What a period of misery those ages must have been!

In 1137 the Scots laid waste the country as far as the Gates of York, but the Archbishop was a gallant warrior, as well as a wise priest; he placed himself at the head of the northern chivalry, and defeated the Scots at the famous Battle of the Standard, at Caton Moor, near Northallerton.

In the reign of Richard I. a frightful massacre of the Jews took place at York. It began by a body of armed men attacking the house of a Jew, named Benet, the wealthiest of the Jewish community; they plundered it and murdered his wife and child. About five hundred Jews fled to York Castle, taking their gold with them; and they were admitted on the plea that they brought the king's gold.

They refused to admit the Castellan when he returned from a journey, and he and the sheriff, enraged at their having seized a royal castle, gave the people leave to attack the fortress. The Jews were starving; they had no provisions in the fortress, and perceiving that they were lost, an old Rabbi advised them to hide the wealth they could not destroy, and to set fire to the castle. A Jew, Jocen, then killed his wife and children; and the rest followed his example, except a few who came out of the burning building and offered to become Christians, but they were all massacred as well as those left outside the castle. Those within perished in the flames. The people then went to the Minster, where the register of loans from Jews was kept, and burnt it in the nave of the Minster.

Richard was not then in England; he had departed to the Crusades; he afterwards ordered the matter to be inquired into, but no more severe punishments than fines were inflicted for this great and disgraceful crime.

John was frequently at York, and Isaac, the Jew, is an historical character. Edward III. married, in York Minster, the beautiful and heroic Philippa of Hainault.

Many parliaments have been held here, and Richard II., when at York, conferred the title of *Lord Mayor* on the Mayor; ever since then the Mayor of York has shared the title with the Lord Mayor of London.

Two fatal battles were fought near York; that of Towton, when the Lancastrians were defeated, and Margaret and Henry VI., who were in the city at the time, had to fly to Scotland; and Marston Moor (the moor can be seen from the walls), in which Royalists were conquered by the Parliamentarians.

The walls of York are objects of great interest. Portions of them are built upon the foundations of the old Roman walls, on an angle of which is the Multangular Tower, a remainder of the old Roman fortifications still in excellent preservation. The lower part is built of small ashlar stones, with a

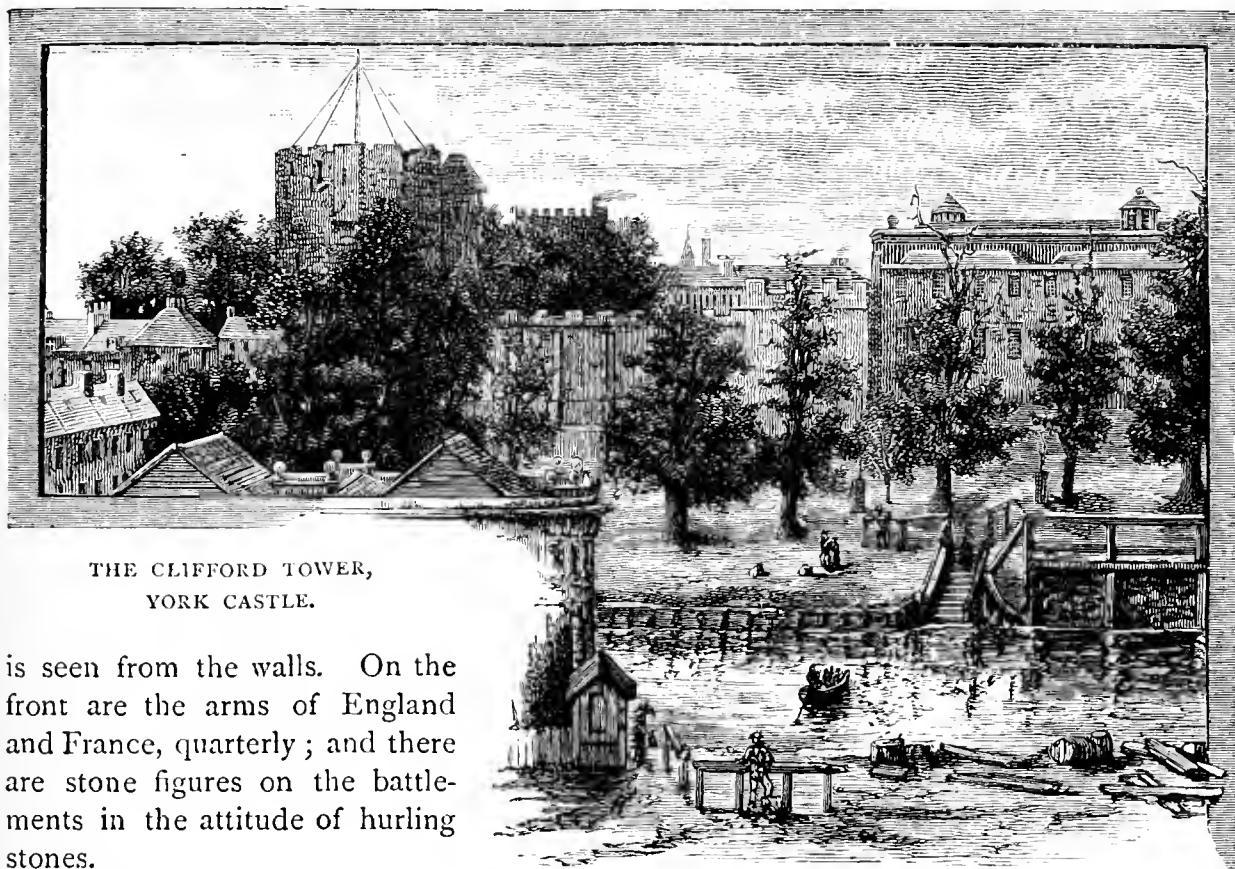
* Odericus Vitalis.

row of large Roman tiles five inches deep inserted between them. Above this part of the tower a good deal has been added with battlements and arrowslits.

Edwards I. and III., during their Scottish wars, rebuilt the walls and strongly fortified the city, that it might be defended against incursions of the Scots.

The civil wars greatly injured them, and though they were repaired after the Restoration, they are of no use now for hostile purposes, nor, indeed, are such (happily)

required. On the western side of the river the wall is perfect, and forms a delightful walk, affording good prospects of the Minster; in fact, the walk on them may be continued all round by means of crossing the bridges. The walk itself runs generally on the ridge of the high rampart, and the views from it are most picturesque and beautiful, with the Minster, the gardens, the red roofs and churches lying around us. The Clifford Tower, built by William the Conqueror and within the castle enclosure,



THE CLIFFORD TOWER,
YORK CASTLE.

is seen from the walls. On the front are the arms of England and France, quarterly; and there are stone figures on the battlements in the attitude of hurling stones.

Walmgate Bar has still its bar-bican, probably because it was restored in 1648, and is consequently not nearly as old as the others. It is the entrance to the south, from Beverley and Hull. The original Bar was of the time of Edward I. The old Barbican was built by Edward III., but was nearly destroyed by the Parliamentary army when besieging York. The arms on the front of the Bar are those of Henry V. Inside the building is a piece of the Roman wall.

The wall breaks off at Layerthorpe, but by

crossing the bridge we can take the outer wall, and continue till we reach the Red Tower.

Fishergate Bar was walled up till 1827, when it was opened to admit the traffic to the cattle markets.

Gates here are called Bars, and the streets leading to them gates, the Anglo-Saxon *Geat* being the translation of our word "road."

There are four principal Bars and two smaller ones; of these, Micklegate Bar is

the most interesting. It forms a very striking approach to the city from the south, and consists of a Norman Arch, flanked on either side with turrets or bartizans, pierced with crossed loopholes, and surmounted by battlements, on which are stone figures of men-at-arms. Above the arch rises a square tower, with embattled turrets at the angles. The barbican was removed in 1826, and the portcullis later. One of our engravings represents Micklegate Bar during the civil war. Two side arches have been built since, to accommodate the increasing traffic. On each side are steps leading up to the walls. The engraving is of the inside of the Bar; the royal arms are here, over the archway; the arms of France and England are outside, with those of the City of York.

The date of the erection of Micklegate Bar is unknown, but the arch is Norman. It was on the top of this gate that the head of Richard, Duke of York, with the mockery of a paper crown on it, was placed by Queen Margaret during the war of the Roses. Shakspeare makes her say:—

“Off with his head, and set it on York Gate,
So York may overlook the town of York.”

But when the White Rose became successful, and Edward IV. entered the city after the battle of Towton, and beheld his father's head on the Bar, he was so indignant, that he ordered the Earls of Devon and Wiltshire, and some other prisoners to be decapitated, in order that their heads might take the place of the duke's.

Bootham Bar is the north western entrance to the city. The main arch is thought to be Norman, the superstructure of the time of Edward I. The Bar lost its barbican in 1831. Here the wall follows for a little way the two sides of the Roman city.

Monk Bar bore the name of Goodram Gate till the restoration of Charles II., when it was called Monk Bar after the general who had been the means of re-establishing the monarchy. This gate is

supposed to have been erected in the fourteenth century, and is a really fine structure. The circular archway is probably Norman; the superstructure is of the Decorated period. It has flanking turrets; and a pointed arch, above the lower and open one, supports a gallery between the turrets. The portcullis, with the chamber for its machinery, remains.

On a piece of land between the Ouse and the Foss rivers stands the Castle, the keep of which was, and is, Clifford's Tower. There were two moats round the Castle; one round the outer fortifications, another round Clifford's Tower. They could be filled from the river Foss. Clifford's Tower, we have already said, is the last remnant of the old Castle, built by the Conqueror and given to the Cliffords to keep for the Crown; the old Castle was the scene of the dreadful Jewish self-immolation we have already mentioned in 1190. It is now used as the County Jail.

Clifford's Tower is entered by a portal, built by the Clifford who was Earl of Cumberland in Charles I.'s reign, and who put the fortress into a state of defence.

In the Museum Gardens of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society are the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, founded in 1078 by a Monk of Whitby. Here also stands the Multangular Tower and the small hospital of St. Leonards, said to have been founded by Athelstane.

The abbey was one of the richest in the county; and its abbot, one of the two mitred abbots of the north, was called to Parliament. From this monastery issued the monks who founded Fountains Abbey; they wished to adopt a stricter rule than that of Benedict—the Cistercian, and left their original monastery to establish another.

These ruins are extremely picturesque, and the foliage growing about them and twining up the shafts adds a singular beauty to them.

The Society have a Natural History Museum in the centre of the gardens.

YORK MINSTER;

AND ITS MONUMENTS.



WE have already given some slight account of the foundation of the first Christian Church in Northumbria, out of which the Cathedral or Minster of York finally sprang; but the erection of the present edifice was not completed till the close of the thirteenth century, or up to 1402. Archbishops Roger; Walter de Grey; John C. Romaine; Melton; and, above all, Archbishop Thoresby, gradually built it, assisted by the Lords Vavasour and Percy.

The central tower was probably built by John Skirraw, a prebendary of the cathedral, the towers at the west end by John de Birmingham, about the year 1402; his name, with a figure of a bear, was cut in relief on the west front of the south tower; but this was destroyed by fire.

The Minster is best seen from the walls, as it is in a low situation, but it is a very magnificent structure. Its entire length is, externally, 519 feet; the width of the west front, 100 feet. This west front is very grand, and the details of it extremely beautiful. The window has been said to be "an unrivalled specimen of the leafy tracery that marks the style of the middle of the fourteenth century."

The lofty towers rising at the west end are terminated by pinnacles, and are very beautiful, for they are supported by buttresses highly enriched. There is a profusion, in fact, of sculpture and tracery over almost the whole of the west front. Over the door is the statue of Archbishop Melton. On one side of him stands a

statue of Lord Percy, holding a piece of rough wood in his hand—he had given the wood used in building the Minster; on the other Lord Vavasour stands, holding a rough block of stone—he gave the stone for the building from his quarries.

The south transept is a very fine piece of masonry, and it has a good porch attached to it.

The central tower, though very large, is low in comparison with the western towers; it is only 199 feet high, while the others, to the top of the pinnacles, are 201. It has been supposed that the builders intended to add a lofty spire to it; but as it stands it is a magnificent piece of architecture. The Minster has, internally, a nave, choir, and lady-chapel, each with two aisles, and north and south transepts, with two aisles, and a lantern in the middle. The nave is remarkably beautiful, and the aisles are the grandest in the kingdom; they are broader than those of Westminster, and equally lofty. The north transept has five tall and beautiful windows, called the five sisters, all of equal height and filled with early stained glass of great beauty.

In the gable above are five small lancet windows of varied heights; an arcade of trefoil arches forms the base.

The carved foliage of this transept is extremely delicate and natural. At the intersection of the main arch moulding is an animal creeping downwards, extremely well executed; above it is a small statue of a saint in a niche, under a decorated canopy. On the east side of the transept the capitals of the piers are richly decorated with leafage, birds with human heads, and other grotesque objects.

At the north end of the transept is a richly decorated portal leading into the

vestibule of the chapter-house. This is the most beautiful of English chapter-houses. Like those of Salisbury, Wells, and Westminster it is octagonal, but, unlike them, it has no centre pillar, but is open throughout.

The stained glass in the vestibule of the chapter-house is very fine, and gives a very solemn effect to it. In fact, the stained glass of York Minster is better, richer, older, and more abundant than in any other cathedral. It was not destroyed or removed at the dissolution of the monasteries, and when the army of the parliament besieged the city, it was surrendered to it only on terms that forbade the destruction even of the windows of the Minster.

The east window is of unsurpassed splendour. It is very nearly the height and breadth of the middle choir, and is divided into compartments, each representing an historical event.

"The choir is divided into two portions by a projection rising above the aisles, forming a second transept, each with a lofty window and side windows over the aisles. The cleristery windows to the east have each a stone screen before them, the windows being inside the passage instead of outside, a feature peculiar to the building."—*Sampson's Guide*.

There is a singularly elaborate screen in this cathedral. It contains statues of the kings of England, from William the Norman to Henry V., and there is, also, a statue of James I., which was added in a vacant niche at the time he visited the Minster.

The central tower, 65 feet square, is the largest in size in England, and was built in the fifteenth century. On each of its sides are two large perpendicular windows. A perforated battlement runs round the top, which is 199 feet from the ground, and from it there is an extensive view of the Vale of York—a most beautiful and romantic prospect.

Some of the ancient monuments in the Minster are very beautiful. In the north transept is that of Archbishop Walter de

Grey. He built the transept. The monument consists of two tiers of trefoil arches, supported by eight slight columns, with capitals of finely carved foliage, supporting a canopy divided into eight niches, with angular pediments and elaborate finials. On a flat tomb under the canopy is an effigy of the archbishop, in his robes. There is a fine monument of Archbishop Bowet, of Henry VI.'s reign. A very beautiful recumbent statue of little Prince William de Halfield, Edward III.'s second son, is here. Many old monuments were defaced by Cromwell's soldiers, and others were destroyed in the fires. The vestry contains several curiosities. One of the chief of these is an ivory horn, given by Ulphus. He governed the western part of Deira, and finding that his sons were likely to quarrel about their future inheritance, he determined to take the cause of strife from these. He went to York, and taking the horn from which he usually drank, he filled it with wine, and, kneeling before the altar, conferred on God and the blessed Peter all his lands. By this horn the chapter holds estates of great value a little east of York.

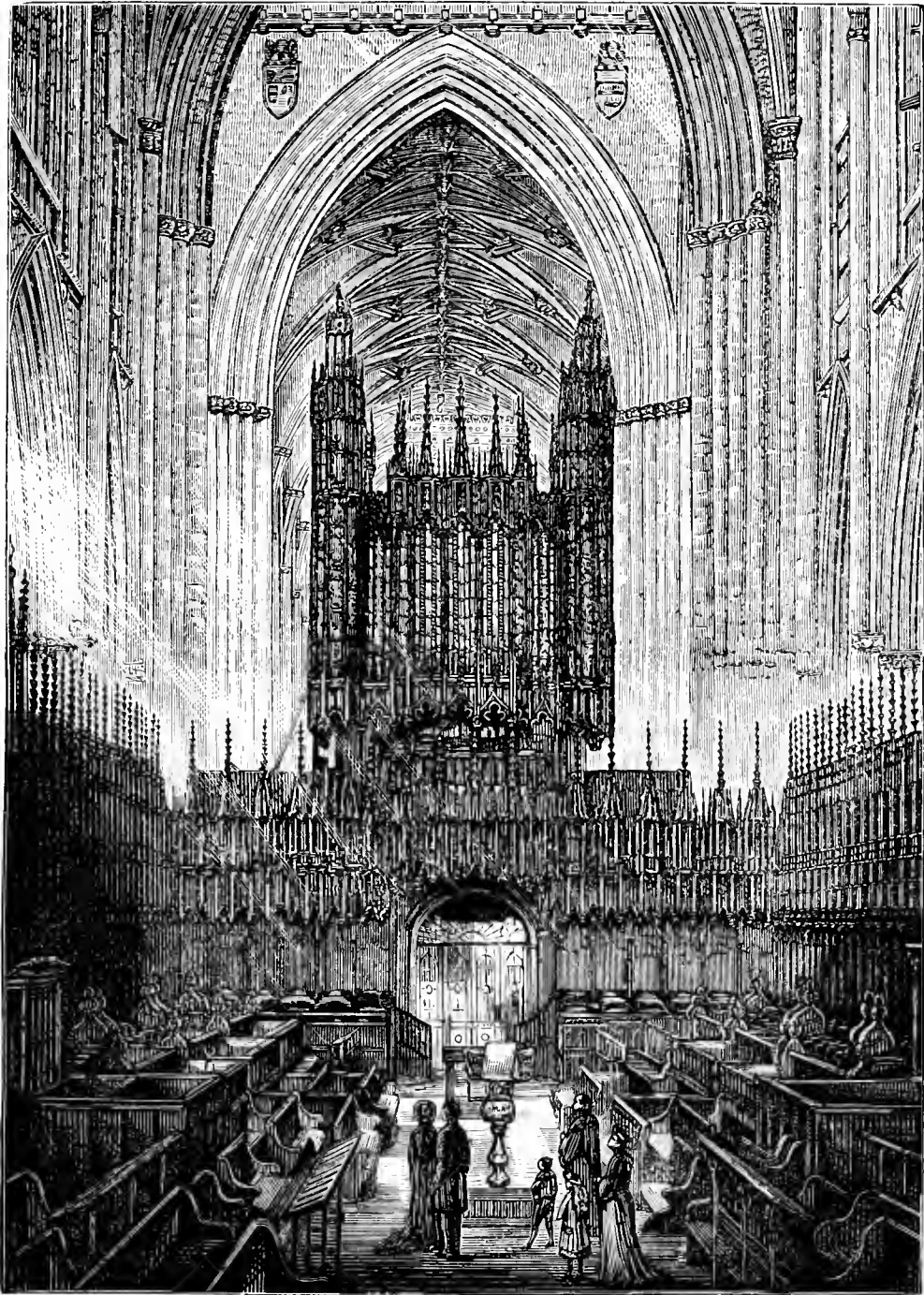
The earlier churches on this site were destroyed by fire; the present Minster has twice narrowly escaped the same fate.

In 1829 a lunatic, named Jonathan Martin, set it on fire purposely. The whole of the roof of the choir and the wood-work on each side were destroyed, and the walls above the arches of the choir were so much damaged that they had to be rebuilt; the organ was burnt, and the communion plate melted. The altar screen also was much injured.

This destruction was soon after repaired; but the restoration was scarcely completed before another fire occurred. A workman who had been employed to repair the clock, left his candle burning when he quitted the Minster. At nine o'clock the south-west tower, where he had been working, was found in flames. It was wholly destroyed, and the whole of the roof of the nave fell in with it. The flames were stopped at the great tower,

but fearful, irreparable mischief had been done. It has since then (1840) been entirely restored, and by the munificence and exertions of the Honorable and Reverend

Augustus Duncombe, Dean of York, great improvements have been made ; the chapter-house has been redeccorated, the organ refitted, and a new one put in the nave. In



CHOIR OF YORK MINSTER.

1874 the south transept was cleaned and redeccorated ; the building warmed and lighted with jets of gas round the capitals of the pillars.

The general impression produced on the mind from gazing into the interior of York Minster is one of awe, and of admiration for its solemn magnificence ; the simplicity

of its lines and the subdued splendour of the light stealing through the exquisite stained glass, and falling on the lovely details of carved stone are also charming.

Its height makes it even more impressive, and the width of its aisles gives a grand air to it. York may well be proud of its superb Minster.

CASTLE HOWARD AND NAWORTH CASTLE.



CASTLE HOWARD is finely situated on a gentle eminence, well wooded, and looking down on a large and ornamental lake. It is about fifteen miles north and north-east of York, and near Kirkham Abbey. The south front of the building is very fine.

It is 325 feet in length, and in its centre is a pediment and entablature supported by fluted Corinthian pilasters. Wings of lower height extend on each side of it. The north and entrance front has an elaborate centre of the Corinthian order, a cupola rising from the top, and with extensive wings on each side. The castle is one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Vanburgh.

The Great Hall is a fine apartment; it is 35 feet square, and 65 high, and is lighted by a dome, the centre of which is 100 feet above the floor of the hall. It is painted with the fall of Phaëton, by Pellegrini, who has also adorned the walls with paintings of the Seasons, the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and other designs. The fireplace is of richly carved marble, and is finely sculptured.

The dining-room is 27 feet by 23, and has, besides fine paintings, busts of Marcus Aurelius, and a Bacchanal; bronzes of Brutus, Cassius, and Laocoon, a beautiful

urn of green porphyry, and slabs of Sicilian jasper.

The saloon is 34 feet by 24. The ceiling is painted with Aurora, and it contains many fine pictures and sculptures.

The drawing-room, 27 feet by 23, is hung with tapestry, from the designs of Rubens.

The Antique Gallery is 160 feet long, and 20 broad, and contains some rare antique marble slabs, two tables of Egyptian granite, a small gilt statue, found, it is said, in the wall of Severus, pictures, tapestry, and valuable books.

The state bedroom, 26 feet by 22, is hung with Brussels tapestry, after designs of Teniers.

The collection of pictures at Castle Howard is a very fine one. The Earl of Carlisle of that period purchased some very splendid ones in 1789, when the Orleans collection was sold; the most valuable of which are the "Three Marys" of Annibale Caracci; the "Entombment," by Ludovico Caracci; and the "Adoration of the Magi," by Mabeuse. The whole collection is, indeed, valuable. The present earl is himself a good artist, and has inherited much of the artistic taste of his predecessors.

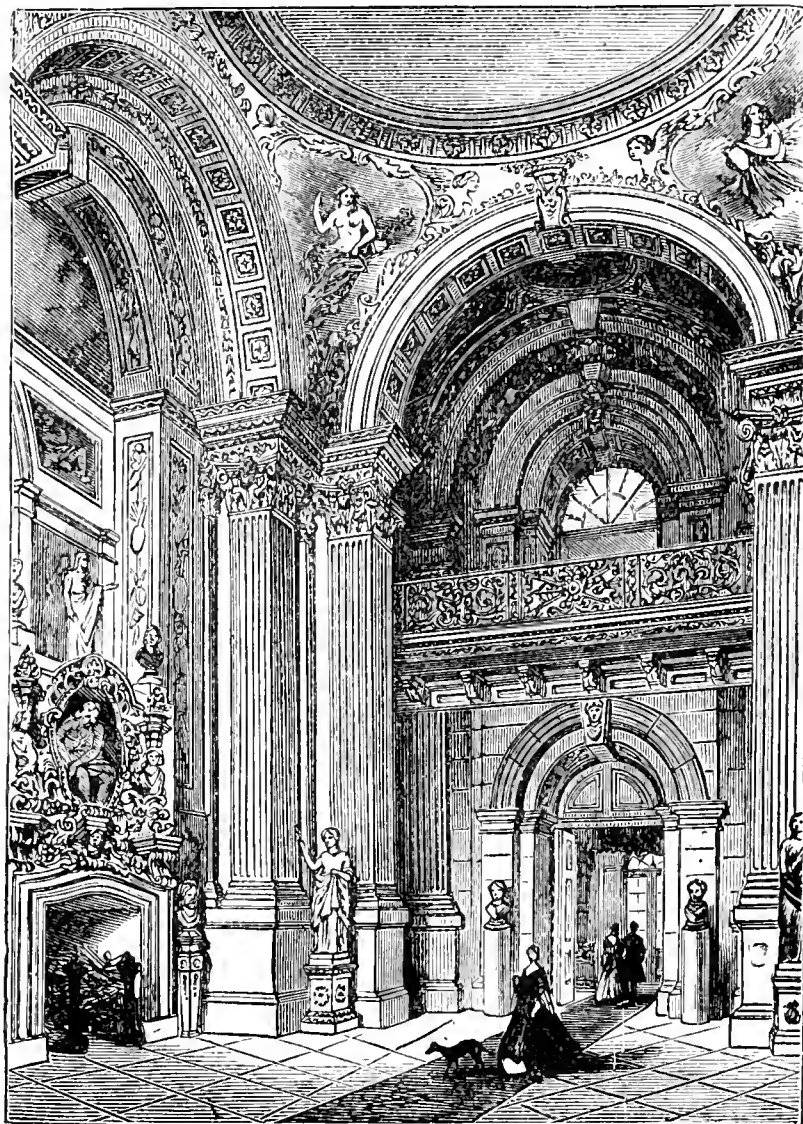
The gardens are very large and beautiful, and in them is a fountain very finely sculptured. The grounds are also extensive, and are picturesque with every variety of woodland beauty. They are also adorned with memorial pillars, commemorating events in the family; and there are terrace-walks, a

lake, and amid thick woods the mausoleum of the Earls of Carlisle, a circular building, surrounded with a colonnade of pillars. The park is well filled with deer; and the short-horned cattle are well known.

A castle stood here in Edward III.'s reign, built by the Baron of Greystock. It was named *Hinderskelfe*, or "Hundred

Hill." Ralph Lord Greystock's only daughter Elizabeth married Thomas, Lord Dacre of Gillesland, and the Dacres possessed the castle till the marriage of Elizabeth, sister and co-heir of George, Lord Dacre, with Lord William Howard, known on the Borders afterwards as *Belted Will*.

He was the younger son of Thomas How-



THE GREAT HALL.

ard, Duke of Norfolk, of Elizabeth's reign; one of the most chivalrous and popular of her nobles, and allied in blood to herself. He entered into an engagement to marry Mary Queen of Scots, then a captive in England. The plot was discovered, and Elizabeth gave him a warning, telling him to be "careful on what pillow he laid his

head;" but he again renewed the perilous intrigue, was arrested, sent to the Tower, and finally beheaded—the first victim of Elizabeth, who thus far had not sent any one to the block. His youngest son was then only eight years old.

The duke had three wards, the co-heiresses of the great estates of Lord Dacre,

and he destined them for his three sons. Of these, after the duke's death, the little Lady Elizabeth Dacre became ward to the queen; she had been left an orphan in her seventh year. She and Lord William were born the same year, Lady Elizabeth a few months after Lord William, and for at least a year they had inhabited the same home, and been playfellows. When both were in their ninth year, the duke was beheaded, and the little lady passed into the queen's charge. Queen Elizabeth was always believed to have deeply regretted having put the Duke of Norfolk to death. She fulfilled his intentions, and when the young betrothed were each fourteen years old she married them. They were married at Audley End, near Saffron Walden, Essex, the house of Lord William's elder brother, Thomas—inherited from his mother—in 1577, and they resided afterwards at a place called Mount Pleasant, in Enfield Chase.

The eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Arundel, did not, of course, succeed to his father's ducal title, as he had forfeited it and his property by treason; but we are told by Miss Strickland, in her life of Elizabeth, that the queen treated him for some time as an especial favourite, retaining him at her court, while his wife lived neglected at Arundel Castle. When at length the young earl went back to his countess, he became devotedly attached to her, and as she was a Roman Catholic, she succeeded in converting him to her own faith. Lord William also adopted it, and in consequence of the severity of the laws against Papists, it became necessary that they should leave England.

In 1582 Lord Arundel endeavoured to escape to the Continent, but he had been closely watched, and was arrested on the Sussex coast, and sent to the Tower. Lord William Howard was also sent to the Tower.

Lady Elizabeth, on attaining her majority, had received her inheritance of Naworth and Gillesland, in Cumberland, and she

and her husband had possessed them till he and his brother were imprisoned in the Tower. Then a Mr. Francis Dacre, of ungenerous memory, claimed them, and no one dared defend the property or rights of those who were under the displeasure of the queen. Most of the timber was cut down at this time, and the picturesque and beautiful castle of Naworth was let go to decay.

Lord Arundel died in the Tower, and Lord William and his widowed sister-in-law had to purchase back their own lands from the queen for the sum of £10,000.

At length the last terrible Tudor died, and the prospects of Lord William brightened. The Duke of Norfolk had died for wishing to wed and free the captive mother of King James, and though the Scottish king was unable to punish those who had been her cruel enemies, he showed favour to all who had been her friends. Lord William was restored in blood, and went into Cumberland to meet James on his entry into his kingdom. It was probably at this time that King James appointed him Warden of the Marches.

He had no sooner been restored to his property than he began to repair the picturesque castle of Naworth, that was once more his own. While the repairs were proceeding he lived at a hunting seat he had in Westmoreland. He had been in great poverty at one time before the accession of James, and had become deeply in debt; and after he had been restored to his inheritance he had for some years to pay ten per cent. on borrowed money. The repairs of Naworth were also a pull on his income, and he had to exercise the greatest economy for twenty years. He much improved the castle, heightened the hall, and enlarged its windows, and took for his own use the chambers in the tower at the southwest angle of the fortress, still called Lord William's Tower.

The destruction of Castle Kirk Oswald enabled him to obtain its oak roof or ceiling and its wainscot work for his own castle. These roofs were divided into

panels, each painted with an historical portrait.

These perished in 1844, but in the chamber Lord William used as his library there is still the fine oak roof in panels which was brought from Kirk Oswald. He enriched his oratory also with alabaster statues, brought from thence, but supposed to have once belonged to Lanercost Priory Church. The wainscot of his bedroom has been preserved. The walls of this tower are remarkably thick, and the only access to his rooms was by a long gallery, paced by his armed followers; and his chambers had doors of great strength near the entrance from the gallery. His bedroom was in the tower chamber, above it was his library, and by the side of it his oratory. Between the floor of the oratory and the ceiling below a secret chamber was formed. The descent into it was behind the altar, and in the days of persecution it probably sheltered many a priest. These rooms, the furniture he used, the books he read, his sword and the altar where he prayed were seen by Sir Walter Scott, and remained intact till the fire. Lord William kept at Naworth a garrison of 140 men to defend the Borders. It was his boast that he would keep them so that the "rush-bush should guard the cow," a state of affairs that must at that time have been considered impossible, but he achieved it. It was said that the moss troopers had only two enemies, the law and Lord William Howard, who, when they were taken plundering and burning, sent them straight to Carlisle, where they were hanged without any delay. At the same time he was no oppressor, but a kindly, courteous gentleman, a student as well as a soldier, and as chivalrous as a knight errant.

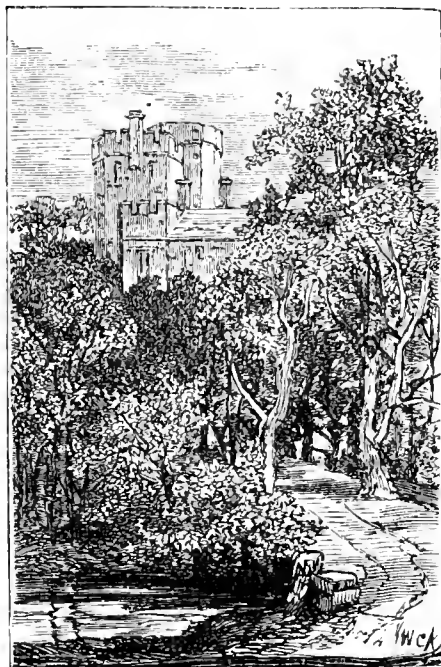
Sir Walter Scott thus describes him in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel":—

"Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slashed and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;

His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt."

A belt used to be shown as Lord William's at Naworth. It was of leather, with a couplet in German, the letters formed by metal studs. It is possible this may have belonged to "Belted Will."

He was succeeded by his grandson, Sir William Howard, who was succeeded by his second son, Charles. This great grandson of Lord William was created Baron Dacre of Gillesland, Viscount Howard of Morpeth, and Earl of Carlisle. His son Edward became second earl, and died in 1692. He was succeeded by Charles, the



NAWORTH CASTLE.

third earl. The old castle of Hinderskelfe was burnt down in his time, and Castle Howard was erected on its site.

Frederick, the fifth Earl of Carlisle, was the author of "Tragedies and Poems," and was the guardian of Lord Byron.

The present earl succeeded his uncle, being the son of the Hon. Charles Howard and the daughter of the late Lord Wensleydale, of Amphil Park.

Naworth Castle is one of the most picturesque and beautiful ruins in Cumberland. The approach to it is most striking. It stands on a hill above the river Irthing,

over which it towers to a great height. The banks are thickly wooded, and very old trees are all round it. The interior is also very ancient and picturesque. There is a long gallery, in which relics of Belted Will or Bauld (bold) Willie, as the people called him, are kept, with portraits of the family. The great hall is of good size, and is lighted by windows high up near the ceiling, and one large oriel at the southern end. The ceiling is formed of wooden panels, having

on them portraits of the kings of England from Saxon times to the Wars of the Roses.

In the dining-room are two portraits of Lady William Howard, the beloved wife of the great warden. Brought up together, and living with each other, with few separations, from childhood to age, they were, perhaps, one of the most attached couples ever known. The lady died at over seventy ; her husband survived her little more than a year.

THE YEW TREES OF SKELDALE, AND FOUNTAINS ABBEY.



TWILD and romantic spot, watered by a bubbling rivulet, and formerly surrounded with rocks and woods, is Skeldale, and in it is an ancient yew-tree, standing in the solitary majesty of those trees that have survived the centuries. Wordsworth has described similar ones in his "Yew Tree."

"Huge trunks ! and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Up coiling, and inveterately convolved ;
Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane ;—a pillared shade,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoicing berries—ghostly Shapes
May meet at noontide ; Fear and trembling Hope
Silence and Foresight : Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow ;—there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship ; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves."

Beneath these trees in the days of the

Saxon king Ethelbald a company of monks took shelter. They had left their own monastery of St. Mary's at York, and, with the archbishop's permission and sanction, had retired to this desolate spot, desiring to imitate the sanctity and severe discipline of the Cistercians of the Abbey of Rieval. They had no house to shelter them, nor any certain provisions ; but in the depth of the valley there was a great elm tree, amongst the branches of which they twisted straw, and thus formed a roof to dwell beneath. But when the winter rain and wind came on, they left the elm shelter for that afforded by seven stately yew trees of extraordinary size that grew on the south side of the valley. These trees were then in their prime, and the monks dwelt under their shadow. They had the stream to quench their thirst, and from time to time the archbishop sent them bread.

When spring came in its beauty, and the delicate yellow blossoms opened on the yews, the monks cleared a spot of ground for a garden, and built a wooden chapel. Their story was rumoured abroad, and many joined them either for instruction or as brethren of the fraternity ; but this in-

crease of numbers increased their privations. They had often no food but the leaves of trees and wild herbs, but they bore want and suffering patiently. One day when their provisions consisted of only two loaves and a half, a stranger passing by begged for a morsel of bread.

"Give him a loaf," said the abbot; "the Lord will provide."

And He did; for almost immediately afterwards a cart appeared bringing a present of food from Sir Eustace Fitz John,

the lord of the neighbouring castle of Knaresborough.

Meantime the monks' garden prospered, and fields were given them in addition to the enclosures of the waste that they had cultivated. At length, according to the testimony of one of these devout ascetics, they had "bread and cheese, butter and ale, and a garden full of pot herbs and fruit." After that period of moderate prosperity their privations soon ended.

Hugh, Dean of York, left them his for-



VIEW OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

tune, and they commenced at once to build an abbey. Nothing succeeds, we know, like success. Gifts from all quarters then poured in on them; the abbey grew and became rich in land, cattle, plate, and vestments, and they gave to their monastery the name of "Fountains," no doubt from the springs that rose everywhere in the valley. The building progressed and became admirable under Murdac, the third abbot, who was a personal friend of St. Bernard, the founder of the order that the poor monks had embraced at such a cost. Abbot John began the choir in 1203. It was finished in 1220.

John of Kent added the transeptal aisle, at the east end, called the Nine Altars. He built also the southern part of the great cloister, the infirmary, and the hospitium. Abbot Huby raised the great tower.

Fountains became in time the richest of the Yorkshire monasteries. The last abbot was a wise, learned, and rich man, and seeing that resistance was vain, and the dissolution of the monasteries inevitable, he resigned the abbey to the king. At this period the lands belonging to Fountains extended from the foot of Pennygent to the boundaries of St. Wilfrid of Ripon, an

uninterrupted space of more than thirty miles.

The approach to Fountains Abbey is through the park of Studley Royal, the seat of the Marquis of Ripon; for the celebrated ruins are situated on Lord Ripon's grounds. The park of Studley Royal is about two miles from Ripon.

The road to Fountains turns down a magnificent beechen avenue to the margin of the little river Skell, which is here dammed up into a lake of about twelve acres in size, close to the lodge and entrance gates. The road is indicated by black hands painted on boards.

The visitor to Fountains Abbey must then cross the Skell by a very old and picturesque bridge, dating from the thirteenth century, close by the abbey mill. The gate-house is then immediately in front of him. It is now only a fragment. On the left is the great church with its lofty tower and long range of cloisters, extending from its south side to the Skell.

The valley rises steeply above ledges of rocks, and on a knoll between the bridge and the mill stands the last of the great yew trees that sheltered the poor monks of St. Mary's. The yews are still remembered as the "Seven Sisters," though only one now remains. It was of great size, with a twisted trunk, now fast decaying. It is probably many centuries old, but still bears silent testimony to the two years of terrible privation passed by the poor monks of St. Mary beneath its solemn shade.

Time has spared many traces of the former beauty and extent of Fountains Abbey, and the ruins have been carefully preserved by their owners since the end of the last century.

The church is 358 feet long; the tower at the north end of the transept is 166 feet high. There was a central tower, but it has long since disappeared. In addition to the church there is the chapter house, over which was the library and the scriptorium, or writing room—a most important apartment when all books were MSS., and

needed frequent re-copying. There remain also the refectory, on one side of which is the reading gallery where the Scriptures were read to the monks during dinner; the cloisters, 300 feet long; the dormitory over them, the kitchen, with its two great fire-places, and the cloister garden, about 120 feet square, and planted with shrubs and evergreens. The cloisters are divided by columns and arches, and extend across the rivulet, which is arched over to support them. Near the south end is a large circular stone basin. These solemn cloisters are lighted by lancet windows, which are so overshadowed by oaks, beeches, and firs, that they furnish only a gloomy and dim light. Besides these large ruins there are found amongst the trees and shrubs many fragments of the great abbey.

On the bank of the Skell is Robin Hood's Well, so named, probably, on account of the struggle between the gallant outlaw and the "Curtall Friar of Fountains" whose renown for strength and courage had reached the ears of the outlaws of Sherwood, and, according to the ballad,—

"Robin he took a solemn oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat nor drink
Till that Friar he did see."

The champion of Fountain Dale and Robin had a most severe struggle, that ended in the friar throwing the outlaw into the Skell, where he was obliged to sound the *mot* for his fifty yeomen. The friar called out an equal number of ban-dogs, but Little John's arrows fell fast and thick among them till the friar called for a truce. In memory of Robin's discomfiture his bow and arrows were left at the abbey, and were long preserved there. Beyond this well is a fine view of the ruins.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

Abbey! for ever smiling pensively,
How like a thing of nature dost thou rise,
Amid her loveliest works! as if the skies,
Clouded with grief, were arched thy roof to be,
And the tall trees were copied all from thee!
Mourning thy fortunes—while the waters dim
Flow like the memory of thy evening hymn;
Beautiful in their sorrowing sympathy,

As if they with a weeping sister wept,
Winds name thy name ! But thou, though sad,
art calm.
And Time with thee his plighted troth hath
kept ;

For harebells deck thy brow, and at thy feet,
Where sleeps the proud, the bee and redbreast
meet,
Mixing thy sighs with Nature's lonely psalm.
EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

KNARESBOROUGH AND THE DROPPING WELL.



HE banks of the Nid, near Knareborough, are beautifully picturesque, and have several spots full of interest situated close

to them. The Dropping Well is one of these. It is in the Long Walk, which is entered by a gate to the right after crossing the bridge. It

rises from the foot of a limestone rock, about forty yards from the Nid, and on reaching the rock from which it falls—a rock beautifully adorned with flowers and shrubs—it diffuses itself, and trickles down in a number of sparkling rills. Twenty gallons of water flow from the spring every minute, and it is so strongly impregnated with lime that articles left under it are soon hardened with it, or “petrified,” as it is called. Tradition says that Mother Shipton, the Yorkshire prophetess, was born at the foot of this rock. This woman is said to have lived in the reign of Henry VIII. There is a well-known story that she prophesied that Wolsey should never get York Minster ; that he was shown the magnificent cathedral from the top of a tower, and uttered a vow of vengeance against Mother Shipton for her ill-omened prophecy.

The prophecies of the middle ages were, it is well known, political instruments for

influencing the people, who believed them, and acted so as to ensure their fulfilment. They were always numerous in troubled reigns, in those of Richard II. Henry VI. and Henry VIII. especially, and laws were made against them.

In a rude wooden cut Mother Shipton appears holding in her left hand a staff or wand with the head of a bird on it ; a superstitious image probably descending from the ancient Egyptian *gom*. She is draped in a long loose gown, narrow white neckband, and a strange high cap—a steeple crown and broad brim. Mother Shipton, though always considered to be a witch, escaped the cruel fate of the women who professed the black art, and died in her bed at extreme old age, near Clifton, in Yorkshire. A stone is said to have been erected to her memory in Clifton churchyard, with the following epitaph :—

“ Here lies she who never lied,
Whose skill often has been tried:
Her prophecies shall still survive,
And ever keep her name alive.”

Among those who consulted her was the Abbot of Beverley, to whom she foretold the suppression of the monasteries. She foretold Henry VIII.’s marriage with Anne Boleyn ; the burning of heretics at Smithfield, and the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. She also foretold the accession of James I., adding that with him

“ From the cold north
Every evil shall come forth.”

Winslow-cum-Shipton, in Bucks, also claims to be the birthplace of Mother Shipton.

Going back across the bridge and turning to the right the tourist will come on St. Robert's Chapel. It is not a building, but is hollowed out of the solid rock, and is only ten feet six inches long, nine feet wide, and seven feet six inches high. On one side of the entrance is the figure of a

Knight Templar rudely cut in the rock ; within, the roof and altar are well carved in Gothic fashion, and there are niches now void of the statues of virgin or saint. This chapel was the work of St. Robert of Knaresborough, a very pious man, who was born at York, and devoted himself to a monastic life.

Knaresborough Castle was in former



KNARESBOROUGH CASTLE.

years a noted fortress, occupying an elevated position and defended on the accessible side by a vast fosse with strong works outside it. It now consists only of scattered ruins, though they show that it was of great extent. Lord Lytton has made this place remarkable by his novel of "Eugene Aram," and we think our readers will not object to read his description of the castle. "You

would be at a loss," he says, "to recognise now the truth of old Leland's description of that once stout and gallant bulwark of the north when 'he numbered 11 or 12 toures in the walles of the Castel, and one very faire beside in the second area.' In that castle the four knightly murderers of the haughty Becket (the Wolsey of his age) remained for a whole year, defying the

weak justice of the times. There, too, the unfortunate Richard II.—the Stuart of the Plantagenets—passed some portion of his bitter imprisonment. And there, also, after the battle of Marston, waved the banner of the Loyalists against the soldiers of Lilburne. It was made yet more touchingly memorable at that time, as you may have heard, by an instance of filial piety. The town was straitened for want of provisions; a youth whose father was in the garrison, was accustomed nightly to get into the deep dry moat, climb up the glacis, and put provisions through a hole where the father stood ready to receive them. He was perceived at length; the soldiers fired on him. He was taken prisoner, and sentenced to be hanged in the sight of the besieged, in order to strike terror into those who might be similarly disposed to render assistance to the garrison. Fortunately, however, the disgrace was spared the memory of Lilburne and the republican arms. With great difficulty a certain lady obtained his respite; and after the conquest of the place and departure of the troops, the adventurous son was released.

“The castle, then, once the residence of Piers Gaveston, of Henry III., and John of Gaunt, was dismantled and destroyed. It is singular, by the way, that it was twice captured by men of the name of Lilburne or Lilleburn, once in the reign of Edward II., once as I have related. On looking over historical records, we are surprised to find how often certain great names have been fatal to certain spots, and this reminds me, by the way, that we boast (at Knaresboro’) the origin of the English Sibyl, Mother Shipton. The wild rock at whose feet she is said to have been born is worthy of the tradition.”

The actual facts of the story of Eugene Aram scarcely bear out the novel, however; he was not blessed with the many excellences of Lord Lytton's hero. He, John Houseman, and Daniel Clark had defrauded several of the inhabitants of Knaresborough of plate and other goods, to a large amount,

and met in St. Robert's Cave to divide their spoil; but Aram and Houseman, wishing to share it only between themselves, murdered the wretched Clark, and buried him in the cave. When Clark's disappearance was noticed, it was thought that he had absconded, and little inquiry was made for him. Eugene Aram went to Norfolk, where he lived for thirteen years, finally as usher in the school in which Admiral Burney was a pupil. Discovery then came. A labourer digging in a quarry found a human skeleton, and the people called to see it asserted that it must be that of Clark, whose strange disappearance had never been explained; but Houseman, who was present (and half drunk), took hold of one of the bones, and said that it was no more Daniel Clark's than it was his. He was thus brought under suspicion, an inquest was held, and Houseman at length confessed his guilt and sent the officers of justice to search for the body in St. Robert's Cave. It was found. Eugene Aram was arrested at Lynn, in Norfolk, where, as we have said, he was an usher.

Houseman turned king's evidence, and Aram was convicted and hanged. His defence of himself was quite wonderful for its eloquence and erudition. He tried to escape the gallows by suicide, and was nearly insensible from the loss of blood when brought to the scaffold.

He was born at Ramsgill, about 18 miles from Knaresborough, in 1700, and was executed in 1759. He was a man of extraordinary ability, knowing Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and many other languages; and was also a good mathematician and antiquarian.

Knaresborough was the birthplace of another very extraordinary man—John Metcalf—called Blind Jack of Knaresborough. He was born in 1717, and lost his sight at four years old. Nevertheless, he adopted the business of common carrier between Knaresborough and York, and often acted as a guide through the intricate roads of the forest during the night—for day

and night to him were alike—or through paths hidden by the snow. He was fond of hunting, and would follow the hounds, on foot or on horseback as well as if he had had his sight. He also contracted for, and built roads, bridges and houses, and kept at this business for forty years. He died in 1810, aged 93.

Knaresborough is a picturesque town, with its river, rocks, woods, castle and houses piled up the sides of the cliff, well worth visiting from its offering many subjects to the landscape painter and much interest to the tourist.

KNARESBOROUGH.

ST. ROBERT'S CAVE.

The Scene of the Murder of Daniel Clark
by Eugene Aram.

We gazed intent upon the murderous cave ;
Too fair a place, methinks, for deeds of blood.
Above the rocks, dappled with pendent wood,
Rose sheltering ; and below with rippling wave
The crystal Nid flowed by. The wondrous tale
That from of old had turned our young cheeks pale,
Came crowding on the present ; yonder stood
The guilt-worn student, skilled without avail
In ancient lore ; and yonder seemed to lie
The melancholy corse, year after year
Sending to Heaven its silent vengeance cry
Till Aram's hour was come, and He, whose ear
Was open, tracked the murderer where he fled,
And wrath's right aiming stroke descended on his
head.

HENRY ALFORD.

KIRKHAM PRIORY.



IN the year 1121, A.D., there lived a certain Sir Walter L'Espece and his wife Adeline, the happy parents of one only and noble son.

This adored son, though a good horseman, was thrown from his hunter and killed. The grief of his parents equalled that of the Lady of Egremont : they were rich in gold and land and had no heir. In his sorrow Sir Walter applied to the Rector of Garton, his uncle, for consolation, and the good priest advised him to make Christ his heir, by devoting his wealth to the foundation of churches and religious houses.

Sir Walter took his counsel to heart, and founded the Abbeys of Kirkham and Rievaulx, in Yorkshire, and Warden, in Bedfordshire. It is said that the altar of Kirkham Priory (where masses would be said for his soul) was placed on the very spot where the heir of the L'Especes had met his early death.

The ruins of Kirkham can be seen from

the York and Scarborough Railway, and can be visited either going to or returning from Castle Howard. The ruin, with its fine tall Gothic arch, has the Derwent in front, falling in a mimic cascade, and rich woodland scenery in the background. The principal portion of the ruin, as it now stands, is the gateway ; judging from which the priory must have been a magnificent building. The gateway is said to date from the time of Edward I. It is very slightly pointed, an example of the transition from the Early English to the Decorated style of architecture. It is surmounted by a large pediment, crocketed and terminating in a finial. Above the archway are two windows with two lights each with trefoil heads. Above the windows, and over the spaces adjoining and between them, are four crocketed pediments. The whole is surmounted by a broken quatrefoil panelling. Between the windows are two niches with statues, much mutilated ; there are other niches on the gateway, in which some statues still remain. Among them are St. Peter, David and Goliath, St. George and the dragon, etc. There are also heraldic shields bear-

ing the arms of the priory, etc. Of the church the east-end of the chancel remains, and its mouldings and carvings are of great beauty: some portion of the cloisters are also still to be seen.

A very singular tradition belongs to Kirkham Priory.

Henry VIII., at the dissolution, bestowed the priory, then a nunnery, on one of his courtiers, a greedy and heartless man. He took immediate possession, insisting on the instant departure of the nuns, with great harshness and cruelty. They issued forth, sad and weeping at leaving their lovely home for the cruel and unknown world; the stately abbess leading them.

The chapel of the convent was at the time being rebuilt, and was, as yet, only half finished. The lay proprietor, who required a new wing for his house, availed himself of the circumstance, and removed a great part of the sacred edifice for the purpose of building the addition to his dwelling.

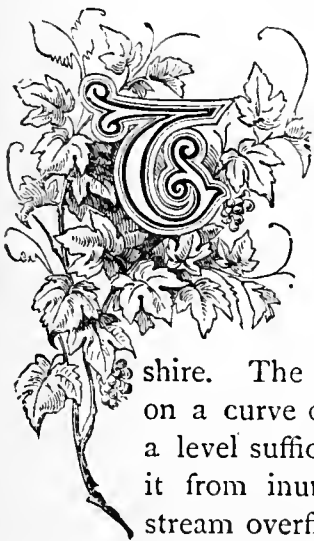
One day, while he was superintending the workmen, the abbess, attended by six of the most aged and venerable nuns, suddenly appeared before him, and, rude

and fierce as the knight was, he received her with sullen courtesy, impressed by her dauntless and stately bearing.

"When," she said solemnly, "you drove me and mine from our holy shelter I breathed no word of anger or reproach against you, but taught my daughters to submit to persecution with a meek patience. But it was told me in my place of refuge that the spoliator of the church had laid profane hands on walls consecrated to divine worship, and behold I am here! I, a weak woman, stand boldly forth the champion of my Church, and in her name I curse the house that is established by sacrilege. Every third heir of every branch of thy family that shall possess the desecrated heritage of the Church shall perish untimely, beginning with thy son's son, who never shall enjoy the wealth thou hast perilled thy soul to gain." She turned and left him.

The curse has been strangely fulfilled. Till the middle of the present century every third heir of Kirkham has died—at least a very singular coincidence. The last died of consumption, and another family now possesses Kirkham.

BOLTON PRIORY.



THE beautiful remains of this once magnificent priory stand on the Wharf, about six miles from Ilkley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The abbey is situated on a curve of the river, but on a level sufficiently high to save it from inundation, should the stream overflow its banks.

Opposite the fine perpendicular eastern

window of the church the river falls in a silver line over an almost perpendicular rock of the richest purple colour, up which are twisted in spiral lines the strata of several minerals, broken by some convulsion of nature from their usually horizontal position. To the south extend rich pastures, through which the river glides calmly, reflecting on its tranquil waters the sunlight, and the shadows of the hills.

On the north extends an expanse of turf, spotted with groups of magnificent elm and ash trees, while to the right a wood of

ancient oaks is seen, with jutting points of grey rock visible between them. Beyond are the old woods of the priory, and in the distance Simon-seat and Barden Fell—grey and barren—in strong contrast to the softness of the valley beneath.

The Wharf is a most picturesque river; here a waterfall bursts from a woody glen to pour its waters into the stream; there the Wharf is lost to the eye in a deep cleft

of the rock, but its solemn roar is heard beneath it—a warning and threatening voice of the waters—for the cleft in the rock above is only four feet wide, and can be and has been leaped by daring travellers, though a false step would be certain death; it is therefore called “The Strid,” and to a fatal accident on it the abbey owed its erection.

A priory had been founded at Embassy, about two miles from Bolton, by William



John Swain, Sculp.

THE STRID.

de Meschines and his wife Cecilia, in 1121, for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. Its founders at their death left a daughter, who took her mother's name of Romilly, and married William Fitz Duncan, nephew of David, king of Scotland. They had two sons. The elder died young; the younger, “the Boy of Egremont,”—so-called, probably, from having been born at Egremont, in Cumberland—was the last hope of his widowed mother.

Out one morning, with his greyhound in the leash, young Romilly, ranging over the moor, came to the chasm and attempted to leap over it; but the greyhound, whose leash he held, hung back, and drew his master with him into the foaming abyss.

The story of the mother's grief and her source of consolation are charmingly told by both Wordsworth and Rogers.

The latter's poem begins with the following touching lines:—

"Say, what remains when hope has fled?"
 She answered, "Endless weeping,"
 For in the herdsman eye she read
 Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

Wordsworth thus tells the story:—

Young Romilly through Barden Woods
 Is ranging high and low;
 And holds a greyhound in a leash,
 To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
 How tempting to bestride!
 For lordly Wharf is there pent in
 With rocks on either side.

This striding place is called THE STRID,
 A name which it took of yore:
 A thousand years hath it borne that name,
 And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
 And what may now forbid
 That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
 Shall bound across "The Strid"?

He sprang in glee—for what cared he
 That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep!
 But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
 And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
 And strangled by a merciless force;
 For never more was young Romilly seen
 Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
 And long unspeaking sorrow:
 Wharf shall be, to pitying hearts,
 A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,
 A solace she might borrow
 From death, and from the passion of death;
 Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

* * * *

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
 And her first words were, "Let there be
 In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
 A stately priory!"

The stately priory was reared;
 And Wharf, as he moved along,
 To matins joined a mournful voice,
 Nor failed at evensong.

And the lady prayed in heaviness
 That looked not for relief:
 But slowly did her succour come,
 And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
 That shall lack a timely end,
 If but to God we turn and ask
 Of Him to be our friend!

There is another charming legend belonging to Bolton Priory. It is said that not long after the dissolution of the monasteries a white doe appeared every Sunday in the abbey churchyard, remained

there during divine service, and left when the congregation quitted the church. The doe came from and returned to Rylstone, the house of the unfortunate Nortons, and this pretty traditional incident suggested to Wordsworth his charming poem, "The White Doe of Rylstone."

The Nortons joined the RISING OF THE NORTH, an ill-organised attempt to put down Protestantism, and restore the Roman Church. Old Master Richard Norton and his nine sons perished in this ill-advised enterprise. Francis—a Protestant, and not concerned in the Rising—was slain, because in obedience to his father he bore back to Bolton Church the banner of the Nortons. Norton's only daughter, Emily, assumed the habit of a pilgrim on the fall of her family, and wandered long in foreign lands. On her return at last to Rylstone she found one faithful friend who recognised her—the white doe.

A lovelier subject for a poem was never devised.

Of the church remains, the tower is of beautiful masonry. Under the window, the tracery of which is exquisite, is this inscription:—

"In the year of our Lord MDCXXI, R—
 be gaun thys fondaiton on gwho sowl God
 have marce, Amen."

Translated into modern English this is:

"In the year of our Lord 1620 Richard Moone began this foundation, on whose soul God have mercy, Amen."

The date should be 1520, for the abbey was dissolved in 1539. Prior Moone was engaged about the tower in 1520, and left it incomplete. Upon a buttress on the south of the tower is a statue of a pilgrim holding a staff in his right hand, and a round shield on his arm.

"Upon his breast a bloody cross he bore
 In dear remembrance of his dying Lord."

Beneath it is an old sun-dial. Upon the north and west are hounds.

The original West front is very fine, and has been well preserved. The great height

of the building is very striking ; it is 55 feet high, 88 feet 6 inches long, and 47 feet 10 inches wide, the aisle being 16 feet.

The style of architecture of the nave is Early English.

"The windows on the south, with a triforium or wall passage along the base of the lights, are filled with Munich glass, representing in thirty-six groups the life of our Lord, from the Annunciation to the Ascension. The easternmost of the six bears the inscription : 'These windows were placed by order of William Spencer, Duke of Devonshire, 1853-4.' There is still in the south wall a narrow staircase from the triforium to the recess above. A staircase also communicates with the base of the west window from the recess."—*From the Rev. A. P. Howe's "Guide to Bolton Abbey."*

The north aisle is divided from the nave by pillars alternately round and octagonal ; the windows have in them still a few remains of the thirteenth century glass.

There is a clerestory of four single and plain lancet windows.

The organ was given by the Duke of

Devonshire in 1880, in memory of Mr. Cottingham, his steward for the Bolton and Chatsworth estates for many years. The vestry in which it stands is enclosed by a perpendicular oak screen. On the outside of it, near the organ, is an Agnus Dei in stone, very well carved ; it was found in excavating. There is a vault below the organ.

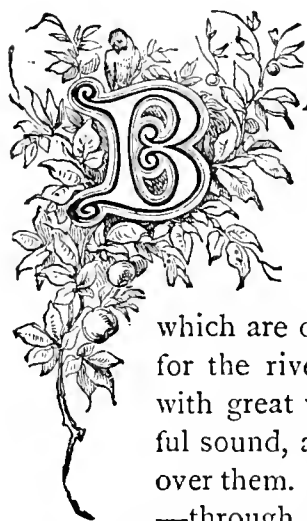
Little remains, except broken ruins and foundations, of the old priory ; an ash grows out of the centre of what was the chapter-house.

A memorial cross has been erected in Bolton churchyard by the tenantry of the Bolton Abbey estates, to the memory of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was so cruelly murdered when attempting to defend Mr. Bourke, in Phoenix Park, Dublin.

It is a light and very elegant structure.

The Cavendish Memorial Fountain was erected by the electors of the West Riding of Yorkshire, to the memory of their regretted representative, Lord Frederick Cavendish, as an inscription, with the dates of his birth and death, under the cornice above the arches, states.

BARDEN TOWER.



BARDEN Tower is within a walk of the priory. The Wharf has to be crossed by means of stepping stones, which are of considerable size, for the river rushes past them with great velocity and an awful sound, and sometimes flows over them. The woods beyond, —through which the road to Barden Tower runs,—are extremely lovely. They have sunny glades, and dark and

shadowy nooks, and beneath the old trees, on mossy banks, are found (in their season) primroses, blue-bells, foxgloves, and ferns. Every now and then the pedestrian comes on grey cliffs or masses of stone hung with ivy, and overshadowed by trees, while beside the pathway the Wharf pursues its course, sometimes a still and brooding stream, dark in the shadow, then a hurrying torrent, sending the roar of its waters through the woods.

The shattered remains of Barden Tower are shrouded by thick trees and backed by the purple distance of the fells. It was

the home of the famous Cliffords, immortalised in history, and by Shakspeare, for their valour and cruelty.

The Clifford, known as the "Bloody Clifford," who murdered young Rutland of York, and afterwards the Duke of York, his father—a fierce, evil man—was devoted to the House of Lancaster, and died fighting for it on the field of battle at Towton, falling (Shakspeare tells us) by the hand of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, young Rutland's brother.

That battle overthrew the House of Lancaster, and seated Edward IV. on the throne of England. The widowed Lady Clifford, sure that the vengeance of the Yorkists would pursue even the infant son of their feudal enemy, fled with her child into the wildest recesses of Yorkshire and Cumberland. But when Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, a Yorkist knight, married her, she was able to provide better for the safety of little Henry Clifford. He was placed under the care of a shepherd of Sir Lancelot, and remained concealed thus for twenty-four years, tending the sheep of his stepfather.

Whilst watching his flocks by night this noble shepherd boy was won by the beauty of the heavens to watch the stars, and is said by tradition to have thus acquired great practical astronomical knowledge.

On the accession of Henry VII. to the throne he was restored to his hereditary rank and possessions; but he lived retired at Barden Tower, which he enlarged into a dwelling place out of a common keeper's lodge, and there studied, having for his teachers the monks of Bolton. He procured the best astronomical apparatus then to be had, and occupied himself in quiet study during the whole of Henry VII.'s reign, and the first years of his son's. But in 1513, when he was nearly sixty years of age, he was appointed to a command in the army that fought at Flodden Field, and by his conduct in battle showed that he had inherited the warlike genius of his family. He survived that field ten years, and is

believed to have been buried in Bolton Priory.

Wordsworth has written a most lovely poem on the restoration of the Shepherd lord. We give the following passages from it:—

"I said, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long,
A weak and cowardly untruth!
Our Clifford was a happy youth,
And thankful through a weary time,
That brought him up to manhood's prime.—
Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill:
His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien;
Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Hath he, a child of strength and state!
Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,
Nor yet for higher sympathy.
To his side the fallow deer
Came, and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty.

* * * * *

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom that adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
The Shepherd lord was honoured more and more:
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

The Lady Anne Clifford, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, is also deserving of notice here, for she was the restorer of Barden Tower, as the singular inscription she placed on it states.

This lady has been justly termed one of the most remarkable of English women.

She had magnificent powers of mind and will, and she used her great capacity and wealth nobly. When she came into her inheritance she found six of her castles in ruins, and the church of Skipton in the same condition. She restored them all; they had been nearly destroyed during the civil wars. Where her beloved mother and herself parted for ever on the highway, she erected a pillar as a memorial of that farewell. She also erected a monument to her tutor Daniel, the poet, and one to

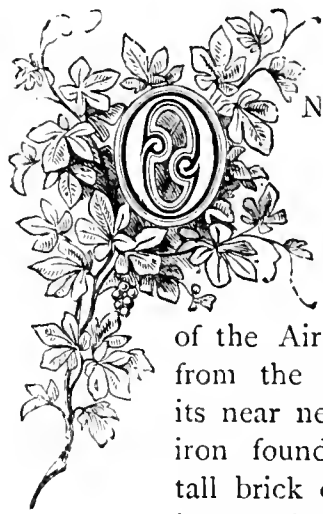
Spenser, in Westminster Abbey. She was one of the noblest as well as the most remarkable of English women. "She patronised" says her historian, "the poets of her youth and the distressed loyalists of her maturer age; she enabled her aged servants to end their days in ease and independence. . . . Removing from castle to castle she diffused plenty and happiness around her. Her house was a school for the young, a retreat for the aged, a refuge for the persecuted, a college for the learned. She had the courage to withstand all the arts and actual compulsion of her two husbands to

oblige her to change the descent of her inheritance, or to injure the property of her descendants. It is, however, her celebrated letter to Sir Joseph Williamson, the secretary of Charles II., that has immortalised her. He had written to name a candidate that she was to have elected for her borough of Appleby. She replied,—

"I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand.

"ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERY."

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.



NE of the great attractions of Leeds is the ruin of Kirkstall Abbey, situated on the left bank of the Aire, and three miles from the town. In spite of its near neighbourhood to an iron foundry and numerous tall brick chimneys, Kirkstall is considered one of the most beautiful ruins in England. "It is," says Whitaker, "to the neglect of two centuries and a half, the unregarded growth of ivy, and the maturity of vast elms and other forest trees which have been suffered to spring up amidst the walls, that Kirkstall is become, as a single object, the most picturesque and beautiful ruin in the kingdom. Add to all this the mellowing hand of Time, which, by rounding angles, breaking lines, and softening down the glare of recent colouring, may be regarded as the first of all landscape painters."

But now the smoke of Leeds has blackened the ruins and the trees around

them; the Aire flowing by them is completely discoloured, and the valley below is full of chimneys. The abbey was built by Henry de Lacy in fulfilment of a vow made during a dangerous illness. He laid the foundations of the church with his own hands. The name indicates a "stall" or lodge in the wood used by foresters.

The church is cruciform, with a square tower at the intersection of the arms of the cross; this tower partly fell in 1779, leaving only one side and part of another standing.

From the west end the view of the interior is strikingly beautiful. The body of the church consists of a nave and two side aisles, divided by clustered columns with pointed arches above; over these is a row of windows with round arches. The east window is pointed; the west Norman, in good preservation. The west doorway has five circular receding arches, the centre one bearing zigzag mouldings; the north-west door, which is walled up, is of four arches, the outer one bearing embattled mouldings. Thus it would appear from the union of round and pointed arches in

the church that it must, like Kirkham, have been built at the Transition period.

In the south wall of the choir there is an arched recess, and on each side of it a piscina.

There are three chapels on each side of the choir with vaulted roofs. The church deviates from due east and west; but this is not remarkable, as the altar

was generally placed at the spot where the sun rose on the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated; consequently a little N.E. or S.E., as the case might be.

The cloister court by the south wall of the church is a quadrangle, 143 feet by 115. It is genuine Norman, and contains one or two broken tombstones.

The chapter-house adjoins the south



KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

transept, and is entered from the cloister court.

It is a fine apartment with two massive columns supporting the groined roof of its western portion; the eastern, of a later date, has no columns; the groins springing from angle to angle. Adjoining the chapter-house are two small arched rooms.

The refectory communicates with the

kitchen, and there remain ruins also of the abbot's residence, its hall, court, offices, and private chapel. Still further east are the recently excavated remains of the hospitium, or place of entertainment for strangers.

An apartment west from the refectory is thought to have been the common room. A wide, arched passage with a circular

arch at each end adjoins it. The cloisters are on the west side of the court, and have double arches. They are 172 feet long and 29 feet broad. An adjoining building is said to have been an infirmary. The dormitories were above the chapter-house and adjoining buildings, and over the cloisters. The gatehouse to the north-west of the abbey is in good preservation, and is attached to a private residence.

There is a very tragic story attached to Kirkstall Abbey.

At an inn in the village lived a most charming rustic beauty, as maid, a girl of strict principles, too, and brave as she was modest and good. She had many wooers, of course, and at last selected one who was young, handsome, and agreeable. But her choice was regretted by all who knew her, for Richard was a wild young man, and suspected of poaching and other misdemeanour. Mary, however, would hear nothing to his disadvantage.

It happened one rather dark night that two customers were having supper at the inn, and Mary waited on them. As the wind howled mournfully outside the house, one of them said,—

“I should not like now to be in the ruins we visited to-day, should you?”

“Should you be afraid?” laughed the other.

“Well, yes, I think I should; any one would be who was there in the darkness of night.”

“You are mistaken,” replied his companion; “Mary, here, will visit the abbey at any hour; she has no fear.”

The first speaker refused to believe this, and the other took a bet with him, that Mary would go fearlessly, and bring them back a branch of the willow as a token

that she had really visited the ruins. The bet was accepted, and Mary, rather enjoying the joke and the display of her courage, started at once for the abbey.

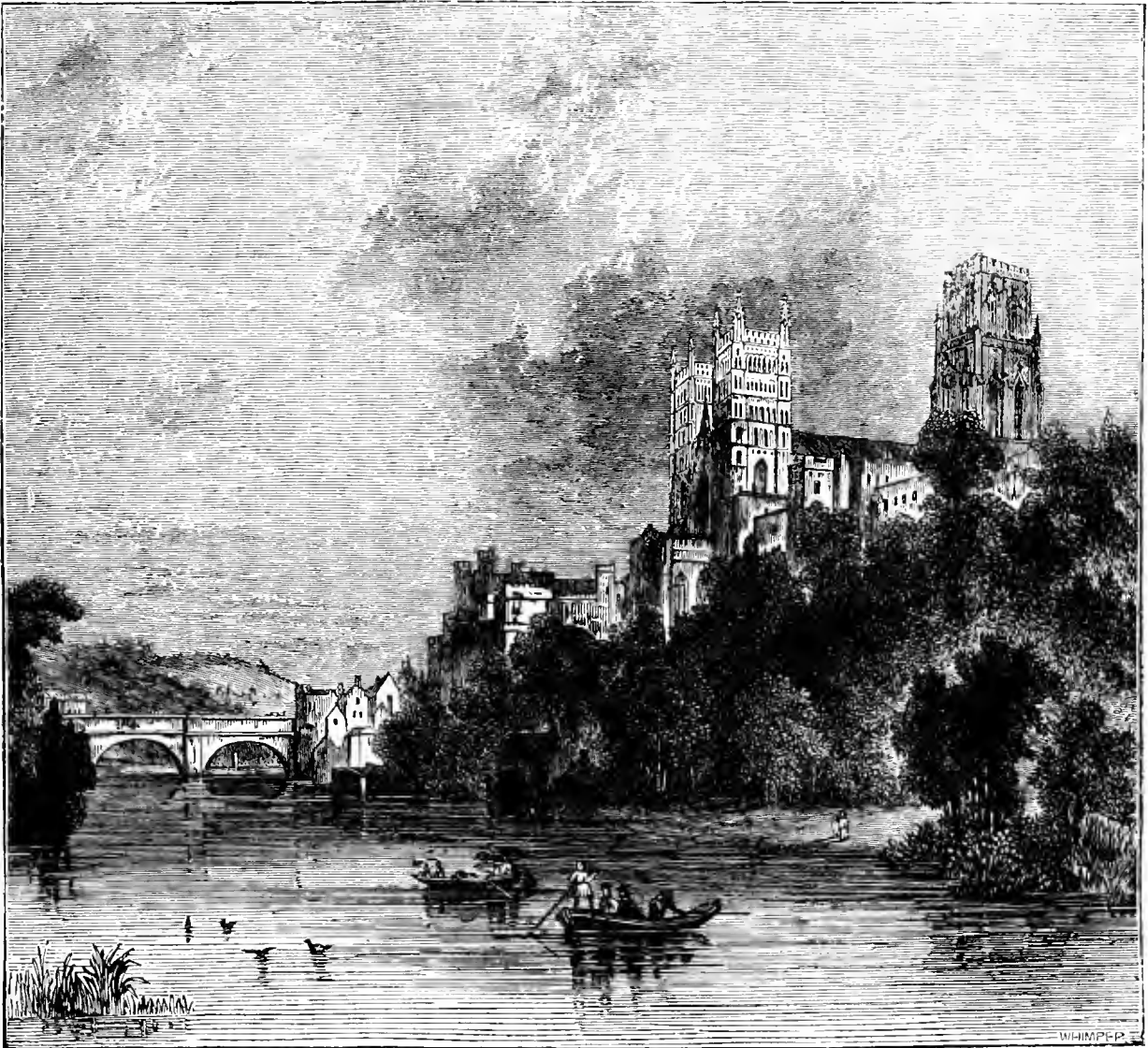
It really was a trial of courage, for the night, though starlight, was dark, the wind high, and the ruins looked very weird as she approached them. But Mary had no fear; she walked swiftly to the willow and gathered a bough. Then she was about to return home, when she heard heavy footsteps in the cloister approaching her. She thought it prudent to get out of sight, and concealed herself behind a pillar and piece of the ruin.

Standing there she could see two men coming up the cloister carrying a dead body; horror-struck, the poor girl scarcely dared to breathe. They came close by her pillar, when the hat of the one at the head of the body—it was, she saw, that of a man who had been murdered—blew off and was wafted by the high moaning wind to her feet. The fellow swore at his hat; the other said, “Never mind it now; come on, and let us make haste to bury the body,” and they passed out of the abbey.

Snatching up the hat, Mary almost flew back to the inn, and entered it white and scared, holding the willow bough and the hat.

She gasped out in broken words, “Murder—dead body—the murderer’s hat,” and held it out. As she did so her eyes fell on the inside of it, and a piercing shriek filled the air. She had seen in it her lover’s name!

The murderers were secured, tried, and hanged; but Mary lost her reason, and was long a wandering lunatic, haunting the neighbourhood, but never approaching the abbey.



VIEW OF DURHAM FROM THE RIVER.

DURHAM.



MOST striking to the eye and the imagination is the ancient city of Durham. "It is," says Howitt, "boldly and beautifully situated. A cloud of historical associations hovers over it like a perpetual canopy. Legend, ballad, song, and faithful story of mighty events

surround it. A twilight of antiquity seems to linger there." There has been, in comparison with other towns, very little change in this old city. By whichever road we approach it we see the great central tower of the cathedral rising above the hills that encircle it—a watcher of the centuries as they have glided past; and when we advance near enough to see the city, we are indeed struck by the bold beauty of its situation. In the centre of a wide open valley stands a mound crowned with the red roofs of a city.

The turrets and battlements of its old, but restored castle rise above them; and above those again, soaring high into the air, are the noble towers and pinnacles of its ancient minster. The old town runs along the ridges of the lower hills, and the higher ones break into knolls and dells, with their green meadows and clumps and lines of trees.

The river Wear, which is wont to make magnificent turns and sweeps, here exhibits one of its grandest curves, and flows round the hill on which Durham stands, making it almost a little island. It runs between high sloping banks, said to be at least forty feet high, clothed with the tallest and grandest trees; mostly sycamore and ash. On these banks, extending round the city, walks have been cut, like terraces, at various heights, with seats at the best points of view: sometimes near a cascade, sometimes opposite to cliffs overhung by foliage; or we may ascend and go into green fields above. Below, the river rushes along, making pleasant music, and across it one sees the opposite bank with picturesque dwellings above it. These walks, free to all, are perhaps the finest possessed by any English city.

Picturesque mills are seated at the water's edge, and from Framwell Gate Bridge we see the city on the left hand, with its ramparts, battlements and cathedral towers, and on the right the hills stretching away to Neville's Cross and the Newcastle Road; seen from thence we conclude there can scarcely be found a more picturesque city.

And Durham has also a wealth of historical memories appertaining to it. It owes everything—its very existence—to St. Cuthbert, one of the most remarkable men of his age. He lived in the seventh century, and was a shepherd boy upon the moorlands of Northumberland; no doubt a dreamy imaginative lad. Oswald, king of Northumbria, became a Christian, and anxious for the conversion of his people, requested the holy monk Aidan,

to come from Iona, and preach Christ to the Northumbrians. Aidan obeyed the summons, and Northumbria received the gospel. No doubt the boy shepherd heard the preacher and was baptized, and amid the lonely moorlands his thoughts and imagination dwelt constantly upon the sublime truths he had learned.

Oswald gave Aidan leave to choose a site for a monastery wherever he pleased; and Aidan chose Lindisfarne; probably partly because it was near Bamborough, then the chief city of Oswald's kingdom, and partly because it in some respects resembled Iona. But though he placed his monastery on the wild coast of Lindisfarne, he constantly preached on the mainland, and did much to civilize the turbulent natives of Northumbria.

No doubt Aidan's reputation as a saint, which had spread far and wide over the north, had been eagerly received by Cuthbert; for he had a vision, as he was tending his sheep upon the banks of the Leder, in which he beheld Aidan ascending into heaven, attended by rejoicing angels, singing divinely, as he was enveloped in clouds of glory.

The spectacle of his dream made a profound impression on the boy. He, too, would be a saint, and he, too, would win, by toil and self-renunciation, an ascent as glorious as this was; and the first step to become a saint, in his simple thought, was to become a monk. He therefore joined the community of Melrose, where for fourteen years he led a life of great sanctity and austerity. After several changes, Cuthbert at last accompanied his friend Eata (who had been appointed abbot of Aidan's monastery) to Lindisfarne.

From thence he proceeded from time to time inland, and preached in the moorlands and wild hills to the half-savage people who had never before heard the gospel story; or amongst whom it had once been known and was fallen into neglect. He was a most successful missionary, and

in recognition of his great services to the Church, he was made prior when his friend Eata was created Bishop of Lindisfarne. Here, in his new position, he established firm discipline among his monks, and exercised both them and himself in missions to the Northumbrians, but after fourteen years of toil as prior, he began to wish for a more solitary life, that he might give himself to meditation and prayer.

A few miles distant from Lindisfarne are the stern basaltic rocks called the Farne Islands, situated in a dangerous sea, which renders them inaccessible for days and weeks. To the largest of these he retreated, and lived in two rooms he had built on it; fasting, praying, and watching, till at last, at the earnest entreaties of the king, clergy, and nobles, he was persuaded to return as Bishop to Lindisfarne, but soon after he returned to his desolate island, where two months afterwards he died. His emaciated body was borne back to Lindisfarne and buried near the high altar. Miracles were said to be wrought at his tomb; but the Danes invaded the north, and in obedience to commands delivered by him on his deathbed, the monks fled from their monastery, bearing with them in a stone coffin the remains of St. Cuthbert. Every one knows how that coffin floated on the rivers that lent their aid to bear it on its way, for Walter Scott has told us—

“How, when the rude Danes burned their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
O’er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years St. Cuthbert’s corpse they bore.

* * * *

In his stone coffin forth he rides
(A ponderous bark for river tides),
Yet light as gossamer it glides
Downward to Tillmouth cell.”

The monks meant to take the coffin and saint to Ireland, but storms and difficulties continually opposed the fulfilment of their intention, and they finally settled with it at Chester-le-Street, where it remained for a

hundred and thirteen years. Again an invasion of the Danes drove the monks and their saint away, and caused them to seek a temporary retreat at Ripon. After the departure of the Danes, the monks again started with the coffin to return to Chester-le-Street, but when they had put it down on the top of Wardon-Law it could not be moved again, but remained fast fixed to the ground. The monks were sorely puzzled to know what to do; but a vision was vouchsafed them, directing them to bear St. Cuthbert to Dunhelme, where he would remain. The monks did not know where Dunhelme was, but, fortunately, they overheard one woman tell another, that she had seen her lost cow (for which the former was inquiring) at *Dunhelme*.

The cow’s owner at once went in search of her lost property, and the monks followed her; and thus they found Dunhelme, or Durham. From that hour began the city’s prosperity. A stately minster was raised by several pious founders to enshrine St. Cuthbert’s remains, and pilgrimages to his shrine became frequent, and offerings costly and many. The whole country between the Tees and the Tyne was given to the bishopric by Guthred the Dane, with Alfred’s full approval. Many nobles gave or left great estates to the See. Canute the king came to it as a lowly pilgrim, walking barefoot for five miles from Trimdon to the city; and, there divested of every emblem of royalty, he knelt humbly before the shrine, and made the church a gift of the manor of Staindrop, with its twelve towns and numerous estates.

Soon after, the bones of the venerable Bede were brought from Jarrow hither; and just before the Norman Conquest Harold’s brother Tosti, and Judith, his wife, presented to the cathedral the great crucifix, rich with gold and jewels.

But the Norman Conquest came, and William, whose jealousy had been excited by the boldness and independence of the North; and who desired (it has been

thought) to make a belt of waste land between England and Scotland, carried fire and sword northwards and devastated the country. "From York to Durham," says Surtees, "a tract of sixty miles, the march of the Norman was traced in characters of blood; the inhabitants were devoted to indiscriminate slaughter; the villages were left smoking in ashes; and even the convents and monasteries were involved, undistinguished in the common destruction."

The monks of Durham saved their lives by flight to Lindisfarne, but their property was plundered and profaned. The beautiful crucifix was stolen.

As soon as the Normans were gone, however, the monks returned to Durham. But Malcolm, king of Scots, immediately afterwards invaded England, and carried desolation down the course of the Tees, burning Hartlepool and Wearmouth. It was at this time that Malcolm discovered Edgar Atheling and his beautiful sister Margaret hidden in some small vessels in the harbour at the mouth of the Wear, and taking them back with him to Scotland, married the Princess.

William the Conqueror raised Durham soon after to a Palatinate, and conferred on Walcher, the bishop, all the powers of an independent prince; but the favour of the savage Norman rendered the bishop hateful to his people, and when his officers assassinated the great Saxon Liulph (though the bishop was his friend), they rose and murdered him (Walcher) at Gateshead. William, infuriated by this crime, again swept over the province with fire and sword, and built Durham Castle to hold the fierce populace in check.

Durham had many distinguished bishops: of these, Hugh Pudsey was one of the greatest. He built the Galilee of the cathedral, and "in it," says Surtees, "he erected a sumptuous shrine for the reliques of the Venerable Bede, and contributed to the ornaments of the church a cross and chalice of pure gold. . . . He added

the keep to Norham, and liberally endowed the hospitals of Sherburn and St. James' near North Allerton." He did many other generous deeds for his bishopric, which we have not space to record. Anthony Bek was another great bishop—a soldier of immense courage and capacity. "He led, at the battle of Falkirk, the second line of the English army, with twenty-nine banners," and in the reign of Edward II. he added to his other titles those of King of Man and Patriarch of Jerusalem.

The battle of Neville's Cross—the greatest event in which the clergy of Durham were ever engaged—was fought on the hills west of Durham, where the remains of Neville's Cross—on a broken shaft—still stand.

England was invaded by David Bruce, king of Scotland, during the absence of the king of England, but the nobles and clergy of the North were quite able to defend themselves. They called all their vassals to arms, and David had scarcely arrived at Beaufort, or Bear Park, about three miles west of Durham, ere the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Durham, Lincoln and Carlisle, with the Percies and Nevilles, encamped in Auckland Park with an army of 16,000 men. On October 17th they marched forward to attack David in his camp, but falling in with a foraging party, that they put to flight, the news of their approach was given to the Scots, who at once marched out to meet them, and encountered them on the moor near Neville's Cross.

The battle was furiously contested, and all the time it lasted the Prior of Durham (in compliance with a dream), and a body of his monks, were kneeling round the sacred banner of St. Cuthbert, which they had hoisted on a hillock in the depth of Shaw's Wood, called the Maiden's Bower; praying for victory in the sight of both armies, while from the top of the campanile, or bell-tower of the cathedral, other brethren sang hymns of praise and triumph, which were heard by their brethren in the field, who were greatly encouraged by them. The

superior clergy were in the thickest of the fight. The Bishop of Durham (Hatfield) led the first division with Lord Percy; the Archbishop, with Lord Neville, led the second; the Bishop of Lincoln, with Lord Mowbray, led the third. Baliol brought up the reserve. The Bishop of Durham fought like the good soldier he had been in his youth, in the hottest part of the field. For a time victory seemed to be about to declare for the Scots, whose king fought gallantly; but Baliol, by a skilful flanking attack of cavalry on the High Steward of Scotland's division, turned the fortune of the day, and following up this charge by another on the king's division, the whole Scottish army gave way. The third division of the Scots, under the Earl of Moray, was cut to pieces on the field; and David, refusing to yield, stood surrounded by his nobles, who fought furiously, determined to perish in his defence. Only eighty of them were left alive, when after many vain attempts to seize the king, he was taken by John Copeland, a Northumberland esquire, a giant in height and strength; but he did not secure his captive before the king had knocked out two of his front teeth with a blow from his steel gauntlet. With the king the Earls of Fife and Menteith and Sir William Douglas surrendered. The Earls of Moray and Strathearn, John and Allan Steward, and a long list of Scottish nobles, fell on the field. Of the English leaders only Lord Hastings was slain.

The joy of Durham at this victory may be imagined; the people had been saved from massacre, and their city from destruction. The miraculous Black Rood of Scotland, studded with jewels, was offered at St. Cuthbert's shrine, with the banners of the defeated Scottish nobles. A cross was erected to mark the site of the battle, and was called Neville's Cross, as it was built at the sole expense of Lord Ralph Neville, one of the chief leaders of the battle.

Copeland very reluctantly gave up his

royal captive to Queen Philippa; he was made a banneret, had £500 a year given him, till an estate of that value could be purchased, and was made Governor of Berwick and Sheriff of Northumberland.

Bishop Ruthall had to send the forces of the Palatinate to Flodden Field, where they were again victorious.

We have not space to tell of all the Bishops of Durham. One of them, Tonstall, the uncle of Bernard Gilpin, ended his days in an easy imprisonment in Lambeth Palace in the reign of Elizabeth.

Then came the fatal "Rising of the North," on which followed executions and confiscations, and the princely house of Neville fell for ever.

The Puritans were the next great enemies of Durham, or rather of the Church of England, which they very effectively disestablished for a time; and the excellent Bishop Morton was driven from his see. He had been the best of bishops, a true shepherd of his flock, taking food to the sick and starving during a visitation of the plague, and comforting and instructing them when no one else would venture near the stricken district. Yet he was dispossessed of his see by the Puritans, and left to struggle in his old age with poverty.

But meeting Sir Christopher Yelverton as he was riding to London (then the possessor of only £60), he entered into a conversation with him, that ended in the bishop going home with him to his house at Easton Mauduit, and becoming tutor to his son. The good old man lived there till his death, much beloved and revered by his pupil, afterwards the learned Sir Henry Yelverton. Bishop Morton was ninety-two years of age when he died.

Durham Cathedral is a magnificent and stately building, sternly majestic rather than elegant. It occupies a sort of tableland in the summit of the hill on which the city is built, its west front advancing to the very brow of the steeps above the river.

The round arched windows, which almost entirely mark the whole body of the cathedral (with the exception of its eastern end), as high as the roof, show it to be a building of the Norman period; but the two beautiful western towers seem to have been erected at the Transition period, when the pointed arch was contending with the round.

"The great campanile or central bell-tower is evidently more modern even than the western towers; the tall, pointed windows with perpendicular tracery and elegant spandrels belong to another day, and still more recent are the five large windows and lantern towers (with their exquisite niche work) of the eastern transept. The beauty and variety of the whole are great. The lofty and massive majesty of the great central tower, the stately richness of the two western towers, the light grace of the niched turrets of the northern transept, one of which is square and the other octagon, and the varied form and embellishment of the towers of the east end, though attesting the hands of different architects, blend by the unity of their spirit into one noble whole."*

Each of the towers of the eastern transept is differently ornamented; and on the north-western one, in a large niche, is a sculpture representing the two women and the cow of the Durham legend. Above it, in a smaller niche, is a statue of the Virgin or some saint.

A small building, with a battlemented roof, is built out of the western front; it is a chapel called the Galilee, which, as we have said, Bishop Pudsey built. It blocks up the place of the portal and extends to the brow of the river banks; the great western window is above it.

Over the north door were chambers for the perpetual watchers, who waited all night to admit those who fled to Sanctuary, and on the floor beneath the western tower was the place of Sanctuary, "where murderers

and rogues and vagabonds from every part of the kingdom met with protection until they obtained a pardon from the Crown or quitted the kingdom. The culprit, upon knocking at the north door, was admitted without delay, and after confessing the crime, with every minute circumstance connected with it,—the whole of which was committed to writing in the presence of witnesses (a bell in the Jubilee tower ringing all the while to give notice to the town that some one had taken refuge in the church)—there was put upon him a black gown with a yellow cross upon its left shoulder, as the badge of St. Cuthbert whose *girth* or peace he had claimed. When thirty-seven days had elapsed, if no pardon could be obtained, the malefactor, after certain ceremonies before the shrine, solemnly abjured his native land for ever, and was straightway, by the agency of the intervening parish constables, conveyed to the coast, bearing in his hand a white wooden cross, and was sent out of the kingdom in the first ship which sailed after his arrival."*

The Galilee is a beautiful oratory of Richard I.'s time; its clustered shafts bear round arches richly fretted with the Norman zigzag, and still showing here and there the tints of vermillion and pure white with which they were once painted. On the walls, above the places where once were altars, are the figures of Hugh Pudsey and of Cœur de Lion. And there is a tomb in this quiet chapel that all must look upon with reverence; it bears this inscription:—

"HAC sunt in fossa—Bædæ venerabilis ossa."

The precious shrine raised by Bishop Pudsey to Bede's honour has long vanished, but the tomb of our great Church historian, and translator of St. John's Gospel, will ever be revered. Here lie also Richard of Barnard Castle, and Bishop Langley, who completed this lovely chapel.

The Choir is the part of the cathedral

* Howitt.

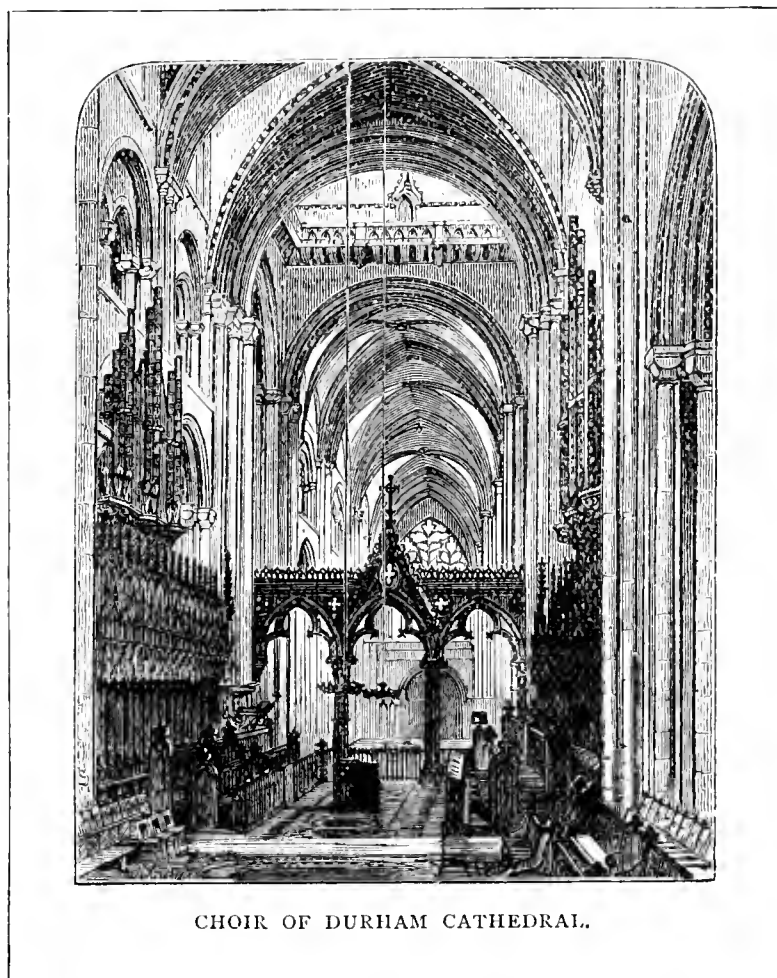
* Mr. Raine.

we next visit. It is a noble one; its altar screen, of pure Gothic work, is light and elegant. It was given by John, Lord Neville, in 1380, and is decorated with statues of alabaster in its niches; the three upper ones being of the Virgin, St. Cuthbert, and King Oswald.

Bishops Beaumont, Pilkington, and James are buried in the choir.

And now we must visit the shrine of St.

Cuthbert, which is reached by descending a few steps from one of the aisles of the choir. It is in the eastern transept, or Chapel of the Nine Altars, and was begun by Bishop Poor, and completed in forty years. The altars, painted glass and rich armorial bearings, are now gone, but it still retains all its architectural beauties. It is 130 feet long, and very lofty, with light shafts and arches whose capitals are finely



CHOIR OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

sculptured with flowers and leaves. There are fifteen grand windows on its eastern range, and a large one to the north; formerly there was an altar under nine of the windows; each had its separate screen, and was dedicated to two saints. Nine cressets lighted these altars all night, and bread and wine were supplied to the officiating monks by the Sacrist from a closet. In front of these altars Richard Bury and that brave bishop Anthony Bek were buried.

The shrine of St. Cuthbert abuts at the eastern end of the choir, at the back of the high altar, and projects into the centre of where the Nine Altars stood. It is separated from it only by openwork and a crocketed screen. We enter it by a side door, ascending a few steps to it, and see in the centre of the pavement a plain slab, that marks both where the shrine stood and where the saint is buried; but let superstitious damsels beware of treading that pave-

ment, for St. Cuthbert had such an antipathy to women, that he is said to shake himself in his grave, and make the building totter, if a female footstep disturbs his repose. No woman might enter his cathedral except at the western portion of the nave, where a blue mark on the pavement still shows the boundary no woman might pass.

Queen Philippa had gone with her husband, Edward III., to spend the night in the abbot's house, when the monks hearing of it, roused her from her slumbers, and entreated her to depart, lest she should rouse the anger of the saint. The queen obediently rose, and hastened to find shelter in the castle.

There is a fine library attached to the

cathedral, full of rare and valuable books. But of these treasures we have not space to speak.

The Castle of Durham is also very interesting, standing opposite to the cathedral, and raising high in air its lofty keep and battlements. Dating from the reign of the Conqueror, as we have already seen, it has been the residence of the bishops till about seventy or eighty years ago. There is a Norman chapel, which is now appropriated to the use of the college, and there are some splendidly ornamented doorways. The dining hall of Bishop Pudsey is now used by the college; the keep has been admirably restored, and is fitted up with college chambers.

GHOSTLY EVIDENCE:

A SINGULAR STORY OF CHESTER-LE-STREET.



CHESTER-LE-STREET is close to Lumley Castle; and it stands on a plain, disfigured with smoke and traces of coal workings. It has not a single object of interest but its church, which is extremely fine. Its tall taper spire is seen at a great distance, for it is a hundred and sixty feet in height. It was formerly a collegiate church, and has been famous since the time when St. Cuthbert's bones rested here for a hundred and thirteen years before they were carried to Durham. Many fragments of its splendid painted glass windows remain, and the church is large and perfect yet. The most remarkable thing in it is a collection of the

effigies of the Lords of Lumley Castle from Saxon times to Elizabeth. There are fourteen altar tombs in a row the whole length of the north aisle; on each of these lies a stone effigy of a Lord of Lumley, and on the wall above each tomb are the names and armorial bearings of him who sleeps below. No other English church can show anything like it. The statue of Liulph, the Saxon progenitor of the Lumley family and Earls of Scarborough, lies at the west end of the church, and his descendants extend to the east end. Three of the effigies are taken from life, a Crusader—Lord Ralph Lumley, and his son Sir John—who fell in France during the wars of the 15th century. These were, by permission, removed from Durham Cathedral by Lord John Lumley, who had all the other figures carved from imagination, and in this singular manner created a visible stone pedigree.

But we started to tell a ghost story—one of the best attested on record—and we have been lured from our intention by Chester-le-Street church. We will begin it at once, therefore, and relate it in the words of Webster, in his work on Witchcraft.

“About the year of our Lord 1632, near unto Chester-in-the-Street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman of good estate and a widower, who had a young woman to his kinswoman, that kept his house, who was by the neighbours suspected of indiscretion, and was, towards the dark of the evening, one night, sent away with one Mark Sharp, who was a collier, or one who digged coals under the ground, and one that had been born in Blakeburn-hundred, in Lancashire, and so she was not heard of for a long time, and no noise or tattle was made about it.

“In the winter time after (her disappearance), one James Grahame, or Grime (for so in that country they call them), being a miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the mill, grinding corn; and about twelve or one o’clock at night he came down the stairs from having been putting corn in the hopper; the mill doors being shut, there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor, with her hair about her ears, hanging down, and all blood stained, with five large wounds in her head. He, being much affrighted and amazed, began to bless himself, and at last asked her who she was and what she wanted. To which she said, ‘I am the spirit of such a woman who lived with Walker. . . . I was one night late sent away with one Mark Sharp who, upon a moor (naming a place that the miller knew), slew me with a pick, such as men dig coals withal, and gave me these five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal-pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank; and his stockings and shoes being stained with blood, he endeavoured to wash them, but seeing the blood would not forth, he hid them there. And the apparition further told the miller that he

must be the man to reveal it, or else she must still appear and haunt him. The miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but eschewed as much as he could to stay in the mill within night without company, thinking thereby to escape the seeing again of that frightful apparition. But notwithstanding, one night when it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him that if he did not reveal the murder she would continually pursue and haunt him. Yet for all this he concealed it till St. Thomas’s eve, before Christmas, when being, soon after sunset, walking in his garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened and affrighted him that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning. In the morning he went to a magistrate, and made the whole matter known, with all the circumstances, and diligent search being made, the body was found in a coalpit, with the five wounds in the head, and the blood-stained shoes and stockings, in every circumstance as the apparition had related it to the miller. Whereupon Walker and Mark Sharp were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the following assizes they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed.”

Webster is not the only person who relates this singular trial. Dr. Henry More mentioned it in his “*Volumen Philosophicum*,” and communicated it to Dr. Glanvil for his “*Sadducismus Triumphatus*,” with the additional testimony of a Mr. Shepherdson and Mr. Lumley, of Lumley, an old gentleman who knew the persons implicated well, and was present at the trial. The name of the girl was Anna Walker, that of the judge, Davenport, who gave sentence the same night that the verdict was delivered, a thing never done before in Durham. Surtees says that the deposition of Grime the miller is deposited in the Bodleian Library, in Tanner’s MSS. The matter was well known and much talked of at the time.

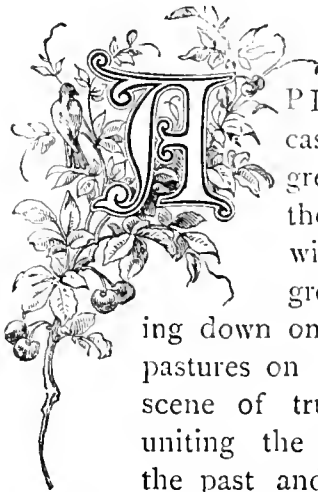
The condemned men steadily persisted in declaring their innocence, even at the foot of the gallows, and it was entirely on the evidence of Grime and his ghost that they were executed. Who shall say that they were not innocent? No one seems to have doubted Grime's story of the ghost, or suspected that he may have been cognisant of the murder, or even have had something to do with it, and thus sought a means of securing his own safety.

This is, we believe, almost the only instance of the evidence of a ghost being taken in a court of justice. Webster declares it to be "one of those apparitions and strange incidents which cannot be

solved by the supposed principles of matter and motion, but which do evidently require some other causes, above or different from the visible and ordinary course of nature, effects that do strangely exceed the power of natural causes, and may for ever convince all atheistical minds."

If we are to give credence to Grime's story, and to believe that a ghost did haunt him and reveal the secret of Anne Walker's fate, we should be obliged to agree with Webster's opinion. But one would like to read the trial, for the sake of seeing how the twelve "good men and true" were induced to accept so fully the singular story of the miller's apparition.

LUMLEY CASTLE.



PICTURESQUE castle standing on a green eminence above the ever gracefully winding river Wear; great woodlands sloping down on one side; verdant pastures on the other; a lovely scene of true English beauty uniting the picturesqueness of the past and the present; this is Lumley Castle. Not by any means a ruin, only uninhabited save by a caretaker.

It is large and of a quadrangular form, with projecting turrets, battlemented parapet, and at each corner a great square massive tower, which rises considerably above the mass of the building. Each corner of these square towers is again surmounted by a projecting octagon turret, machicolated. The castle is built of a rich yellow freestone.

The entrance is on the west front. You

ascend to the door by a large double flight of steps, and reach a platform which fills the whole space between the towers; it is ninety feet long. The view here is lovely. In front and to the left fall the green slopes of the park. The river Wear winds through the meadows below, partly hidden by a lofty avenue of limes near the ferry, and beyond rise the roofs and fine spire of Chester-le-Street, while, gazing over them, amongst villages and fanes, we behold the wild and dusky heights of the west.

The great hall of the castle is very striking. It is sixty feet long by thirty wide, and of proportionate height, but it is remarkably plain and simple as far as architecture is concerned; it has not the grand roof, the wainscoting and tapestry of other baronial halls, but opposite to the entrance, and at each end, hang seventeen large pictures in plain black frames—portraits of the successive ancestors of the family. They are as large or larger than life, the frames being over seven feet high and four

feet six inches wide. Some of them represent knights in armour ; some in robes ; their shields bearing their arms. The first five have shields with only six white paroquets for their heraldic bearings.

The paroquet was a bearing won by the first knight of the Lumley name in the first Crusade, by some romantic adventure of which we know nothing.

From the sixth portrait the shields bear three green paroquets with red legs. Most of the figures wear a sort of turban, and are clad in fantastic robes.

The third portrait has a long band of red cloth hanging from his white turban down beneath his shield, which is held low. The eighth is in scarlet robes with a sandy beard.

This is Ralph, the first Lord Lumley, who built the eastern front of the castle in the reign of Richard II., and who died in defending his king's interests.

Then we have a picture of Richard II., in the bloom of youth, with bright auburn hair (he gained his beauty from his mother, the Fair Maid of Kent). He is sitting in a chair of state in royal robes of scarlet lined with ermine ; his inner dress is of deep blue, powdered with R's in gold.

He holds the sceptre in his left hand, and with his right presents to the kneeling figure at his feet a paper—the patent of nobility—for this Sir Ralph Lumley (who is represented as a tall stout man, with long hair and a great beard), received it from him, as we have said. On a scroll at the king's feet are the words, "King Richard II." The background, representing the presence chamber, has curtains with golden lilies on them, and on the frame are "R, R, 2 An'D'ni 1384 Ao. Reg. 8."

The last two portraits are of gentlemen dressed in black venetian robes, with caps and large gold chains.

There is only one lady's portrait, and that is of Elizabeth Darcy, the second wife of the last John, Lord Lumley. She is dressed in black, figured all over with trees and flying birds ; the sleeves of the gown

are edged with pearls ; she wears a funnily shaped point-lace apron, a ruff of point-lace, and a large, long pearl necklace. Her dark hair is crowned with a coronet of pearls.

Aloft on a pedestal at the end of the hall is Liulph, the Saxon fore-father of the Lumleys, on horseback, full life size. His steed is of a reddish brown, and he is in armour, holding a battle-axe in his hand.

He was a noble warrior, who boldly resisted the Norman oppression, but he was at last obliged to retreat to the North and take refuge in the County Palatine. Liulph was the near kinsman of Siward and of Waltheof, the great earls of Northumberland.

Walcher, a Norman bishop, was consecrated to Durham soon after Liulph went there. He was greatly pleased with the virtue and courage of the great Saxon, and became his sincere friend.

The people adored Liulph for his patriotism, and his care for themselves ; and it was to this care for them that he finally fell a sacrifice. He represented to the bishop the cruelties and oppressions practised by his officers ; and in revenge the latter assassinated him.

The peasantry, enraged at the murder of their powerful protector, rose and murdered Bishop Walcher (who was blameless of the offence) soon after, at Gateshead.

Beneath the statue of Liulph is a large tablet bearing on it the words, *THEATRUM MUNDUS—SPECTATOR DEUS*, followed by a lot of Latin verses on the word *Mundus*.

Next to the portrait of Elizabeth Darcy hangs the pedigree of the Lumleys in gold letters, and aloft in a niche the present family crest—a pelican feeding her young from her breast.

In the wall are four niches containing the busts of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth.

The fireplace, which is opposite the door, is of immense size, with Doric pillars at the sides supporting the mantelpiece.

The dining-room is a noble airy apartment in the Italian style. It has a fine

vaulted ceiling of stucco work ; in the centre are the Star and Garter of St. George, and around it figures of old men.

The fire-place is of very beautiful white marble ; over it is a bas-relief of Winter, and children gathering sticks to make a fire.

The rooms are now deserted and empty, but they are extremely fine apartments. Lumley is, in fact, a palatial residence.

A few rooms only are fitted up for the occasional residence of the Earl of Scarborough, its owner.

Vast woods extend right and left of this fine castle, and in the glen the swift stream brawls over the stones.

A picturesque spot, as we have said, full of memories of a great race and of old times, but now very still and silent.

The grandson of the gallant old Saxon Liulph—a Crusader—was the first of the family who took the name of Lumley. Sir John Lumley went to the French wars with Henry V. and was killed, with Thomas, Duke of Clarence, in the surprise and defeat of Baugy Bridge, in Anjou.

The Lumleys are connected with the royal family by the marriage of Sir Thomas, son of George, Lord Lumley, with Elizabeth Plantagenet, a daughter of Edward IV. This George Lumley, the father-in-law of the princess, had obtained great wealth by his marriage with the heiress of Roger Thornton, a merchant of Newcastle, who had made his fortune entirely by his integrity and ability, for he came into Newcastle in such poverty that the townspeople still preserve the memory of it in a rhyme :

“ At the West gate came Thornton in
With a hap, and a halfpenny in a ram’s skin.”

But after his death, the lady’s illegitimate brother disputed her right to the property,

and he and Lord George fought a duel about it in the castle ditch of Windsor, when Giles Thornton was killed by his antagonist. The son of the merchant’s daughter and the baron, wedded, as we have seen, a royal princess.

The Lumleys fought bravely at Flodden Field and in the French wars. One died for Richard II. ; another suffered for participation in Aske’s rebellion ; another died on the scaffold ; and the son of this last unlucky Lumley, by no means discouraged by the fate of his forefathers, became implicated in the Duke of Norfolk’s plot to marry and free the captive Queen Mary of Scotland. Why Elizabeth only inflicted on him a short imprisonment for this offence we know not, but such was the case ; and when he was again free he became a great favourite of the Tudor queen. He was one of the judges of the Queen of Scots, and of the Earl of Essex. He lived to receive James I. and entertain him at his castle, and it was here that James, weary of hearing of the long pedigree of the Lumley family, said to a Bishop James, who was expatiating on the antiquity of the Lumley race, “ O mon, gang nae further ; I did nae ken Adam’s name was Lumley.”

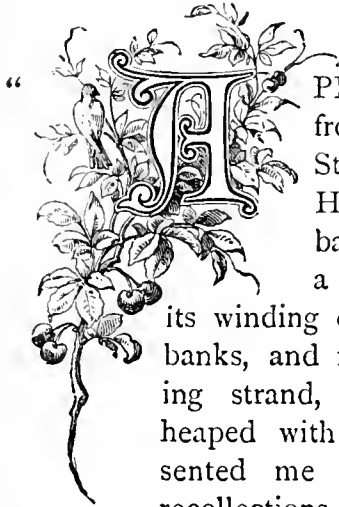
It was John, Lord Lumley, who had the stone figures of his ancestors placed in Chester-le-Street church, where they range in a row from the west end of the church to the east—a strange memorial of family pride.

But that they were a great race, and descended from a worthy ancestor, we cannot deny.

They took the name of Saville, and the good Sir George Saville has added a new honour to the family of Lumley.

LAMBTON CASTLE ;

AND THE STORY OF THE WORM.



“PLEASANT walk from Chester-le-Street,” says Mr. Howitt, “along the banks of the Wear, a stream that with its winding current, its willow banks, and its gravelly shelving strand, here and there heaped with drift wood, presented me continually with recollections of Bewick, brought me to one of the three lodges by which access is obtained to the park. . . . The castle then presented itself on the northern bank of the river—a fine object in a fine situation. The Wear here performs some of its most beautiful windings, for which it is remarkable, and its lofty banks, hung with fine woods, present the most lovely views whichever way you look. A bridge leads across the river, and a winding carriage road conducts you by an easy ascent through pleasant woodlands to the castle. You pass under a light suspension bridge which leads from the castle, along the banks above the river, through woods of great beauty, and where you find the most pleasant solitudes, with varied views of the river and sounds of its hurrying waters. The castle stands boldly on the height above the river, with beautiful green slopes descending towards it. As you approach the castle and enter it, everything impresses you with a sense of its strength, tastefulness, and completeness. The compact and well-built walls of clam-stone; the well-paved and well-finished courts; the numerous and complete offices; the kitchens furnished with every convenience

and implement that modern skill and ingenuity can bring together; all tell that you are in the abode of a man of the amplest resources. As you advance, elegance and luxury are added to completeness; and you are surrounded, not by the rude and quaint objects of our old houses, but by the rich requisites of present aristocratic existence.”

There is a very singular legend attached to Lambton.

The heir of Lambton had a profane custom of fishing in the Wear on Sundays, instead of attending church. On one of these mornings he hooked a small worm or eel, which he carelessly threw into a well close by him, and thought no more about it. But the worm grew rapidly, till it became too large for the well, and issuing from it, crept to the Wear, where it used to lie part of the day coiled round a crag in the middle of the stream; it also frequented a green hillock near the well, which was thence called “The Worm Hill,” where it coiled itself in nine circles, leaving vermicular traces—seen by people long afterwards.

It shortly became the terror of the neighbourhood, for unless it was given daily a great pail of milk, it attacked and devoured men and animals.

Young Lambton had meantime repented of his former sinful life, had taken a bath of holy water, and joined the Crusades. He returned home just as the worm was at the acme of its deadly mischief, and greatly shocked at the effect of his carelessness, he resolved to destroy it.

He therefore attacked the worm bravely, but even when he cut it through, the parts

united again, and not knowing what to do he went to consult a witch. By her advice he had a suit of mail studded all over with sharp razor blades, and thus armed placed himself on the crag the monster frequented, and waited for its arrival. By-and-by the ghastly worm appeared, wound itself with great fury round the knight, and cut itself into small pieces by trying to crush him and encountering the razor-blades. Each piece as it was separated from the body fell into the river, and the stream washed them away, thus preventing the possibility of their re-uniting.

Thus the Worm of Lambton was destroyed; but the witch had promised Lambton the victory only on condition that he would slay the first living thing he met after the combat. To avoid any danger of his having to kill a human being, Lambton had desired his father, as soon as he heard him sound three blasts on his bugle, to let loose his favourite greyhound, who would immediately obey the sound of the horn, and must be the sacrifice. But the father, in his anxiety for his son, forgot these directions, and when he heard the sound of the bugle he ran with open arms to meet him. Dreadfully distressed, but incapable of parricide, the knight hastened to the witch to excuse his broken promise. She forgave it, but said that instead, as the alternative for disobeying the original instructions, no chief of the Lambtons should die in his bed for seven—some said *nine*—generations, and Lambton was glad to commute his promise thus, as the prophecy was not to affect his father.

"Johan Lambton that slewe the Worme," says an old pedigree, "was Knight of Rhodes, and Lord of Lambton and Wod Apilton, after the death of four brothers sans esshewe masle. His son, Robert Lambton, was drowned at Newebrigg."

Thus the spell began to operate in his own lifetime, and no descendant of his succeeded to the estate.

Tradition asserts that the witch's sentence has been regularly fulfilled down to a

General Lambton, the ninth in succession, who, it is said, fearing the prophecy might be possibly fulfilled by his servants, under the idea that he *could not* die in his bed, kept a horsewhip by him during his last illness, in order to evade the prediction.

"There has been little difference," says Mr. Howitt, "in the actual length of life in the two who followed him, so that the evil power of the worm, or of the old woman, would appear not yet to have exhausted itself."

It is said that Lambton offered up his prayers before the combat, and his thanksgivings afterward in the chapel of Brigford.

In the garden-house at Lambton, at the time Mr. Howitt visited it, there were two figures of great antiquity. One was a knight in full armour—but not studded with razor-blades—who held the worm by one ear, and had thrust his sword to the hilt down its throat; the other was a lady with a wound in her bosom, supposed to have been inflicted by the worm.

"The scene of the worm's haunts and the combat is at a considerable distance from the castle; in fact, about a mile and a half from the *old* Lambton Hall, where the Lambtons then dwelt. It is on the north bank of the Wear, in the estate of North Biddick, and now in quite a populous location. The Worm Hill is a conspicuous conical mound of considerable size, but having all the appearance of an ancient barrow, or other artificial tumulus." The well has been drained into the river.

Were these worms, so often mentioned in the traditions of England, survivors of the monstrous serpents of the early geological period? We know that the latter existed, and were more horrible than romance ever feigned. Some were seventy feet in length, armed with claws, and having terrible mouths. We cannot say—no one can tell when these animals became extinct, and a few of the strongest may have survived to tax the courage of our champions. Some of these worms were supposed to be women transformed by malicious witchcraft into

serpents. Of these, one was the Laidly Worm of Spindleston Heugh, a few miles from Bamborough. Her story runs thus:—

The king left Bamborough Castle, where he dwelt with his lovely and loving daughter, to bring back with him another bride.

“The king is gone from Bamborough Castle,
Long may the princess mourn;
Long may she stand on the castle wall
Looking for his return.
She has knotted the keys upon a string,
And with her she has them ta'en;
She has cast them over her left shoulder,
And to the gate she has gane,”

sings the old ballad; for she was no longer to rule her father's home, and the huge keys must be given up to the second wife. They came—the king and his new bride—attended by the nobles of the queen's country, who escorted her to her new home. The princess advanced to welcome her father, and received the stepmother with graceful submission. As she stood there in her maiden beauty, all eyes were turned from the queen, fascinating as they had thought her, to the stepdaughter, and one of her attendant young nobles unthinkingly said, “This princess of the north excels all the ladies of our land in sweetness and beauty.” The queen angrily replied, “You might have excepted me; but I will soon show you that if I am not as fair, I am more powerful. I will change your princess to a Laidly Worm, and not till her brother, Childy Wynd, comes back shall she again be changed.”

The princess stood at her bower-door and laughed at this strange and, it seemed, impossible-to-be-fulfilled threat, but before the next day's sun went down she had become a long and hideous worm.

“For seven miles east, and seven miles west,
And seven miles north and south,
No blade of grass nor corn would grow,
So venomous was her mouth.”

The milk of seven stately cows was given to her every morning for her to drink before she slept, and to this day the cave may be seen where, coiled round, she slumbered, and the stone trough out of which she drank.

East and west went the wondrous story of how a laidly worm had appeared in Spindleston Heugh, and was ruining the north country; but no one knew that it was the king's fair daughter, Margaret, who was this unwilling curse to the land. The news at last reached the ears of Childy Wynd, who was greatly distressed at it. He straightway called his thirty and three merry men, and said to them, “We must hasten back to Spindleston to see and, if possible, kill this desperate worm, or I fear my sweet sister Margaret may be harmed by it.” So they built a ship as fast as possible, and made her masts of the wood of the rowan-tree, and her sails of silk, and over the sea they sailed.

The queen, looking out of her window, saw the gallant ship approaching, and fearing from the silken sails that it bore the king's son home, she sent for her witch-wives, and ordered them by spells to sink the vessel; but they returned to her disconsolate; their spells had no power where there was rowan-tree wood. The queen, greatly enraged, then sent a boat full of soldiers to take the ship, and secure the seamen, but Childy Wynd and his merry men soon beat them off. Then, to escape any more attempts, the Childe ran his vessel on Budle Sand, sprang into the shallow water, and reached the shore safely; and there he came face to face with the laidly worm, a great serpent, that looked at him with tender, beseeching eyes, so that he did not strike off its head at once, but only laid his sword on it, and told it if it harmed him he would kill it. His surprise was great when the loathly thing spoke and said, “Oh, quit thy sword; I will not hurt thee, and give me three kisses; if I am not saved before the sun sets, I never shall be.” The generous and brave young knight laid aside his sword, and, with a shudder, kissed the hideous head three times; then she crept into the cave a worm, and came out as his sister.

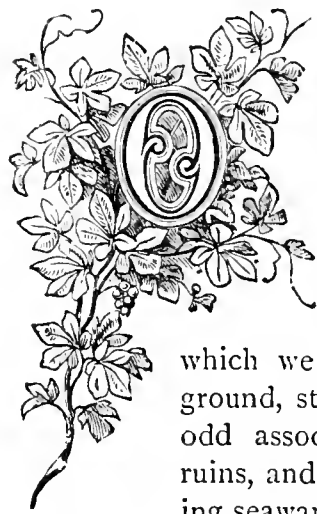
The knight wrapped her in his mantle, and bore her in his arms to Bamborough

Castle and to the presence of her father, who had long deplored the absence of his children. Then the Childe sought the queen, reproved her severely for her wickedness, and, being possessed of greater magic power than herself, changed her into a large toad, in which shape she will remain till the end of the world, spitting venom on all the fair maids she meets. Another tradition says that the knight came on horseback to the rocks at Spindleston, and while he went to attack the worm flung the bridle of his steed over a tall isolated piece of rock which was standing there, and was henceforward

called the Bridle Rock. The cave, trough, and rocks, however, have disappeared, a farmer having burnt them into lime.

The family of Conyers held their fief of the Bishopric of Durham by presenting to every new bishop, on his entrance into his see, the falchion with which Sir John Conyers slew the worm or dragon of Sockburn. The bishop took the sword in his hand, and then returned it to the person who presented it with a gracious compliment. But enough of stories of worms and dragons that bear rather a monotonous resemblance to each other.

TYNEMOUTH.



On a bold, bluff rock, by the German Ocean, stand the ruins of Tynemouth Priory. Close by it is a barrack, through which we pass to the burial-ground, still used. They are odd associations, those grey ruins, and the artillery pointing seaward and landward, and sentinels pacing their constant round.

"The approach to the priory is from the west by a gateway tower of a square form, having a circular exploratory tower, or turret, rather, on each corner; from this gateway, on each hand, a strong double wall has been extended to the rocks on the seashore, which, from their great height, were formerly considered inaccessible. The gate, with its walls, was fortified by a deep outward ditch, over which was a drawbridge defended by moles on each side. The tower has an outward and interior gateway; the outward had two gates about six feet apart;

the inner was defended by a portcullis and open gallery; it also was strengthened by double gates. The space between the gateways, a square of about six paces, was open above, to allow the defenders of the priory, who were on the tower and battlements, to pour melted lead or stones on their assailants, if they should have forced the first gate."

The scene inside the gates is strikingly noble and venerable. The enclosed area contains about six acres, and is crowded with stately ruins, several fine arches of the priory being yet standing.

The west gate, leading into the priory, is still entire, and the ruins which present themselves on entering the gateway appear to be the remains of the cloister.

The eastern limb of the church is most beautiful.

Two walls of the church are still standing; the end wall, to the east, contains three long windows; the centre one is nearly twenty feet high, richly ornamented with mouldings. Beneath the centre window at the east end is a door of excellent work-

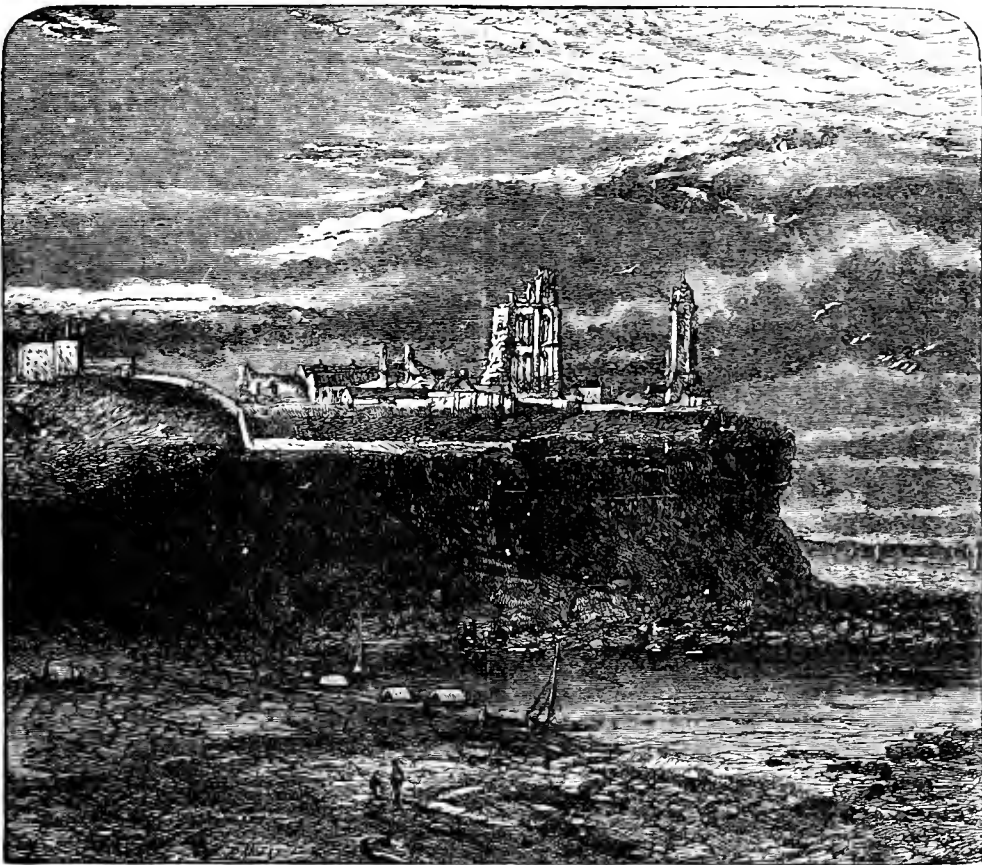
manship leading to a small chamber, supposed to have contained the tomb of St. Oswin.

The lights of Tynemouth Priory formed a beacon for seamen, who gladly hailed them, and thanked St. Oswin and the good fathers for this guidance past the dangerous coast. It must also have been a very strong fortress from its elevated position, and its nearness to the mouth of a great river. More than twelve centuries have passed

since the first religious building was reared on the lofty promontory; since, as Ruskin eloquently says, "amid the murmur of the waves, and the beating of the wings of the seabirds against the rock that was strange to them, rose the ancient hymn—

'The sea is His, and He made it,
And His hands prepared the dry land.'

A wooden chapel was built here by Edwin, the first Christian king of Northumbria. This simple sanctuary was re-



RUINS OF TYNEMOUTH PRIORY.

moved, and one built of stone in its place by St. Oswald, the successor of Edwin, and a colony of monks was established near it.

No place suffered more from the invasions of the Danes than Tynemouth did. In 865, when their fury was poured on the north, the monastery was burned. The nuns of St. Hilda had fled from Hartlepool to Tynemouth for refuge, but were all slain by the merciless pirates. The monastery was partly rebuilt in 870, and again devas-

tated by the terrible Danes. The Saxon Earls of Northumberland sheltered the church within their castle on the promontory, but the monastery was soon to be restored, and the event was hastened by the discovery of the relics of the holy king and martyr Oswin.

Four hundred years had passed away since Oswin had been entombed, when one evening in the church, after the nocturnal office, a radiant being of noble presence

and gentle aspect stood before Edmund, the sacrist of the church.

"I am Oswin," said the vision ; "seek for my grave, and restore me to the memory of men where I once bore sway." And then the appearance floated away and disappeared in the shadow.

The sacrist's tale was readily believed.

At that time Tosti, Harold's brother, was Earl of Northumberland ; his wife, the Lady Judith, came at once with the Bishop of Durham to seek for Oswin's grave, in obedience to the heavenly mandate. They discovered it, and the relics of the saint were joyfully raised and placed on the altar. The earl commenced the erection of a monastery, attached to the church that possessed such precious relics, but was prevented by death from finishing it.

Robert de Mowbray succeeded to the earldom of Northumberland and the custody of the castle of the unfortunate Tosti, who fell at Stamford Bridge. He destined the church of Tynemouth and its possession for St. Albans, that was now a Norman Benedictine abbey ; and a colony of monks from thence were sent for to restore the church of St. Oswin on their newly bestowed property. They came, bearing only their staves and missals, unarmed and bare-foot, but their own abbey was very rich, and under the auspices of its second founder, the buildings begun by Tosti were completed, and in 1110 the relics of St. Oswin were translated with much pomp and solemnity to the new monastic church. Then the lights of the priory shone out to cheer the sailor on the North Sea. But Robert de Mowbray was dead ere the consecration took place.

William Rufus grew jealous of the power of his great vassal, and besieged him in his Castle of Tynemouth. When De Mowbray found that further defence of the castle would be impossible, he fled to Bamborough. It also was besieged, and De Mowbray was flying again from thence to join his allies at Newcastle, when, finding that he was pursued, and unable to escape from his adver-

saries, he turned back to Tynemouth and took sanctuary in the church. But Rufus cared nothing for sanctuary. De Mowbray was forcibly dragged from it, and remained a captive till the death of Rufus and the accession of Henry I. set him free. But then he was an old man, blind, and weary of the world. He entered his beloved abbey of St. Albans and took the vows, remaining there for the rest of his life, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." In 1106 the refounder of Tynemouth Priory died and was buried in St. Alban's Abbey.

The priory prospered till the evil days of Henry VIII. came, and the brethren of Tynemouth assembled in their Chapter House to execute the enforced deed of surrender of their noble priory. On January 12, 1539, the monastery was given up to the Crown by Robert Blakeney, the last prior, and eighteen monks. The common seal, a beautiful work of ancient art, was broken ; the plate and jewels were taken for the king. The movable property was sold, the monastic buildings dismantled, the church and the prior's house only were preserved, the former as the parish church, the latter as a residence for the purchaser of the demesne. The six bells, whose sound had so often floated over the sea and cheered the seaman's heart with the thought of home, were taken down and shipped to London. The lead was torn from the roofs.

The church plate seized by the king's visitors weighed, in gold 62 ounces, in silver 1827 ounces.

A manuscript once belonging to the priory, the book of St. Oswin, is now in the British Museum.

A lighthouse supplies the place of the beacon of Tynemouth Priory.

This line of coast has been delightfully described by Scott in "Marmion," in his voyage of the nuns of Whitby northwards :

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland ;
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monkwearmouth soon behind them lay ;

And Tynemouth's priory and bay ;
 They marked, amid her trees, the hall
 Of lofty Seaton-Delaval ;
 They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
 Rush to the sea through sounding woods ;
 They passed the tower of Widderington,
 Mother of many a valiant son ;
 At Coquet Isle their beads they tell
 To the good Saint who owned the cell ;
 Then did the Alne attention claim,
 And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name ;

And next, they crossed themselves, to hear
 The whitening breakers sound so near,
 Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar,
 On Dunstanborough's caverned shore ;
 Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they
 there,
 King Ida's castle, huge and square,
 From its tall rock look grimly down,
 And on the swelling ocean frown ;
 Then from the coast they bore away,
 And reached the Holy Island's bay.

LINDISFARNE.



SWALD, King of Northumbria, gave to Bishop Aidan, a monk of Iona, and a man noted for his piety, the island of Lindisfarne, and from the sanctity of the opposite monastery and the monks it obtained the name of Holy Island.

The island is separated from the mainland by a narrow neck of sand which can be crossed on foot at low water.

"For, with its flow and ebb, its style
 Varies from continent to isle ;
 Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
 The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;
 Twice every day, the waves efface
 Of staves and sandalled feet the trace."

The castle is of great antiquity. From its summit may be seen, at seven miles, distance southward, the romantic rocks on which stands Bamborough Castle.

The abbey, an extensive and beautiful ruin, stands on the mainland at the extremity of the sandy track that leads to Holy Island.

St. Cuthbert was at one time Bishop of Lindisfarne, and a strange superstition respecting him is not even yet quite forgotten there. It is, that on dark and gloomy nights, when the waves rose high and the

wind roared, the spirit of St. Cuthbert sat on a fragment of rock on the shore of Holy Island, veiled in the sea-mist, and forged beads for the faithful. The sound of his hammering was heard through the storm, and on the shore next day numbers of the beads were sure to be found. They are sometimes seen now, and are in reality the fossil remains of sea animals called crinoids—ancient dwellers in the deep. Scott tells us :—

"On a rock by Lindisfarne,
 St. Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
 The sea-born beads that bear his name :
 Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
 And said they might his shape behold,
 And hear his anvil sound ;
 A deafening clang,—a huge, dim form,
 Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm
 And night were closing round."

There is a story of bonnie Prince Charlie connected with Holy Island Castle. During the rising in Scotland in 1715 an adherent of the prince determined, if possible, to get possession of the stronghold for his royal master. The garrison at the time consisted only of a sergeant, a corporal, and twelve men.

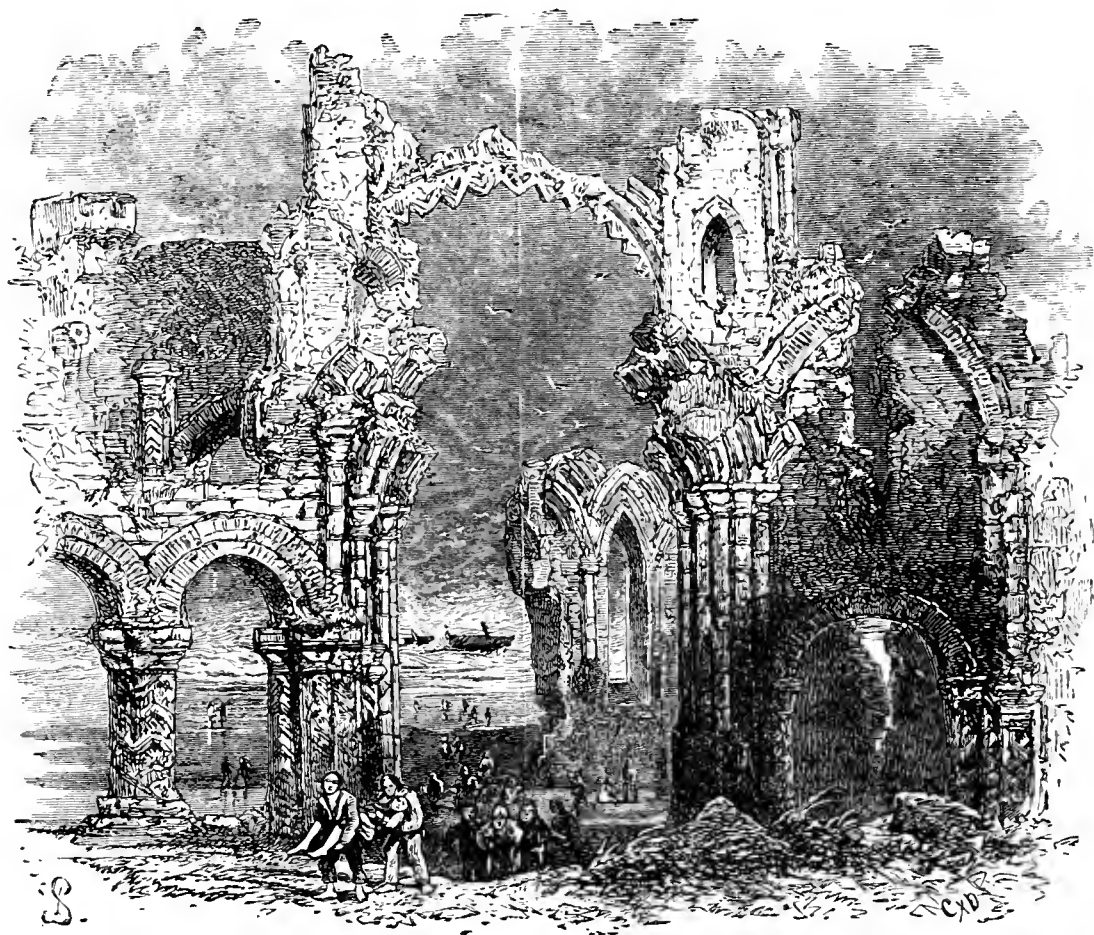
Launcelot Errington, the hero of this exploit, was of a good Northumbrian family, and master of a ship then lying in the harbour.

The Jacobite was well known in the country, and visited the castle in a friendly manner, inviting the sergeant and the men

not on duty to come off to his ship and sup and have some grog. The invitation was accepted, the sergeant and his men came on board, had a good supper, and so much of the excellent French brandy that they became "drunk and incapable."

The sailors secured them, and Launcelot, accompanied by his nephew, Mark Errington, went on shore, returned to the castle, knocked down and bound the unsuspecting

sentinel; turned out the corporal, an old gunner, and two remaining soldiers, and shutting the gates hoisted the Stuart flag, anxiously looking for the reinforcements that had been promised him. But none came, and a party of the king's troops arriving from Berwick, the two who garrisoned the castle knew that nothing remained for them but to escape. They therefore retreated over the walls of the



LINDISFARNE ABBEY.

castle to the rocks, hoping to conceal themselves there till it was dark, and then intending to swim to the mainland. But they had not taken the sea into their account; the tide rose and they were obliged to strike out for the mainland at once. They were seen by the soldiers in the castle; one of them fired at Launcelot as he was climbing a rock and wounded him in the thigh. Thus disabled he and

his nephew, who would not forsake him, were taken prisoners and conveyed to Berwick jail, where he remained till his wound healed; but during this time the resolute man had been burrowing under the foundation of the prison, depositing the earth in a great old oven in his room. Through this burrow he and his nephew got outside the jail and made their way to Tweedside. Here they were fortu-



HOLY ISLAND.

nate enough to find the custom-house boat lying. They took it; rowed themselves across the river, and succeeded in working their way to Bamborough Castle. Here they were concealed for nine days in a pea-stack, a relation who resided in the castle bringing them food. At length, by night, and by secret paths, the adventurers reached Gateshead, near Newcastle, where they had friends, who secreted them till they could obtain for them a passage from Sunderland to France.

They remained in exile till the rebellion had been suppressed, and a general pardon was offered. Taking advantage of it they returned; and many a time, we may be sure, the uncle and nephew told their friends round the winter fire, how they two alone had taken a royal castle, and had escaped from a king's prison.

To the south-east of Holy Island lie the Ferne Islands; the largest is the Home Island. Here St. Cuthbert built himself a small cell and oratory, and raised the mound that surrounded his dwelling so high, that he could see from it nothing but the heavens; a singular mode of inspiring elevated thoughts. Here the saint passed the last two years of his life.

The coast here is very dangerous, and there are therefore lighthouses on some of the islands. One of these, on Long Stone Island, is memorable as the spot where Grace Darling perilled her life in 1838 to rescue the passengers and crew of the *Forfarshire* steamer.

In St. Cuthbert's Chapel on the island is a monument to Grace's memory. It consists of a cippus of stone, six feet in height, sculptured with the cross of St. Cuthbert, and bearing the following inscription:—

To the memory of
GRACE HORSLEY DARLING,
a native of Bamburgh,
and an inhabitant
of these Islands,
who died Oct. 20th, A.D. 1842,
aged 26 years.

Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
Though young so wise, though meek so
resolute.

Oh that winds and waves could speak
Of things which their united power called forth
From the pure depths of her humanity!
A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse reared
On the island rock, her lonely dwelling-place;
Or like the invincible rock itself that braves,
Age after age, the hostile elements;
As when it guarded Holy Cuthbert's cell,
All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor
paused,
When as day broke, the maid, through misty air,
Espies far off a wreck amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
Half of a vessel, half—no more; the rest had
vanished.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Poor Grace died of consumption. She was a native of Bamborough, and was lodged, clothed and educated at the school in Bamborough Castle. The trustees of this property have placed a monument to the memory of their heroic pupil in Bamborough churchyard, where she is buried. It bears a recumbent figure of Grace Darling, sculptured in fine Portland stone and surmounted by a Gothic canopy. She is represented lying on a plaited straw mattress with an oar, such as is used by Northumberland boatmen.

LINDISFARNE.

In Saxon strength, the abbey frowned,
With massive arches, broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alleys walk,
To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilt in a later style,
Showed where the spoiler's hand had been;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

WALTER SCOTT.

WARKWORTH CASTLE AND HERMITAGE:

THE HERMIT'S STORY.



THE castle of Warkworth stands on a fine hill commanding charming views seaward and landward, over the winding banks and hanging woods of the beautiful Coquet river, a delightful, lively stream, that runs almost all round the castle and falls into the sea a mile further on.

Below the castle lies the town; a little distance out at sea is Coquet Isle, with its ruined tower and cell. Northward stretch the shores washed by the North Sea, with the Ferne Isles and the Castles of Bamborough and Dunstanville.

Nothing can be more picturesque and magnificent than this castle with its stately feudal grace and aspect of command. The keep is on the north side, and is raised on an artificial mound; consequently it is the highest part of the castle.

It is square, with the angles cut away, and near the middle of it on each side projects at right angles a turret. These projections are of the same height as the keep, from the centre of which a lofty tower rises—a watch tower undoubtedly—commanding a great range of country. In the front of every tower is a shield supported by a knight or an angel.

The castle and moat are said to contain nearly six acres of ground. In the front of the keep is an area of more than an acre, surrounded with walls and towers. Many of these walls are entire, and are thirty-five feet high. The gateway was once a fine building with a portcullis and many apartments, but only a few remain,

in which the person who is caretaker resides.

There are towers about the middle of the east and west walls that are in ruins. To the west of the entrance there yet stands a ruinous tower with the rude figure of a lion, the Percies' crest, on it. In the middle of the area where this ruin stands is a draw-well and two subterranean apartments.

The keep has many large apartments in it. The lead was stripped off the roof in 1672, by a man named Clark, to whom the then Countess of Northumberland gave it. The ruins are well preserved, and are so well built that they may yet endure for centuries.

From the green slopes of the castle hill we can see the hollow containing the Hermitage. The Coquet sweeps through the vale, which is finely wooded, and it is along the banks of the stream that one walks through the woods to the hermitage, which is on the north bank of the river and can be reached only by a boat. Beautiful woods screen the hermitage, and through their foliage the grey stone of the cliff is visible. The steps cut in the rock leading to the garden above it can be seen.

The tradition attached to the hermitage and preserved in Bishop Percy's poem is this: the lord of Widdrington Castle, the near neighbour of Warkworth, had a beautiful daughter, named Isabel; Sir Bertram, the lord of Bothal Castle, was one of her numerous lovers.

One day, when Sir Bertram was at Alnwick Castle, feasting with the other adherents of the Percy, a bower maiden of the Lady Isabel appeared, and in the presence of the noble gathering of knights

and nobles, presented him with a splendid helmet from the lady, with the message that if he would win her he must try the temper of her gift in some deed of daring.

It was received by him with joy, and amidst the acclamations of his brothers-in-arms. Lord Percy, who had a great friendship for Sir Bertram, instantly appointed a day to march against the Scots, in which the knight might test his helmet. Sir Bertram did honour to his lady in a desperate conflict, in which he was seriously wounded, and was carried to the Border castle of Wark, probably, it was thought, to die. Isabel heard the news, and in an agony of remorse at having forced him to risk his life, set out on horseback, with two men to defend her, to visit and nurse him; but on her way she was met and carried off by a Scottish chief who had vainly sought her love. As soon as Bertram recovered, he set off to Scotland in search of his lost love. His brother, to whom he was fondly attached, had already departed, without telling him, on the same quest.

Both discovered the spot where Isabel was imprisoned, but when Bertram reached the avenue to the fortress he saw a Scot going off with Isabel. In mad anxiety to rescue her, Sir Bertram rushed on his unrecognised brother; Isabel threw herself between them, and received a mortal wound. The unhappy brother was slain. After this terrible occurrence, Bertram, in an agony of grief and remorse, renounced the world and became brother Benedict; he gave his wealth to building churches, chantries, and hospitals, and scooped out for himself Warkworth Hermitage, and built a chapel, which contains the tomb and effigy of his slain love, and his own image kneeling at her feet in an attitude of penitence and grief.

To bear out this tradition, we find that from the inner apartment—the cell of penance, marked by an armorial shield over the door; on it are carved the cross, crown, and spear—there is a window so placed that the penitent kneeling at this

inner altar can see Isabel's grave in the chapel. Over the inner doorway of the vestibule, leading to the chapel, are the remains of a Latin inscription of this verse of the Psalms :—

“My tears have been my food day and night.”

This first hermit, tradition says, was so beloved by the Percies that after his death they maintained a chantry priest to reside in the hermitage and celebrate masses for Sir Bertram's soul; his allowance was very large, and was continued till the dissolution of the monasteries.

Dr. Percy has written a very fine ballad on the story of the Hermitage, from which we will extract a few verses.

Dr. Percy supposes that Hotspur's son, when his father and grandfather were dead, after their rebellion, was taken to Scotland and there brought up. On attaining manhood he visited England to view his alienated patrimony. Whilst there he fell in love with the daughter of Ralph Neville, of Raby, the first Earl of Westmoreland. As he knew the Nevilles would never give her to him, he persuaded her to fly with him; they are overtaken by a storm at night, and take refuge in the hermit's cell. Here Bertram recognises the son of his friend and relates his story to him. He manages to effect a reconciliation with the Nevilles, the marriage of the young pair, and the restoration of Percy to his honours and estates, through the intercession of the bride's mother, who was the king's half-sister.

This is the hermit's story when he had slain his brother :—

Ah ! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I raved, I wept, I cursed my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasped her to my breast,
And closed the ghastly wound :
In vain I pressed his bleeding corpse,
And raised it from the ground.

My brother, alas, spake never more ;
His precious life was flown ;
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
Regardless of her own.

"Bertram," she said, "be comforted,
And live to think on me ;
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be.

"Bertram," she said, "I still was true,
Thou only hadst my heart ;
May we hereafter meet in bliss,
We now, alas ! must part.

"For thee I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief ;
When, lo ! near Cheviot's fatal hills,
I met a Scottish chief,—

"Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love
I had refused with scorn ;
He slew my guards and seized on me,
Upon that fatal morn.

"And in these dreary, hated walls,
He kept me close confined ;

And fondly sued and warmly pressed
To win me to his mind.

"Each rising morn increased my pain,
Each night increased my fear ;
When wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

"He quickly formed his brave design,
To set me, captive, free ;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

"Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide,
And sometimes fondly think of her
Who should have been thy bride."

Thus pouring comfort on my soul,
E'en with her latest breath,
She gave one parting, fond embrace,
And closed her eyes in death.

FLODDEN FIELD.



HE Field of Flodden is invested with the saddest interest of almost any ancient scene of strife. It was the most fatal to Scotland, for there—

"The flowers of the forest were a' wede away."

There she lost the flower of her manhood. Her king, twelve Scottish earls, thirteen lords, five eldest sons of peers, fifty chiefs, knights, and men of birth, and ten thousand of her bravest soldiers.

But sad as are the reminiscences connected with "dark Flodden," it is now as fair a scene as eye can look on, covered with golden cornfields and comfortable farms.

Where anciently the might of two kingdoms contested a battle to the bitter end, is now an extensive strath in rich cultivation. What a blessed Act was that of the union that has put an end to the cruel ravages, the endless feuds of the Borders. "The track," says Howitt, "that used to be

between the countries, a blasted and desolate region, ravaged with fire and sword, drenched with blood, and peopled only with horrible memories, is now turned into a garden. The one country has blended so beautifully into the other that the only line of demarcation is one of superior culture and abundance. In this neighbourhood, up to the very ridges of the Cheviots, extend large corn farms, where all the improvements and scientific triumphs of modern agriculture are displayed."

But we must tell the story of that sad day when James IV. of Scotland broke the peace with England and crossed the Border. Henry VIII. was fighting in France, and the Queen of France, anxious to make a diversion in favour of her country, by bringing the Scots into England, had sent James a ring from her own finger, calling herself his lady love in the spirit of chivalry, and bidding him for her sake,—

"March three miles on English land,
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand."

She was a young and beautiful princess, and she appealed to James's romantic taste for gallantry. He sent to declare war

against Henry, and then prepared to invade the country. The parliament was at first averse to the war, but James was so beloved that he won them to consent to this unjust and foolish strife, and orders were given to assemble all the array of the kingdom upon the borrough moor of Edinburgh, a great common on which the royal standard was displayed from a large stone or rock called Hare-stone.

James suffered at times from profound melancholy, caused by remorse that he had been in arms against his father, James III., and had thus been accessory to his death; in token of his remorse the king wore an iron band or girdle round his waist under his clothes. There were people who fully understood the imaginative character of their king and his morbid feelings about his filial disobedience, and who were patriotically desirous of preventing a war; it is thought they may have devised the vision that James is said to have seen in the church of Linlithgow, before he departed on his adventure. He was at the service when a figure, dressed in a floating azure robe, girt with a sash of muslin, and with sandals on his feet and long yellow hair streaming over his shoulders, suddenly appeared before the king, and bending down over the desk at which James was seated, leaned down on it with his arms and addressed him with a commanding countenance, saying that his Mother laid her commands on James to forbear the journey which he purposed, seeing that neither he nor any that went with him should thrive in the undertaking. He also warned James against the counsel of women.

These words spoken, the messenger passed away so swiftly that he seemed to have disappeared. There is no doubt he represented St. John, the adopted son of the Virgin Mary. Then there was heard, from the market cross of Edinburgh, at dead midnight, a voice summoning the king by his name and titles, and many of his nobles, to appear before the tribunal of Pluto within the space of forty days.

But neither these omens nor his own queen Margaret's entreaties and prayers—she was Henry VIII.'s sister—could induce him to give up the invasion. He was so beloved by the people that he soon assembled a large army, placed himself at their head, and entered England near the Castle of Twisell, on August 22, 1513. He speedily took the Border fortresses of Norham, Wark, Etal and Ford. Happy would it have been for him if the latter had been impregnable, for in it he found the beautiful Lady Heron, who treacherously continued to keep him there till the approach of the English. Had James marched on, instead of lingering at Ford, the fortune of the war might have been different, for the English were unprepared. But during his delay the Earl of Surrey and his son Thomas, the Lord High Admiral of England, advanced at the head of twenty-six thousand men and a large body in addition that Thomas had disembarked at Newcastle.

Now while the men of the North were gathering fast to Surrey's standard, numbers of the Scots began to leave their king, because though each man had brought provisions for forty days, those days had been wasted, were now nearly over, and a scarcity was felt in the king's camp. Others went home to leave there the booty they had gathered on the Borders.

Surrey, knowing his superior strength, sent James a message of defiance that the Scottish king was only too ready to accept. But the Scottish nobles hesitated; a council was held, of which Lord Patrick Lindsay was made president. He opened the meeting by telling the council a parable of a rich merchant who would play dice with a common sharper, and stake a rose noble of gold against a crooked sixpence. "You, my lords," he said, "will be as unwise as the merchant if you risk your king, whom I compare to a precious rose noble, against the English general, who is but an old crooked churl, lying in a chariot. Though the English lose the day, they lose nothing but this old churl and a parcel of mechanics,

whereas so many of our common people have gone home that few are left with us but the prime of our nobility." He therefore gave it as his advice that the king should withdraw from the army and that the council should appoint a general. But James broke in on the council and told them that he *would* fight the English, though they swore he should not, and he vowed that when he returned he would hang Lord Patrick Lindsay over his own gate.

Only four or five miles now divided the armies, and an outlaw named Heron, on condition of receiving pardon for killing Sir Robert Ker, offered to guide the English.

The Scottish army had fixed their camp on a hill called Flodden, which rose then close to a flat called Millfield plain. There was a large piece of level ground on the summit, where the Scots might have drawn up their army and waited the attack of the English with advantage. Surrey tried to win them from the height by a chivalrous demand that the king would meet him in the open plain; but James was not quite so foolish as to be thus lured, and sent as an answer that it did not become an earl to send such a message to a king.

Surrey then resorted to another plan, for he must fight soon, seeing that he was distressed for provisions. He moved northward, swept round the hill of Flodden, and crossing the hill, placed his whole army between James and his kingdom.

The king of Scotland, brave as a lion, was no general. Again and again he might have attacked the earl while moving, and did not. But when he saw that the English army was interposed between him and Scotland he grew alarmed lest Surrey should invade and lay waste his kingdom, and determined to give the signal for battle.

The Scots then set fire to their huts and the refuse and litter of their camps, and under the cover of the smoke, marched down the northern side, which was less steep than the southern. The English advanced to meet them. The Scots marched in four columns parallel with each other, and had

a reserve of Lothian men commanded by Earl Bothwell. The English were divided into four bodies. Their reserve was cavalry led by Lord Dacre.

The left wing of the Scots began the battle, commanded by the Earl of Huntley and Lord Home, and threw into confusion the right wing of the English, under Sir Edward Howard. He was beaten down, his standard taken, and he would have been killed if Heron, the outlaw, with some of his comrades, had not rescued him.

Thomas Howard, the Lord High Admiral, meantime had attacked with the second division of English, and bore down and routed the Scots under Crawford and Montrose, who were both slain.

On the extreme right the Highland clans, greatly annoyed by the English archers, could not be restrained, but broke their ranks and rushed tumultuously down the hill, where they were attacked by Sir Edward Stanley and the men of Cheshire and Lancashire, who defeated them with great slaughter.

The only Scottish division not yet defeated was that commanded by the king himself. It consisted of nobles and gentlemen whose armour of proof resisted the arrows of the English archers. They were all on foot, as was also the king. They fought against Surrey's division, and attacked with such fury that the fortune of the battle wavered, the English were disordered, their standard in danger. Bothwell was bringing up the reserve, and the English seemed about to be defeated entirely; but Stanley came to the rescue, and attacked them on one flank, and the admiral, who had conquered Crawford and Montrose, on the other.

The Scots fought heroically. They formed themselves into a circle with extended spears on every side. The English Border-men now finding arrows useless, brought their tremendous bills into play, but they could not break the circle of Scottish spears, though the carnage was awful.

James fell amid his gallant nobles and

gentry ; he was twice wounded with arrows, and at last killed by a bill. Night fell on the field of blood, and the battle was yet undecided, for the Scots kept their ground. "Home and Dacre held each other at bay."

But when darkness wrapt the scene, the Scottish army drew off in despair from the field where they had lost their king and their greatest leaders.

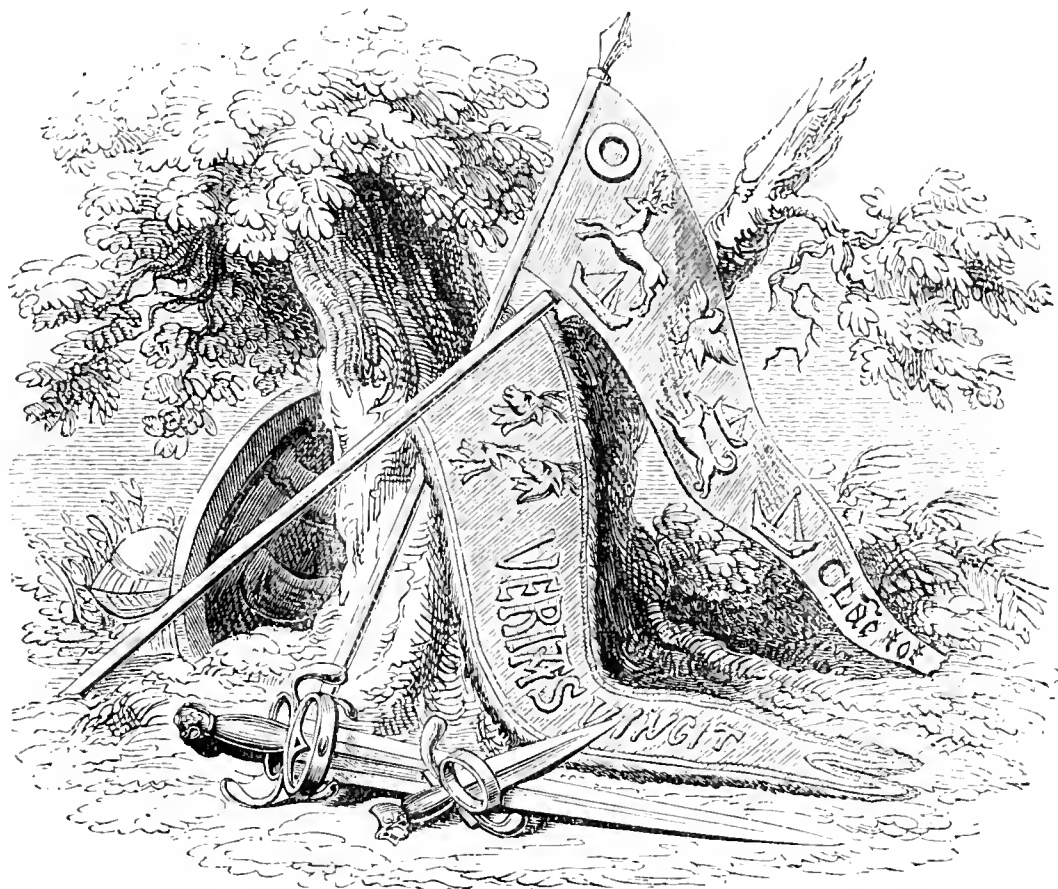
A body that was thought to be that of James was found by Lord Dacre, who presented it to Surrey. It was recognised by his two favourite attendants, who wept over it. The royal corpse was not buried, for the king was under a sentence of excommunication, and no priest dared read the service over him. It was therefore embalmed and sent to the monastery of Shene, in Surrey. It remained there until the Reformation, when the monastery was given

to the Duke of Suffolk. The body, lapped in lead, was then left as a piece of useless lumber till some idle workman hewed off the head, and Lancelot Young, master glazier to Queen Elizabeth, had it buried in the charnel-house of St. Michael's, Wood Street.

But the Scots long refused to believe that their beloved king was dead. Many stories were told of his escape, and his return was expected. There was no hope of it really.

The battle of Flodden Field threw almost every Scottish family into bitter grief—so many were the slain—and to their sorrow at this fatal battle we owe one of the loveliest of the old Scotch songs, "The Flowers of the Forest."

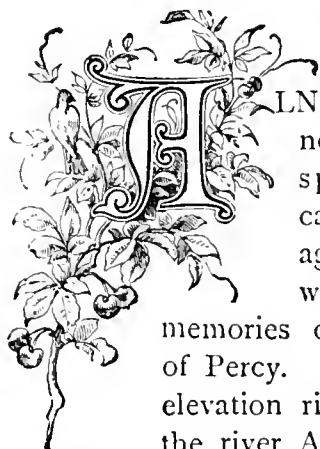
What a contrast there is between the Flodden of that day and the Flodden of the present !



SWORD AND DAGGER OF JAMES IV., AND TWO KNIGHTS' BANNERS,
USED AT THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

ALNWICK CASTLE;

AND THE HOUSE OF PERCY.



ALNWICK is a very noble and perfect specimen of the castles of the feudal ages, and is linked with many historical memories of the great house of Percy. It stands on a fine elevation rising gradually from the river Alne, the open banks of which are turfed, and in excellent order. "The architect," says Hutchinson, "has strictly preserved the whole mode and ornaments of the original. The battlements are crowded with effigies, according to the taste of the Normans, in whose time it underwent a principal reparation. These represent men in the act of defence, wielding such arms as were then used. Some of them are disposed with great propriety. The guard of one of the gateways is in the act of throwing down a mighty stone on the heads of the assailants.* The building is of a beautiful freestone in chiselled work. Its form is singular, being composed of a cluster of semi-circular and angular bastions. I cannot, without the ichnography of the place, give the reader a more competent idea of its figure than by comparing it to a section of the clustered Saxon pillar in our cathedrals. The edifice stands in a spacious area, which at the time of its greatest strength, I presume, totally surrounded it, defended by a complete circumvallation and a moat; otherwise the principal part of the fortress would have lain unguarded by

any outwork except a moat. At present the front is open to the north-east, and the wall, having towers at proper intervals, shuts it in on the other quarters."

The barbican, or principal entrance from the town, is a huge tower of enormous thickness and strength, once protected by three massive iron-studded gates; the places for which are still to be seen in the walls.

Entering by this gateway we come suddenly upon a splendid scene; on the great castle, surrounded by five semi-circular towers adorned with pinnacles and battlements. Then the second and third courts are entered, through great massive towers, till we reach the inner court, that is in the very centre of the fortress.

These courts are all carpeted with green turf, except this centre one. In the middle of the second court is a lion with his paw on a ball—a copy of one of the lions of St. Mark at Venice.

The inner court is square, with the corners cut off, and on the wall opposite to the entrance are medallion portraits of the first Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. Near the gateway are the old wheel and axle that worked the great well, with the figure of a pilgrim blessing the waters. Within the gateway we enter an octagonal tower, where, beneath the floor and covered with its iron grate, is the dungeon. It is eleven feet deep, and air and light are only admitted through the grating. There are two other dungeons in the court; one used to contain a force pump to throw water to the top of the castle; the other is not used at all. This is the oldest part of the castle, dating, it is believed, from early in the twelfth

* Most of the later figures have been removed by Mr. Salvin.

century, and was probably built by Eustace de Vesci, who erected the first great castle of Alnwick.

An idea may be formed of the scale of Alnwick when we say that it includes within its outer walls five acres of land, and that its walls are flanked by sixteen towers, many of which retain their ancient names and original uses. These are the Great or Outer Gate; the Garner or Avenor's Tower, the Water Tower, containing the cistern, the Caterers' Tower, behind which are the Kitchens,* the Middle Ward, the Auditor's Tower, the Guard House, the East Garret, the Records' Tower, where the archives of the barony are kept, the Ravine Tower, or Hotspur's Chair, the Constable's Tower, the Postern Door or Sallyport, the Armourer's Tower, the Falconer's Tower, the Abbot's Tower and the West Garret.

The Prudoe Tower, entirely rebuilt by the fourth duke, is the most striking and largest of the towers. In it are the private apartments of the ducal family; they consist of a suite of spacious and handsome rooms, of which the principal are the saloon, dining-room, breakfast room and chapel. The chapel is very richly decorated, and has windows painted with the family escutcheons. Three clustered pilasters branch out palm-like from each side of the chapel, and in each of the panels of the walls is an armorial shield. A tomb of white marble is in the recess of the east window; it is that of Elizabeth Percy, Duchess of Northumberland, daughter and heiress of Algon, Duke of Somerset.

This is not the old chapel that stood between the Ravine and the Constable's Towers; that became so dilapidated that in 1764 Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, was obliged to remove both it and the Exchequer. Its place is now occupied by

a much more recent erection—the Prudoe Tower.

The Abbot's Tower was erected by Henry Percy, first Lord of Alnwick. Its basement has a vaulted roof, semi-circular, with massive ribs. Tradition says that this tower was a place of refuge for the abbots of the adjoining monastery when in danger from the Scots.

The Auditor's Tower stood where the present auditor holds his courts; a modern entrance has been made here towards Barnside.

The Constable's Tower is now the Armoury. In the upper apartments of the tower are arms for 1500 men, formerly the Percy tenantry. In the under apartment is the ancient armour.

Hotspur's Chair is the name given to a recess in the Ravine Tower, where, tradition says, brave Harry Percy used to sit and watch his troops exercising in the yard below; from hence also he could see the approaching enemy, and take measures for their reception.

The Bloody Gap is between the Ravine and Record Towers. Its extent is plainly to be distinguished in the present day, by the differences in the masonry that repaired it from the walls. It was a breach in the wall made by the Scots, during the Border wars, when, according to tradition, three hundred Scots fell within the breach, vainly endeavouring to effect an entrance. Many arrows have been found in the adjacent walls, so placed as to lead to the supposition that they were aimed at the invading Scots from the keep and the opposite battlements.

The scenery surrounding Alnwick is beautiful. From the castle terrace we gaze on broad green meadows, distant hills and exquisite woodlands, and beyond the town and above it rise lofty hills, and wide moorlands, making one think of moss-troopers and border forays. At one place we find the memorial of the capture of a Scottish king (William the Lion); in another, a cross which marks the spot where sudden

* The great kitchen is of enormous size, with a lofty roof of intersecting angles and deep mullioned windows. Dinner for 600 people has been cooked in it.

destruction came to an earlier one, Malcolm III.

It was in the reign of William Rufus that the most memorable siege of Alnwick Castle took place, by the Scots under Malcolm III.; it was gallantly defended by Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland; but famine set in and the garrison were on the point of surrendering, when a private soldier undertook their deliverance. He rode forth armed, carrying the keys of the castle dangling from his lance, and presented himself before the king in suppliant attitude, as if to deliver up the keys. Malcolm advanced to take them, and the trooper speared him to the heart. The monarch fell dead instantly, and in the confusion that ensued, the soldier sprang upon his horse, dashed through the swollen river, and reached a place of safety. Prince Edward, the king's eldest son, advancing rashly to avenge his father's death, fell mortally wounded by the English. The name of the soldier who performed this treacherous but bold act was Hammond, and the spot where he swam the river is still called "Hammond's Ford." There was once an absurd story that "Piercy" was the name given to this soldier, and that he was founder of the family; but the Percy family had long been famous previous to this period.

The glamour of the Percy name is over Alnwick, its castle, and the surrounding country. Their valour defended the Borders, and kept the Scottish ravagers in check. Otterburn, Homildown, Shrewsbury, and many other battles heard the Percy war-cry, and were (in all but the last instance) won by their valour.

Shakspeare has immortalised Hotspur, the brave truthful soldier, and history tells us of many another heroic or deeply interesting Percy. After Hotspur came those who fought and fell for the Red Rose, one at the battle of St. Alban's, the other at Towton. The fourth earl was at Bosworth Field; the fifth at the Battle of the Spurs, under Henry VIII. Then came that injured earl, who tenderly

loved Anne Boleyn, and was probably loved by her in return. But the act of Wolsey (which Anne never forgave) and the evil passion of the king severed them. He died not long after she had perished on the block, it may be of a broken heart. He was childless.

His successor, yet more unfortunate, joined in the "Rising of the North," and expiated his offence on the block. His brother and successor, who must have detested Elizabeth, could not conceal his feeling about her; moreover, he was devoted to Mary Queen of Scots, and the Queen of England's jealousy being roused, she sent him to the Tower, where he died; either murdered or killed by his own hand.

The ninth earl was also imprisoned in the Tower for sixteen years for his adherence to Roman Catholicism, and through suspicion that he was acquainted with the Gunpowder Plot, or had been a secret participator in it. He became, whilst secluded in that fatal fortress, the friend of his fellow-prisoner Raleigh, with whom his lofty intellect fitted him to associate.

In the woods opposite to the castle, near the north road, is the cross, marking the spot where Malcolm Canmore fell by the hand of Hammond. The park in this direction is very extensive and extremely picturesque, with deep woodlands, lofty hills covered with purple heath, mossy dells and hanging copses, through which trickle and sing the clear and rapid waters of the Alne.

The grounds skirting the river and the park are fenced in with a stone wall ten miles round; in them are beautiful remains of the abbeyes of Alnwick and Hulne.

To the left, amongst the woods, rises the Tower of Brislee. It appears a mere pillar at a distance, and is seen very far off, for it is ninety feet high, and is ascended within by 129 steps. It was built by a duke of Northumberland, in 1762, from his own design, as the inscription on it informs us:—

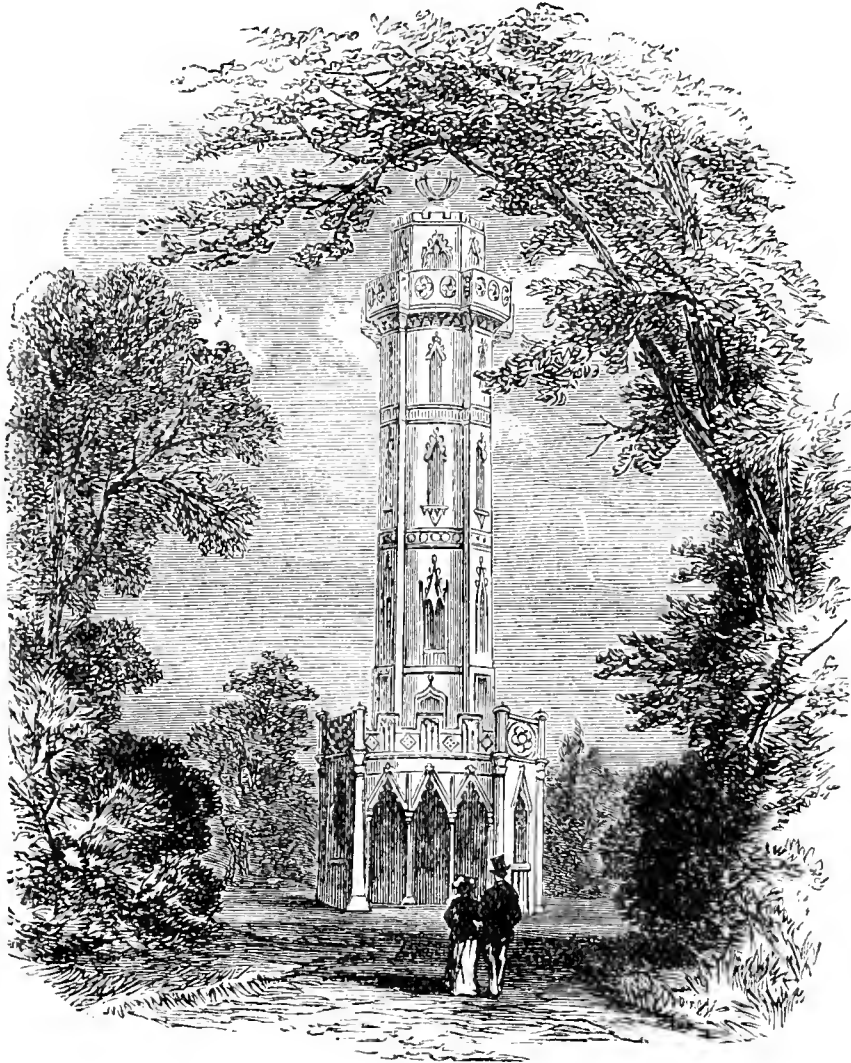
"Circumspice—Ego omnia ista sum

dimensus. Mea sunt ordines; mea descriptio. Multa etiam istarum arborum mea manu satæ."

The approach to the pillar is through dark and solitary woods, and ascends higher and higher, till a range of cliffs is reached, and a cave by which stands the stone figure of a venerable hermit. This

cave is called the Cave of the Nine Year Old. Close by it lies the Moss-troopers' Field—a memory of old days.

Leaving the forest, a cottage appears, and a guide who shows the tower. The view from the top of it is magnificent; ocean and coast stretch before us, and we perceive the Staple and Ferne Isles, Holy



ALNWICK CASTLE—THE BRISLEE TOWER.

Island, the castles of Bamborough and Dunstanborough, Alnmouth and Warkworth, the Cheviots, Flodden Field, and the blue summits of the Teviotdale hills. Beneath lie Alnwick and the ruins of Hulne Abbey, beyond the river, flanked with woody glens, and with a background of moorland hills, crowned by dark and ancient firs.

The home of the Percies is indeed one

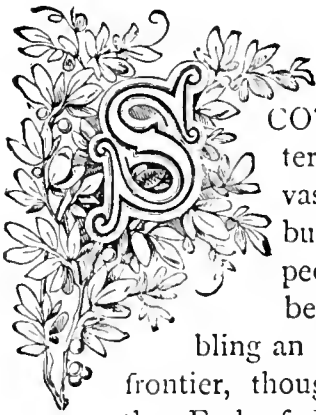
of the treasures of our England; for it unites us with the past, not as a ruin does, but as a habitable and splendid dwelling-place, in which generations of a noble race have lived for centuries; and we feel the connecting link between the England of the old times and the England of to-day, whenever our eyes rest on the stately towers of Alnwick.

The Duke of Northumberland nominates

the bailiff of Alnwick as constable of the castle, and deputies from the adjacent townships attend him during the ceremony

of proclaiming the July fair, and keep watch and ward at the castle during the remainder of the night.

OTTERBURN; OR, CHEVY CHASE.



SCOTLAND had determined on an invasion of England, but hearing that the people of Northumberland were assembling an army on the eastern frontier, thought it better to let the Earl of Douglas, with four or five thousand men, attempt a smaller incursion, and achieve what he could.

Douglas, with this comparatively small force, crossed the mountainous borders of England, and issued forth near Newcastle, slaying, plundering, burning, and loading his army with spoil, as was the manner of these Border wars. The Earl of Northumberland, long used to this kind of warfare, sent his two sons, Sir Henry Percy (Hotspur) and Sir Ralph, to Newcastle to defend the town.

The brothers threw themselves into the place, and as, soon after, the Scottish earl drew out his followers before the walls with insolent defiance, the English sallied out to skirmish with them. Douglas and Hotspur encountered each other hand to hand, and it chanced that Douglas, during the struggle, got possession of Hotspur's spear, to the end of which was attached a small flag embroidered with pearls, on which was emblazoned a lion, the cognizance of the house of Percy.

Douglas shook the trophy aloft, and declared that he would take it into Scotland,

and hang it over his castle of Dalkeith.

"That," said Percy, "shalt thou never do; I will regain my lance ere thou canst get back into Scotland."

"Then," said Douglas, "come to seek it, and thou shalt find it before my tent."

It is unnecessary to say that this conversation must have taken place from the walls, after the Percies had re-entered the town.

The Scots' army having completed the purpose of their invasion, began to retreat up the vale of the little river Reed, which, by a tolerable road, led to the frontiers of the two kingdoms.

They encamped at Otterburn, a place about twenty miles from the frontier, on August 19th, 1388.

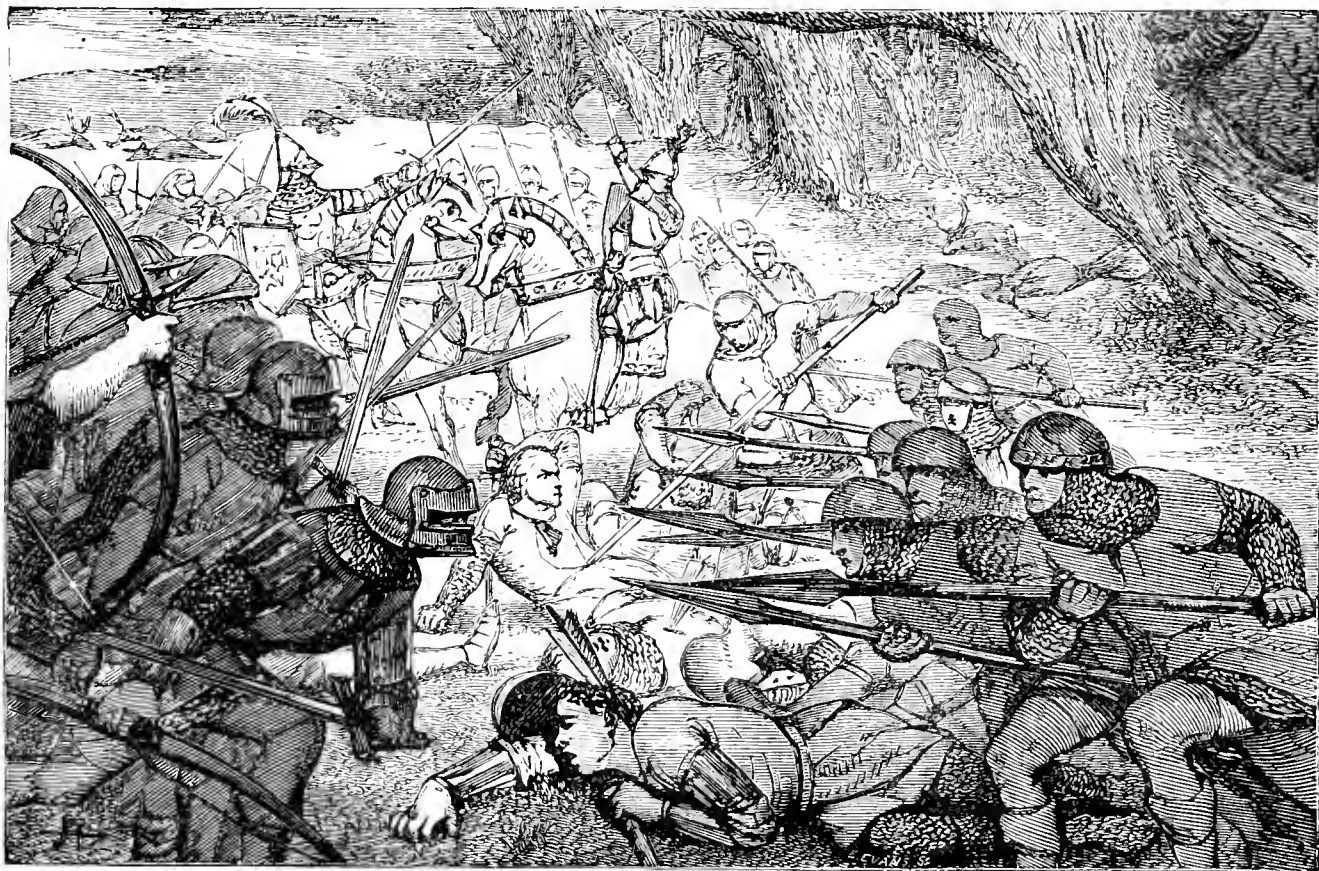
The Scots were roused at midnight by the sentinels, who brought tidings that the English were approaching, and, rushing hastily from his tent, Douglas perceived by the moonlight Hotspur advancing, with a body of men equal, or superior in number, to his own. Percy had already crossed the river, and was marching towards the left flank of the Scots.

Douglas drew his men out of the camp at once, and with great military skill rapidly changed the position of his army, presenting its front to the English. Hotspur, meantime, marched through the deserted camp, where he found only a few servants and stragglers, and the English believed that the Scots had

deserted their camp and retreated. They were a little disordered when the moon, coming from behind a cloud, showed them the army of their foes drawn up in order of battle. The fight commenced with great fury, the soldiers on either side shouting "A Percy, a Percy," or "A Douglas, a Douglas," as the case might be. For the names of these warriors were so famous that each army trusted in the skill and courage of its leader. The Scots were

outnumbered, and were giving way, when Douglas ordered his banner to advance, attended by his best men.

Douglas, himself shouting his war-cry, rushed forward, clearing a road with blows from his battle-axe, and bursting into the thickest of the fight. But at length he fell under three mortal wounds. Had his death been known, the Scots would probably have been discouraged and defeated; but the English did not recognise him, and



CHIEVY CHASE.

only thought some gallant man at arms had fallen, for Douglas had rushed out of his tent at the first alarm without his helmet.

The Scottish nobles had, however, followed him, and found him dying among his faithful squires and pages, who lay slain around him. A brave priest, named William of North Berwick, stood defending the dying warrior with a long lance.

"How fares it, cousin?" asked Sinclair, the first friend who reached him.

"Indifferently," answered Douglas, "but blessed be God, my ancestors have died on fields of battle, and not on down beds. I sink fast, but let them still cry my war-cry, and conceal my death from my followers. There was a tradition in our family that a dead Douglas should win a field, and I trust that this day it will be accomplished." *

The nobles obeyed him; they covered

* Sir Walter Scott.

the dead earl with ferns, and again rushed into the battle, shouting, "A Douglas, a Douglas!"

"Hosts have been known at that dread sound to yield,
And Douglas dead, his name has won the field."

Both Hotspur and his gallant brother had meantime been taken prisoners, and scarcely any man amongst the English escaped death or captivity.

Hotspur became the captive of Sir Hugh Montgomery, who obliged him to build a castle for him as his ransom.

The battle was disastrous to both sides, the Percies being taken and the Douglas slain.

Otterburn has been the subject of many songs, and Froissart says that, with one exception, it was the best fought battle of that period of hard blows.

Chevy Chase is probably only a fiction founded on Otterburn. In the ballad, Percy makes a vow that he will enter Scotland, and hunt deer in the Border woods belonging to Douglas for three summer days. "Tell him," said Douglas, when the vow was repeated to him, "that he will find one day more than enough." At hay-making time Percy kept his word, and marched across the Border with 1,500 chosen archers and greyhounds for the chase. The hunt went on merrily, and Percy gazed on the slain deer, and ate venison hastily dressed in the greenwood; then he said to his archers: "Douglas is not come, and we have kept our vow: let us now be gone." But one of his squires at that moment announced the sudden appearance of Earl Douglas, with 2,000 Scottish spears attending him. Douglas haughtily inquires what men they are who slay his fallow deer. The Percy answers him, they will not tell him; Douglas recognising him, defies him to mortal combat, and Percy accepts the challenge. Springing from their steeds, they draw their swords.

"Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name;

Who said, 'I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

'That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on;
You are two earls,' said Witherington,
'And I a squire alone.

'I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.'

This doughty squire kept his word so well, that we are told in the ballad:—

"When his legs were shot away,
He fought upon his stumps."

The English bowmen followed his lead, and his words closed in a flight of arrows.

Douglas and his spearmen at once charged on the archers, who then engaged with sword and axe. The leaders met in the midst of the conflict: "Yield thee, Percy," cried Douglas; "yield thee; I will freely pay thy ransom, and thy advancement shall be high with our Scottish king!"

"'No, Douglas,' quoth Earl Percy then,
'Thy proffer I do scorn,
I would not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.'

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow."

"Fight on, my merry men," cried the dying Douglas; and Percy, much affected, took his hand and said, "Earl Douglas, I would give all my land to save thee; a more redoubted knight never perished by such a chance."

The fall of Douglas was seen by one of his devoted followers, who at once hastened to avenge him.

"Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called,
Who with a spear most bright,
And mounted on a gallant steed,
Rode fiercely through the fight.

He passed the English archers all
Without or dread or fear,
And through Earl Percy's fair bodie
He thrust his hateful spear."

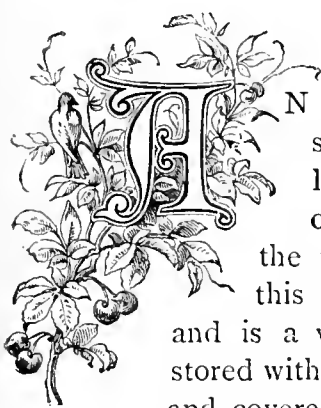
An English archer's arrow avenges Percy's fall; and in spite of the death of the leaders the battle continues to the break of day, and but few of either side returned home.

This greatly resembles the battle won by a dead Douglas, when Percy was taken prisoner by Sir Hugh Montgomery, but the tragedy is much deeper in the ballad than in the reality.

The pennon and spear of Percy in either

case were carried to Montgomery's Castle of Eglinton, and it is said that when a late Duke of Northumberland asked for their restoration, Lord Eglinton replied, "There is as good lea land here as at Chevy Chase ; let Percy come and take them."

FURNESS ABBEY.



N arm of the Irish Sea separates an irregularly shaped district of Lancashire from the rest of the county ; this is called Furness, and is a wild, rugged region, stored with iron ore and slate, and covered with a growth of underwood, which is cut down in alternate succession and made into charcoal for the use of the iron furnaces.

Near the sea, and in the vicinity of the abbey ruins, the land is more fertile. At low water the estuary that separates this portion of the county from the rest is continually crossed by horses and carriages.

About seven centuries ago an abbey was built in this singular situation ; it lies near Dalton-in-Furness, on the banks of a rivulet in a narrow and fertile vale. It rose after its foundation to great rank and power, and the ruins of its architectural splendour are, to this day, entitled to a first place among the antiquities of our country.

Furness Abbey was founded by Stephen, Count of Boulogne, afterwards king of England. It was endowed with rich domains ; the foundation being afterwards secured by the charters of twelve successive kings, and the bulls of several popes.

The Abbot of Furness had great privileges conferred on him ; he exercised jurisdiction over the whole district, and even

the soldiers of the Crown were in some degree dependent on him.

A singular custom in this abbey was to register the names of only those abbots who had ruled the community for ten years, and died abbots there. This register of dead abbots was called the Abbots' mortuary. If an abbot died before he had ruled ten years, or was translated to another house, or deposed for any fault, he was not entered in this register. Thus, in the space of 277 years, the names of only ten abbots are recorded, though there were, of course, many more.

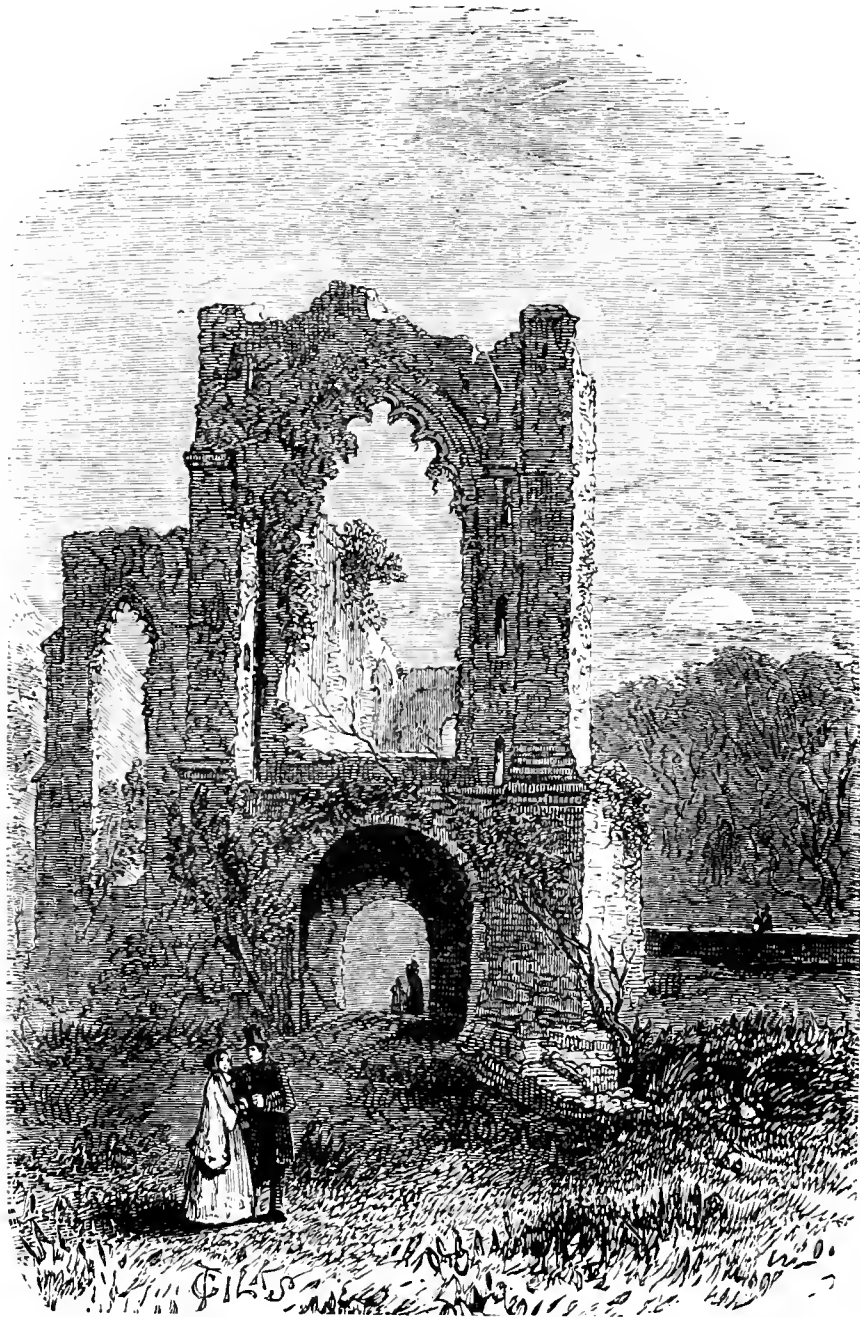
The commanding position of the abbey gave it great importance in time of war, and the monks erected a watch-tower on the summit of a hill which rises near the walls of the monastery, and commands a view of all Low Furness, and the arm of the sea immediately below the monastery. Thus they could prevent surprise from foes, by alarming the adjacent coast with signals at the approach of an enemy.

The abbey was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks for some time conformed to the regulations of their order, and wore grey habits ; but after a time they embraced St. Bernard's rigid rules, and became Cistercians.

The entrance to the romantic ruins of Furness Abbey is through a light pointed arch. They are of Norman and Early English character. The church is 287 feet long, and the walls are in some places

fifty-four feet high and five feet thick. The windows and arches are unusually lofty. The east window had fine painted glass in it, but this has been removed to preserve

it, and is now in the east window of Bowness Church, in Westmoreland. On it are depicted St. George and the Virgin Mary; beneath are the figures of a knight and



FURNESS ABBEY.

lady surrounded by monks; at the top are the arms of England quartered with those of France.

In the south wall of the chancel are four canopied stalls for the priests; in the middle space the first barons of Kendal were buried.

Along the nave of the church are the bases of circular columns which were of great size; in other parts are the remains of clustered columns. Two immense masses of stonework—the fallen sides of the great tower—are seen towards the west

end of the church. With its cloisters it was encompassed with a wall; and beyond that was a space of ground of eighty-five acres, surrounded by another wall which enclosed the Abbey Mills, with the kilns and ovens, and stews for receiving fish.

The ruins are of a pale red stone, dug in the neighbourhood, but now changed by time to a dusky brown. They are everywhere covered with climbing plants and richly tinted leaves, and the sound of a gurgling brook near adds to the romantic charms of the place.

At the dissolution of the monasteries Roger Pyke, then Abbot of Furness, surrendered it to Henry VIII., and, in return for his ready submission, received the Rectory of Dalton, while the twenty-nine monks under his sway received among them a grant of £300 per annum—a great sum in those days.

The loss of the abbey sadly affected the neighbourhood. The abundant hospitality of the wealthy abbots, and the frequent concourse of visitors to the abbey, had been a great benefit to the farmers and the poor; boons and rents were no longer paid, and agriculture became depressed. We are too apt in the present day to forget how greatly the monastic institutions benefited the neighbourhoods where they were placed, and how terribly they must have been missed by the poor, whom they fed at the abbey or monastery gate.

“Amid yon leafy elm no turtle wails;
No early minstrels wake the winding vales;
No choral anthem floats the lawn along,
For sunk in silence is the hermit throng.
There each alike, the long, the lately dead,
The monk, the swain, the minstrel make their
bed;
While o’er the graves, and from the rifts on
high,
The chattering daw, the hoarser raven cry.”

“Three different tracts of sands interpose between Lancaster and the south-eastern part of Cumberland—namely, Lancaster Sands, Leven Sands, and the Sands of Duddon. All these are famous for the production of cockles, and those collected on Duddon sands are the largest and best

flavoured in the kingdom.” Plaice and flounders, of exceptional excellence, are taken here, and no doubt the monks of Furness appreciated the advantage of the fisheries. The distance over the first of these ocean-washed, most dangerous sands is nine miles, over the second four miles, and over the third three miles. It is not wonderful, therefore, that many lives were lost in crossing the sands at ebb-tide, since the slightest mistake in time might bring the tidal flood on them. In the nineteenth year of Edward II.’s reign, the Abbot of Furness petitioned that he might have a view of frank pledge and a coroner of his own, for at one time sixteen lives had been lost, and at another six, at a different time in one year, crossing the sands to or from Furness. A somewhat similar petition was presented by the abbot to Henry IV.

It is pleasant to know that now the railway from Carnforth to Ulverston and Barrow makes this loss of life no longer likely to occur, as few would prefer risking crossing the sands on foot when they can cross them by rail.

The mines and quarries of Furness are very important, and the finest iron ore is found in this district. Dalton-in-Furness parish abounds in objects of interest to the historian.

In it are Furness Abbey, the Castle of the Peel of Fouldry, and the ancient town of Dalton.

Adjacent to the town of Dalton are two wells; one probably dedicated to the Virgin, as it is called Mary Bank Well, and the other the Church Well.

There is only one rivulet or beck, called Dalton Butts Beck, and lower down the abbey Beck, as it passes the ruins of the abbey, and falls into the sea below Roose; naturally, therefore, wells were here of great importance.

The frequent irruptions of the Scots during the fourteenth century, and the exposed situation of the north of Lancashire, rendered frontier fortresses absolutely necessary, and the Tower of Dalton and the Peel

of Fouldry are supposed to have been built by the monks of Furness for the security of their vassals, who by ancient custom were bound to furnish a man and horse to the abbot "for the service of the king," *i.e.* for the protection of the country. Nothing remains now of the Castle of Dalton but a plain square tower, built in the reign of Edward III., but doubtless it was a strong refuge for the people when their wild northern neighbours descended to harry and plunder the land. In the district of Furness, also, a number of beacons were erected, and when these ominous points of fire gleamed on the hills of Coniston, the richer inhabitants and their dependants flocked to their castles and removed their effects out of the way of the Moss troopers.

In more peaceful times the castle was at once the abbot's court, and used as a prison and common jail for the whole lordship of Furness. The castle fell into decay before the Reformation, probably through the waning power of Furness Abbey, but in 1544 the tower was repaired.

Dalton Castle — this tower is locally called the Castle—was modernised and put into a thorough state of repair in 1856, and is now used not only for the courts still held there, but as an armoury for the Rifle Volunteers.

The Wars of the Roses never came as far north as Furness; but it was here that Lambert Simnel landed when he came from Ireland to claim the English throne, and the monks were suspected of secretly favouring his claim.

"In later times the parish was disturbed by the civil wars between Charles and his Parliament." Colonel Rigby came with five hundred foot soldiers, two small cannon, and three small troops of horse from the temporarily abandoned siege of Thurland Castle, and by a forced march reached Furness in a single day. After a prayer meeting of all the troops upon Swart

Moor, the Roundheads marched on to Lyndal, where they encountered a body of Royalist troops, and fought with such resolution that the Cavaliers were put to flight, and Colonel Huddleston, Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Burton, were taken prisoners.

In the '15 and '45, the Scots, headed by Prince Charles Stuart, skirted Furness in their advance into the country, but did not enter it. Dalton, the ancient capital of Furness, is pleasantly and prettily situated on a gentle declivity inclining to the east, in the midst of a tract of country unparalleled for fertility of soil and great cultivation. Its principal street, ascending to the west, and crossed by other streets, opens into a large market place, from the upper end of which the old grey tower of Dalton Castle looks down on the town. Dalton was the market town of Furness Abbey in the old days.

George Romney, the artist, the rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was born in this parish in 1734.

FURNESS ABBEY.

On Norman cloister and on Gothic aisle,
The fading sunset lingers for a while;
The rooks chant noisy vespers in the elms,
Then night's slow rising tide the scene o'erwhelms.

So fade the roses and the flowers of kings,
And crowns and palms decay with humble things;
All works built up by toil of mortal breath,
Tend in unbroken course to dust and death.

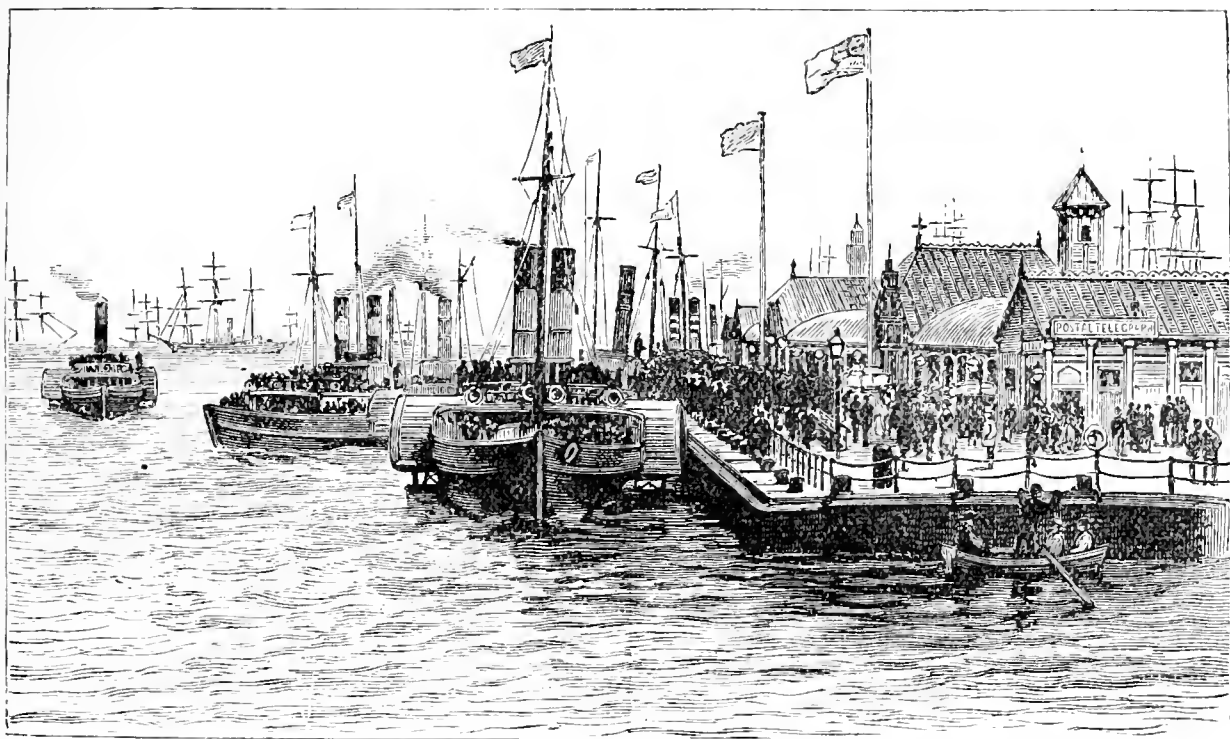
Pillar and roof and pavement—all are gone;
The lamp extinguished, and the prayers long done;
But faith and awe, as stars eternal shine,—
The human heart is their enduring shrine.

O Earth, in thine incessant funerals,
Take to thyself these crumbling outgrown walls!
In the broad world our God we seek and find,
And serve our Maker when we serve our kind.

Yet spare for tender thought, for beauty spare
Some sculptured capital, some carving fair;
Yon ivied archway, fit for poet's dream,
For painter's pencil, or for preacher's theme.

Save for our modern hurry, rush, and strife,
The needed lesson that thought, too, is life!
Work is not prayer, nor duty's self divine,
Unless within them Reverence hath her shrine.

—SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.



THE PRINCE'S LANDING-STAGE.

LIVERPOOL.



HERE are varieties of the picturesque, and one of these must surely be a great half-maritime town such as Liverpool, the second city of the Empire. The Mersey has the greatest share now of the carrying trade of the world, and its bosom, studded with vessels, and its immense docks, give a striking character to the place.

Yet, comparatively, the Mersey is a modern river; it was unknown, as it now is, to the Romans; at least their geographer Ptolemy makes no mention of it, though he names other and now smaller rivers. The stream in those old days must have been a mere brook at the part where the ferry steamers now go, with probably

marshes on each side of it. The bed has sunk, the marshes have been flooded by the river, and in process of time the present river appeared. This is confirmed by the appearance of remains of engulfed oak trees, that, not very long ago, were to be seen when the tide was out on the northern margin of the stream. Liverpool was the name of the estuary (then perhaps not much more than a "pool") that is now so magnificently wide—1,200 yards at its narrowest.

Birkenhead, a town or suburb only forty years old, but almost a new Liverpool, gives a little picturesque land effect to the estuary, for it covers the nearer slopes, and thus towers, spires, and vistas of trees adorn them.

But inland it is impossible to think Liverpool picturesque; the ordinary hill, dale, and wood of lovely England are not to be seen here. But the sea-wall, the landing-

stage, and the enormous extent of docks, as we have just said, is a variety of the same thing.

The landing-stage is a third of a mile in length, adjusting itself to every turn of the tide, and, covered with human beings who are experiencing almost every emotion, it is full of interest. Here dear friends part, perhaps for ever; some departing to the other side of the ocean, while others are arriving and warmly welcomed. Tears and smiles are side by side with fear and suspicion, as the criminal tries to escape from Liverpool to America. How many human tragedies are played on this landing-stage!

And then the water area of the docks—it covers 265 acres at least, we are told, and the quay margin is nearly twenty miles in length.

The ships that crowd the Mersey are another feature. Here are the great steamers of the Cunard, Allan, White Star, and Inman trade, with countless merchantmen, the South American steamers, and those that go to the East and West Indies, China, Japan, and the west coast of Africa; for Liverpool is the provider of the world, sending forth the wares of the nation, and also supplying the uncultivated lands with men; for the emigrants of many lands—not only England—go from hence to America, etc. Admirable arrangements are made for their departure, and hither come Danes, Swedes, and a few Russians, as well as English and Irish. In 1885, 183,502 emigrants embarked on the Mersey; of these 74,969 were English, 1,811 Scotch, 27,986 Irish; foreigners, 74,115. Our readers may imagine the piles of luggage, the babel of tongues, on the great landing-stage as these wanderers depart to till and people the waste places of the earth.

In fact, the landing-stage is an incessant scene of coming or departing ships, full of the trade and the travellers of the world. High up the river a guard ship—a man-of-war—is stationed, and four old men-of-war that have become training-ships for boy seamen. The *Conway* is for young officers;

the *Indefatigable* gives gratuitous training to sons of sailors, or to homeless boys; the *Akbar* and the *Clarence* are reformatory ships, the one for Protestant boy criminals, the other for Catholics, and both have done good work in reforming juvenile offenders.

The loading and unloading of the enormous cargoes brought to Liverpool are done by dock-men under a stevedore, a person who contracts to do this work, and engages any number of men he may require for it. Most of the dock-men are Irish, and congregate together in certain parts of the town, where they still keep up their love of faction fights. Of course there are dark places here as everywhere.

Liverpool is not a very ancient town. It was originally a fishing village, but the advantages of the estuary of the Mersey were perceived, and a charter was granted to it as a borough in 1207; yet in Edward I.'s time it consisted of less than three hundred houses, and for Edward III.'s French naval battle (at Sluys) Liverpool contributed only one bark and a crew of six men.

The church of St. Nicholas was erected about this time, but nothing remains of the original building. The body of the church was pulled down and rebuilt in 1774, and in 1815 the tower was removed and the present beautiful lantern tower built. The old graveyard, however, still remains, once full of trees. St. Nicholas is the patron saint of seamen as St. Peter is of fishermen.

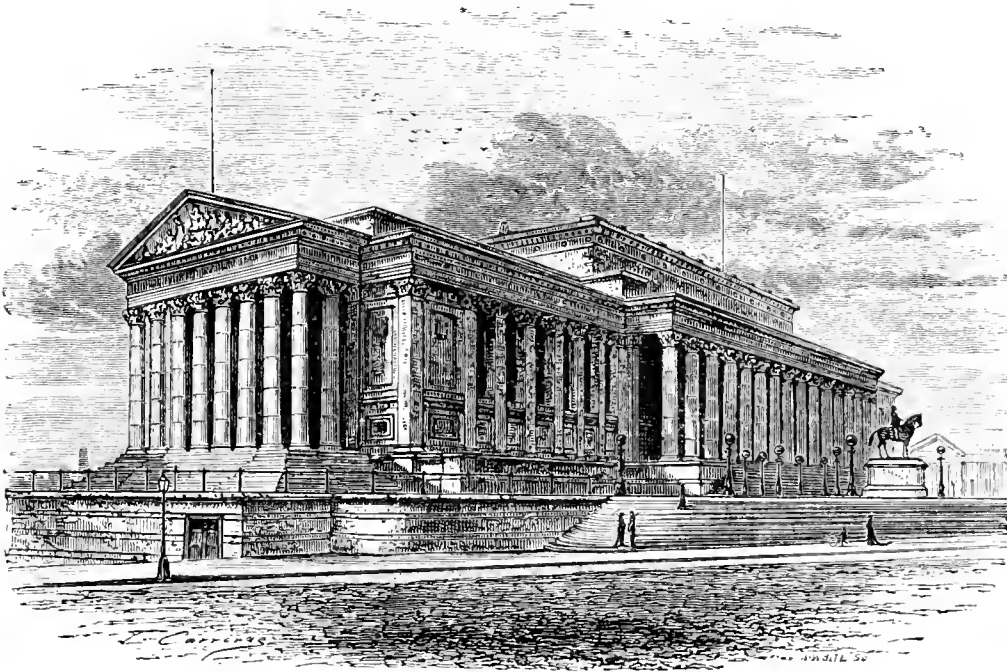
Trade with Ireland was followed by trade with the North American plantations (or colonies), and the value of sugar induced Liverpool, as it had Bristol, to enter into the slave trade. There were good and wise men who protested against this wicked traffic, but vainly; and the first speech of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons was one in defence of his father's slave estates in the West Indies. The trade began in these towns by the barter of their manufactures for slaves, and the sale of the poor creatures afterwards to the sugar planters, and the Virginian tobacco planters.

In the first years of George III. slaves, both male and female, were sold by advertisement in Liverpool. We thank Heaven that the flag of England has been cleansed of this base stain, and in spite of all the opposition to Wilberforce and Clarkson, and the prophecies of ruin if it were abolished, we find we prosper more without the slave trade.

To Liverpool we owe the first of the great steamer Companies, *i.e.*, the Peninsular and Oriental, followed by so many

others ; it was indeed on the Mersey the first steamboat steamed in 1815.

Liverpool, as we have quoted, is not a manufacturing town ; it is the agency by which the products, mechanical or otherwise, of different places are dispersed over the habitable globe. The Liverpool merchant is in correspondence with the whole world, and supplies all its needs. They are the richest of all save those of London, and they spend their money liberally, even in a princely spirit.



ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Liverpool has fine public buildings ; the best of them, however, is St. George's Hall, which admirably reproduces rather than imitates the architecture of ancient Greece. Its eastern façade is 400 feet in length, and at the southern end is a Corinthian portico, beautifully and fully ornamented. The Free Library, the Art Gallery, Public Offices, and the Exchange, are fine buildings. The Free Library is much frequented by readers, and the inhabitants of Liverpool support literary and scientific institutions, and societies for music and the fine arts

very liberally. There are also numerous charitable and educational institutions in this great Lancashire city.

In the reign of Charles II. a Liverpool merchant having sustained some damage by a Spanish man-of-war, brought an action in Westminster Hall against the king of Spain. His suit was successful, and the king of Spain was outlawed. This sentence sounds absurd, but it was not so, for it deprived the royal Philip of power to proceed in the English Courts against the British merchants upon whom he had claims, and

Gondemar, his ambassador, was glad to settle any demands of the Liverpool merchant in order to replace his royal master within the pale of the English law.

Liverpool has given birth to many great and illustrious men and women. Mrs. Hemans, the poetess; William Roscoe; William Rathbone; and at Highfield, near Liverpool, was born James Parke, Lord Wensleydale, one of the ablest of our judges, a man of the highest intellect and great social talent. He died in 1868, greatly lamented.

LIVERPOOL.

IN Liverpool, the good old town, we miss
The grand old relics of a reverend past,—
Cathedrals, shrines that pilgrims come to kiss,
Walls wrinkled by the blast.

Some crypt or keep, historically dear,
You find, go where you will, all England through:
But what have we to venerate?—all here
Ridiculously new.

We have our Castle Street, but castle none;
Redcross Street, but its legend who can learn?
Oldhall Street, too, we have, the old hall gone;
Tithebarn Street, but no barn.

Huge warehouses for cotton, rice, and corn,
Tea and tobacco, log and other woods,
Oils, tallow, hides that smell so foully foreign,
Yea, all things known as goods,—

These we can show, but nothing to restore
The spirit of old times, save here and there
An ancient mansion with palatial door
In some degenerate square.

Then rise the merchant princes of old days,
Their silken dames, their skippers from the strand
Who brought their sea-borne riches, not always
Quite free from contraband.

And these their mansions, to base uses come—
Harbours for fallen fair ones, drifting tars;
Some manufactories of blacking, some
Tobacco and cigars.

We have a church that one almost reveres,—
St. Nicholas, nodding by the river side—
In old times hailed by ancient mariners
That came up with the tide.

And there's St. Peter's, too, not quite so frail,
Yet old enough for antiquated thoughts;
Ah, many a time I lean against the rail
To hear its sweet cracked notes.

For when the sun has clomb the middle sky,
And wandered down the short hour after noon,
Then, to the heedless world that hurries by,
The clock bells clink a tune.

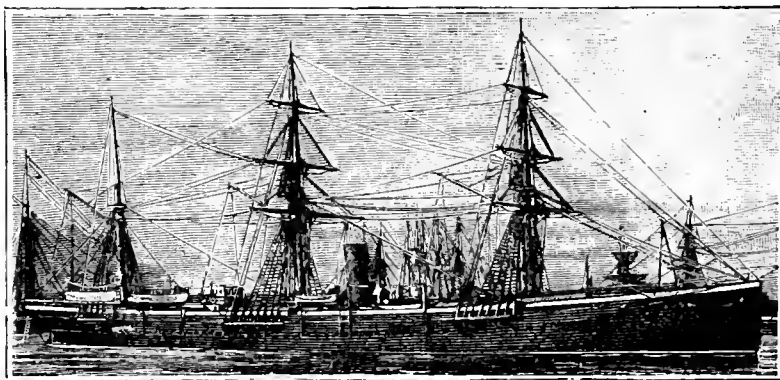
They give us "Home, sweet home," in plaintive
key,
And in its turn breaks out "The Scolding Wife,"
To show that home, however sweet it be,
Is yet not free from strife.

But sometimes "Auld Lang Syne" comes clinking
forth,
And surely every listening heart is charmed;
For what are even the sorrows of the earth
When, past, they are transformed?

Yet all is so ridiculously new,
Except, perhaps, the river and the sky,
The waters and the immemorial blue
For ever sailing by.

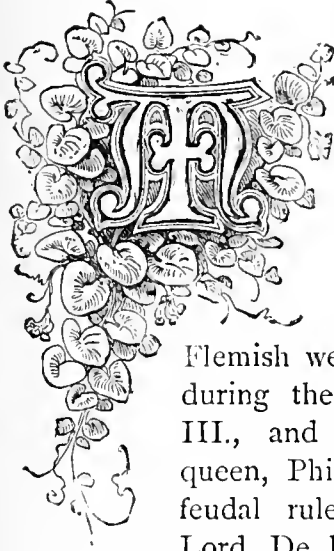
Ay, they are old, but new as well as old,
For old and new are just the same sky dream,
One metal in a slightly different mould,
The same refiltered stream.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.



MANCHESTER:

ITS HISTORICAL MEMORIES.



MANCHESTER was known in the time of the Romans, but the first important period in its history was that in which Flemish weavers arrived in it during the reign of Edward III., and his Flemish-born queen, Philippa. It was the feudal ruler of Manchester, Lord De la Warre, who in those days brought with him from the wars a number of these clever and industrious workmen, and established them in Manchester. In 1422 the town had so much increased and prospered, that its old wooden church no longer sufficed for its population, and the beautiful cathedral, or collegiate church, was erected, the body of which remains to the present day. The tower lasted till 1864, when it was thought to be insecure, and was removed, the present one, a *facsimile* of the first, replacing it. The cathedral had originally very beautiful painted glass windows, but they were broken to pieces by the Roundheads.*

Lelande tells us that in his day (reign of Henry VIII.) "Manchestre was the fairest, best built, quietest, and most populous town in Lancashire." Certainly we know that it was a picturesque town in the reign of Elizabeth, having in it many fine old halls, most of them of wood and plaster, fronted in black and white, "magpie," as it was called. The style of the inferior houses is shown in an old tavern, called the Seven Stars, in Withy Grove.

* There is a tradition that the workmen who built this collegiate church had a penny a day and their meals at the old Seven Stars Hotel.

This is believed to be the oldest licensed public-house in Great Britain, and it has many historical reminiscences connected with it.

The front portion of the house in Withy Grove retains much of its original character. The tap-room, kitchen, bar parlour, and vestry are in excellent preservation. The vestry was the meeting place of the gentlemen who constituted the Watch and Ward of the town. At the top of the old staircase, on entering the hotel, can be seen an old clock, which has stood there for 200 years.

We read in *Notes and Queries* that "There is an old inn, or tavern, at the foot of Shude Hill, in Manchester, called the Seven Stars, which it is said has been a licensed house since A.D. 1350; the proof of which lies in Lancaster Castle, where are deposited the records of the various licenses. I presume licenses were granted at this early period."

In the *Manchester City News*, April 25th, 1885, it is stated that in the course of structural alterations which were being carried on at the Seven Stars Hotel, Withy Grove, Manchester, some discoveries of silver plate were made, which pointed to the conclusion that, during the Cromwellian era, that house was occupied by Charles I.'s troops, and that a then celebrated regiment of dragoons had occasion to secrete their mess plate there, in some case of emergency.

The house has been licensed 511 years.

In Harrison Ainsworth's "Guy Fawkes," a visit (*authentic*) of Guy Fawkes and his companions to the Seven Stars is described as follows:—

"After much debate, it was decided that their safest plan would be to proceed to

Manchester, where Humphrey Chetham undertook to procure them safe lodgings at the Seven Stars,—an excellent hostel, kept by a worthy widow, who, he affirmed, would do anything to serve him. Accordingly, they set out at nightfall,—Viviana taking her place before Guy Fawkes, and relinquishing Zayda to the young merchant and the priest. Shaping their course through Worsley, by Monton Green and Pendleton, they arrived in about an hour within sight of the town, which then,—not a tithe of its present size, and unpolluted by the smoky atmosphere in which it is now constantly enveloped,—was not without some pretensions to a picturesque appearance.

“Crossing Salford Bridge, they mounted Smithy Bank, as it was then termed, and proceeding along Cateaton Street and Hanging Ditch, struck into Whithing (now Withy) Grove, at the right of which, just where a few houses were beginning to straggle up Shude Hill, stood, and still stands, the comfortable hostel of the Seven Stars. Here they stopped, and were warmly welcomed by its buxom mistress, Dame Sutcliffe. Muffled in Guy Fawkes’ cloak, the priest gained the chamber, to which he was ushered unobserved. And Dame Sutcliffe, though her Protestant notions were a little scandalized at her dwelling being made the sanctuary of a Popish priest, promised, at the instance of Master Chetham, whom she knew to be no favourer of idolatry in a general way, to be answerable for his safety.”

On entering the hotel, the following words will be seen on a door :—

“*Ye Guy Faux Chamber.*”

This is the room in which Guy Faux was concealed the night on which he made his escape. The old door still remains from which he made his exit.

In the year 1805, when Napoleon was threatening an invasion of England, and had gathered a flotilla at Boulogne to bring over his army, a press-gang were staying

at the Seven Stars to press seamen for our naval defence, on which the safety of England depended. Seeing a farmer’s servant leading up Withy Grove a horse that had lost a shoe, they seized or pressed him, and brought him into the hotel. Before leaving it, he nailed the loose horse-shoe to a pillar in the lobby, saying, “Let this shoe stay here till I come from the wars to claim it.”

It is there still.

At the beginning of the civil war of the seventeenth century, Manchester was the scene of some severe fighting. The townsmen were favourable to the Parliament, because they believed that Charles was favourable to Popery.

There was heavy fighting at the bridge which preceded that now called the “Victoria,” the combat being carried on even in the churchyard adjoining it. But the Cavaliers never succeeded in any of their attacks upon Manchester. Soon after the Restoration there was a great influx of people into the town, and also into Liverpool, from the neighbouring districts, and in Queen Anne’s reign another church was built, called St. Anne’s. The commerce of Manchester grew rapidly after the Irwell had become navigable to its confluence with the Mersey, and the mechanical inventions of later times have made Manchester into a most populous and thriving centre of the cotton trade. Factories arose in every part of it, and new streets sprang up.

Modern Manchester can boast of two splendid buildings in the Gothic style: the Assize Courts and the Town Hall, the apex of the tower, crowned with its gilt ball, is 286 feet high. The painted glass windows are remarkable for harmony of colouring.

There is, also, the cathedral, for we have a Bishop of Manchester now, and there are wonderfully fine buildings in Dean’s Gate.

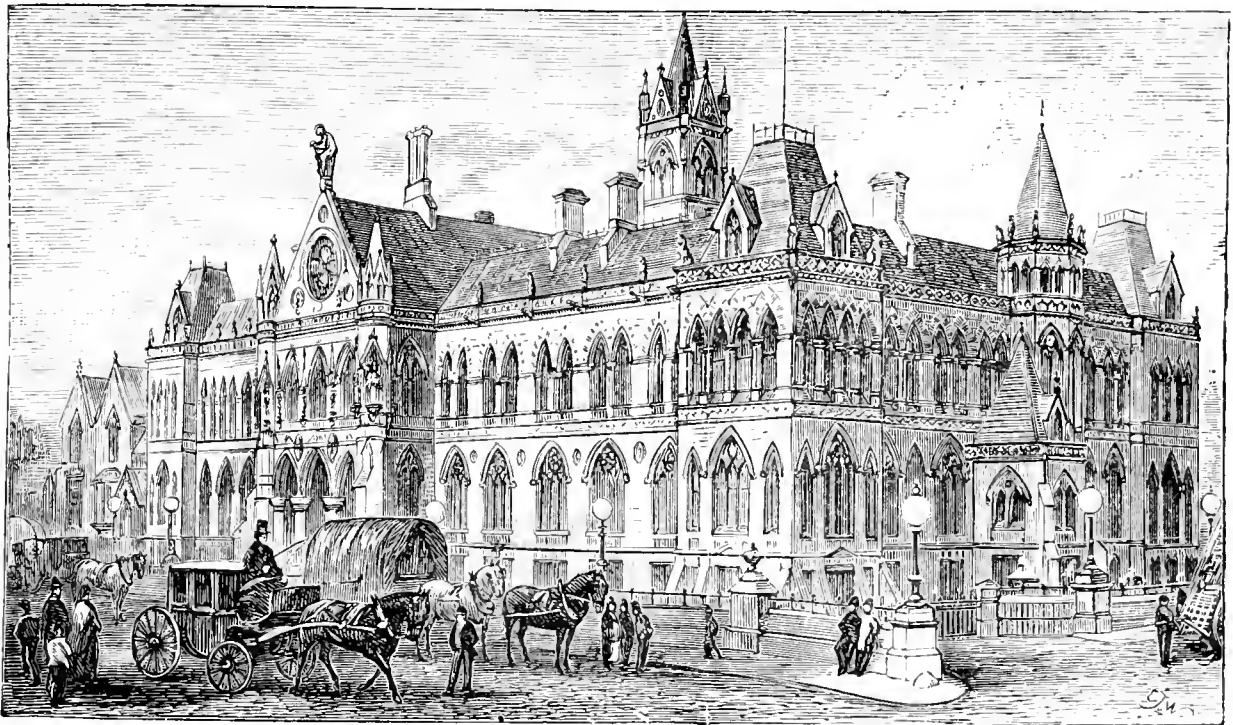
It has been cleverly said that while “Liverpool is one great wharf, Man-

chester is one great warehouse,"* for this is exactly true. A visit to the warehouses of Manchester is always full of interest to the traveller.

Manchester is famed for its love of music, as indeed Liverpool also is ; in fact, music seems inherent in Lancashire folk, as well as in Staffordshire. For glees and madrigals, they rival the old Saxon gleemen and glee-maidens ; they love flowers, as their frequent shows manifest, and pictures, as the purchases of their millionaires prove ; and are remarkable, in fact, for industry,

economic ideas, and generally strong intelligence.

The one little gleam of romance attached to Manchester is the appearance there of Prince Charles Stuart, on the 28th of November, 1745. At the head of his vanguard, he reached Lancaster on Nov. 24th, wearing a Stuart plaid, with a blue sash and a blue bonnet, with a white rose, the badge of the House of York, in front. He had not more than 5,600 men with him when he entered Lancashire, hoping that the English Jacobites would



THE ASSIZE COURTS, MANCHESTER.

rise there, and these soldiers were chiefly Highland clans, led by their chiefs to the music of the bagpipes. On their banners were inscribed, "Liberty and Property—Church and King." Their arms were the broadsword, dirk, and shield, and a few were musketeers. They were led by the Prince, the Dukes of Perth and Athol, the Marquises of Montrose and Dundee, and twelve other Scotch and English noblemen. Generally the most rigid discipline was enforced, but in some cases they

seized the farmers' horses for mounting their cavalry.

At Manchester they were joined by 200 English Jacobites, who were formed into a regiment commanded by Colonel Townley, and called the Manchester Regiment ; it continued with the Prince's army till the battle of Culloden. The opinions of the Manchester people had greatly changed since Charles I.'s time ; then they had been Roundheads, now they were Jacobites, and they welcomed Prince Charles with illuminations and every public demonstration of joy.

* "Lancashire," by Leo Grindon.

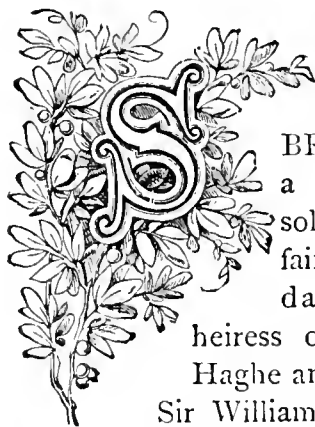
From thence Charles Edward marched through Stockport to Derby, from whence he made his fatal retreat. After the lost battle of Culloden, a considerable number of his English partizans, principally officers of the Manchester regiment, were taken to London and tried for high treason. At the head of these unfortunate men stood Francis Townley, nephew of Mr. Townley, of Townley Hall, Lancashire.

They were all condemned to the savage death for traitors; there were seventeen tried; of that number Francis Townley, Colonel of the Manchester Regiment; T. T. Deacon, James Dawson, John Barwick, George Fletcher, and Andrew Blood, captains in it; Thomas Chadwick, lieutenant; Thomas Syddall, adjutant, all of the same regiment, and David Morgan, a volunteer in the prince's army, were executed on Kennington Common, on the 30th of July, with all the horrid accompaniments; drawn on a hurdle, partially hanged, then the heart was taken out, and the body quartered. As they mounted the scaffold, each of the prisoners made

a sort of confession of faith; seven of the nine declaring themselves to be of the Church of England, and all met their fate with heroic constancy. The heads of Colonel Townley and Captain George Fletcher were placed on Temple Bar; the heads of the other prisoners were preserved in spirits, and sent into the country, to be placed on the gates of Manchester and Carlisle.

A most touching and tragic story belongs to these executions. James Dawson was engaged to be married to a beautiful young girl, whose sorrow at his imprisonment and sentence may be imagined. She saw him constantly through bribing the jailers, and bade him a last adieu the night before his death; but her devoted affection caused her to insist on going to Kennington Common to be with him to the last. As might have been expected, the horror of the scene proved fatal, and as her lover's heart was held up, she sank back and died. Shenstone has made this tragedy the subject of a very pretty poem.

THE LEGEND OF MAB'S CROSS.



SIR WILLIAM BRADSHAGHE was a great traveller and soldier, and married a fair lady named Mabel, daughter and sole heiress of Hugh Norris de Haghe and Blackrood.

Sir William was absent at the wars for ten years, and the lady hearing nothing from him, after a time was persuaded that he had fallen in battle, and accepted in second nuptials a Welsh knight,

whose love was chiefly given to her money.

But at length, in the habit of a pilgrim, Sir William returned to Lancashire, and, joining a party of poor people who were going for alms to his old home, came into the presence of his wife and her second husband. As he bent before her, the Lady Mabel, struck by his resemblance to her first (and supposed) dead husband, murmured a sad regret that *he* had not returned as others had, and burst into a flood of tears. Enraged, and jealous even of the dead, the Welsh knight, with a savage oath,

struck her. Her husband, angry and indignant, at once drew her to him, and exclaimed, "I am the man you mourn; I am William Bradshaghe."

And he turned from the hall, and went to make himself known to his tenants, "in which space of time," says the legend, "the knight instantly fled; but Sir William pursued him, overtook him near Newton Park, and slew him for his past and present cruelty to a woman." For this deed Sir William was tried and punished by exile for some time from England.

Lady Mabel had been faithless, and had (though not consciously) committed bigamy. She sorely repented of her fault, and her husband forgave her; but her confessor enjoined, as a penance for it, that she should go bare-footed and bare-legged to a cross near Wigan from her home, the Haghe, once every week, as long as she lived, to weep and pray for pardon. The cross to this day is called Mab's Cross. It stands at the top of Standishgate, at the entrance to the town by the Standish road, and consists of the base of a pillar and a half-shaft of four sides, rounded off by time. To this the lady made her weekly pilgrimages, as we have said, in penitential attire, from the chapel of Haigh Hall, a distance of two miles.

At the end of the tomb now in the church the lady is represented at the foot of the cross, and at the other the knights are seen in deadly combat. On the sides are a number of shields and monkish figures. Within the rails which enclose the tomb are two beautifully executed marble monuments; one to Maria Margaret Frances, wife of James, Earl of Crawford; born 1783, died 1850; and the other to Alexander, seventh Earl of Balcarras, and Elizabeth Bradshaigh, his wife.

It was this heiress of the Bradshaighs of

Haigh who, having in 1780 married Alexander, seventh Earl of Balcarras, brought Haigh Hall to him, and from this event dates the connection of the Lindsays with Lancashire.

Earl Alexander served in the American Revolutionary War, and at Saratoga was opposed to Benedict Arnold. Some time after, when present at court, the king introduced him to the American traitor. "What, sire!" exclaimed Balcarras, drawing back, "the traitor Arnold!"

This insult led to a challenge; of course a duel followed, and it was agreed that the principals should fire at a given signal. Arnold fired and missed. The earl did *not* fire; he turned and walked away. "Why don't you fire, my lord?" asked Arnold. "Sir," said Lord Balcarras, glancing back, "I leave you to the executioners."

On Lord Balcarras's return from Jamaica in 1801 he lived chiefly at Haigh, which had been in a sad state of decay, but which he perfectly restored, as well as the fortunes of his family. To his sister, Lady Anne Barnard, the nation is indebted for the exquisite ballad of "Auld Robin Gray."

But perhaps the most remarkable of the Lancashire Lindsays was Alexander William Crawford Lindsay, the eighth earl. He was a graceful writer, and an accomplished art critic. His charming "Lives of the Lindsays" was published in 1838, and is dated from Haigh. The "History of Christian Art" is well known, as are his "Letters from the East," and "Memoirs of the Revolution in Scotland." He died in 1880.

His son, who represented Wigan in the House of Commons, is a good astronomer, and fitted out, at his own expense, the expedition to the Mauritius for observing the transit of Venus.

LANCASHIRE:

ITS CASTLES AND OLD HALLS.



THE old and restored halls of Lancashire are numerous, and some are highly picturesque, especially the half-timbered houses.

In many of the ancient dwellings a secret chamber is to be found, for Lancashire was long faithful to the Roman Catholic ritual and doctrine, and no doubt priests were often concealed in these apartments. They may also have concealed fugitive Cavaliers. Still, the chamber is generally called the "priest's chamber." They were usually built in the great chimney-stacks, and communicated with the chamber of the master of the house, food being supplied by sliding panels between the rooms. These "priests' holes" may be still found at Speke, Lydiate, Widnes, and Stonyhurst, and in an old house at Goose-nargh, in the centre wall of which there are two, the wall being four feet thick. In a secret chamber at Mains Hall Cardinal Allen is said to have been once confined and concealed.

Speke Hall, the oldest hall in South Lancashire, is a black and white half-timbered house, and is extremely picturesque. It is situated on the margin of the estuary of the Mersey, with an approach from the water's edge by an avenue of trees. The foundations of Speke are of solid masonry; the house itself is constructed on a framework of immensely strong timbers, vertical and horizontal, with diagonal bracings of oak, the interstices filled in with laths covered by a composition or cement of lime and clay.

The house was surrounded by a moat

originally, of which but the trace remains, and a bridge over it conducts us to the principal entrance. On the lower edge of the window in front of the porch is an inscription carved in antique letters:—

"This worke twenty-five yards long was wolly built by Edw. N. Esq. Anno 1598." That is, by Edward Norreys, for the Norreyses then possessed the property.

In the centre of the large square court are two large yew-trees, and over the moat is a fine weeping-willow. At each angle of the southern wall, within the court, are two large corbelled windows, one of which lights the great hall, a large and lofty apartment. Against the north wall of the hall is the wainscot brought by Sir William Norreys from Holyrood. It is perpendicularly divided into eight compartments, that are again divided into five rows of panels; four of these panels contain each a grotesque but beautifully carved head, surrounded by mantling. The second row of panels contains, in detached portions, this inscription:—

"Slepe not : till : ye : hath : consederd :
how : thou : hast : spent : ye : day : past :
If : thou : have : well : don : thank : God : If
other : ways : re : -pent : ye : "

Below these are three more rows, ornamented with carvings.

Over the mantelpiece of the dining-room is a carved pedigree in oak of three generations of the Norreyses; but it is now much decayed.

These panels were spoil from the battle of Flodden Field. Sir William Norreys, in reward of his valour in that fatal fight, was allowed by Surrey to take whatever he pleased from the unhappy James IV.'s palace. Over the door is another of these black-letter inscriptions:—

"The : strengest : God : to : love : and :
 serve :
 way : to Heaven : is : above : all : thyng."

The Norreys family possessed Speke till the male line became extinct, and was succeeded by Mary Norreys, Thomas Norreys's daughter, who in 1736 married Lord Sidney Beauclerk, fifth son of Charles, first Duke of St. Alban's. Their son was Topham Beauclerk, immortalised (by his friendship with Johnson and Reynolds) in Boswell's "Life of Johnson." He married in 1768 Lady Diana Spencer, the divorced wife of Lord Bolingbroke. He died without family, having dismembered the estates, and Speke Hall was sold to Richard Watt, Esq., who had risen by his own industry from a stable-boy at Liverpool. He went to the West Indies, made a good deal of money, and became a rich merchant of Liverpool. Speke Hall is now in trust for a lady who is his collateral descendant.

Mosleys, in Leigh parish, has a love romance connected with it. Sir Thomas Leyland, of Mosleys, had an only daughter and heiress, named Anne. This young lady, tradition tells us, formed an attachment to Edward Tildesley, of Wardlaw, but her father, who was either on ill terms with that family, or had other views for his heiress, shut her up in her own room to prevent the lovers meeting. Mistress Anne, however, had managed to procure a rope, and her lover was watching on the other side of the moat. She boldly threw him one end of the rope, and tied the other round her waist. The water of the moat was thirty feet deep, so she must have had some means of conveying the rope across it better than a woman's proverbially bad throwing; it might possibly have been sent by an arrow, for our story is of Elizabeth's reign. However it was managed, the end of the rope reached young Edward, and then the girl bravely leaped out of the window into the water, and he dragged her to land. Horses were waiting. They rode swiftly away, and were married before the flight of the maiden was discovered. This

adventure dates in 1560. She was pardoned, and brought her inheritance to the Tildesleys.

The Leyland family also produced a more than centenarian. "In 1732," says Holland Watson, "died at Lingnasken, in Ireland, Mr. William Leyland, aged 139 and upwards (descended perhaps from the Leylands of Mosleys). He was a tall and prodigiously large-boned man, and so strong and healthy that he never was sick, nor did he lose his sight, limb, or digestive quality until death, a short time before which he gave the following account of himself: that he was born at Warrington in 1593, that he remembered the coronation of James I. in 1602, that he lived in Warrington till 1664, and then went to Ireland, where he lived ever since in good credit in the county of Fermanagh" (*History of Lancashire and MSS.*).

Hoghton Tower, near Preston, stands in a strikingly picturesque situation, scarcely inferior to any of the best placed of our castles, and worthy of comparison with many of them.

Thomas Hoghton, in the reign of Elizabeth, built it from the stone of a quarry he possessed in the park. Dr. Kuerden says:—

"This tower was built in Queen Elizabeth's reign by one, Thomas Houghton, who translated this manor house, formerly placed below the hill, nere unto the water side. Betwixt the inward square court and the second was a very tall, strong tower or gate-house which in the late and unhappy civil wars was accidentally blown up by powder, with some adjacent buildings, after the surrender thereof, and one, Captain Starky, with 200 soldiers, was killed in that blast most wofully. The outward (wall) is defended with two lesser bastions upon the south-west and north-west corners, besides another placed in the midst betwixt them, now serving for an outer gate-house. This stately fabrick is environed with a most spacious park, which in former time was so full of tymber that a man passing through

it could scarce have seen the sun shine at middle of day ; but of later days most of it has been destroyed. It was much replenished with wild beasts, as with boars and bulls of a white and spangled colour, and red deer in great plenty."

At Hoghton Manor James I., in his journey from Edinburgh to London, spent three days, and was magnificently entertained by Sir Richard Hoghton.

There is an old tradition that while here, King James, who bestowed honours with absurd profusion on that eventful journey, being struck by a magnificent joint of beef—the loin—dubbed it *Sir-loin*, as it is called to this day.

Hoghton Tower still shows clear traces of its original strength and grandeur. Standing in isolated majesty on the rocky banks of the Darwen, we see what it must have been, and how nobly it was placed. The western front has three stately towers ; the centre one battlemented, and with indented windows ; and at the entrance arch that leads to the outer court is the statue of a knight slaying a griffin. The outer court is of great space, to the inner we approach by a fine flight of steps. The tower contains grand staircases, galleries, and many apartments. The chamber called James I.'s is richly wainscoted. His visit here is the subject of one of Cattermole's best pictures, now in the possession of Mr. John Hargreaves, Rock Ferry.

The buildings on each side of the entrance are ornamented with mouldings, fillets, balls, and mullioned windows.

The great hall is lighted by high and large mullioned windows ; the music gallery at one end remains, and the fire-place. All the upstairs rooms are wainscoted ; one is called the guinea room—gilt circles abounding in the pattern in which the panels are painted—but the rooms are fast decaying, and becoming ruinous. The landscape seen from the tower is strikingly beautiful ; extending over the rocky scenery of the Darwen.

The founder of this beautiful tower was

an exile in Elizabeth's reign, perhaps, soon after he had erected his stately home, for conscience sake.

He was a devout Catholic, and refused to comply with some of the requirements of the Protestant Government ; he was obliged, consequently, to abandon his native country and find a refuge on the continent, and died, an exile, at Liege, in 1580. His banishment was the theme of the old ballad, "The Blessed Conscience."

A tragic story belongs to Blackburn Parish. In the second year of King James, a gardener, named John Waters, of Lower Darwen, was often absent from his home on account of distant employment. His rather long absence, therefore, did not arouse much surprise or anxiety ; but when he did not return after weeks had passed away, and his wife was often in the company of Giles Haworth, a neighbour, suspicion became awakened, and the matter was talked over by the people. Then a man, named Thomas Haworth, a yeoman of the place, began to be tormented by horrid dreams of the murder, and told his wife of them ; but she entreated him not to mention them, as they could mean nothing : however, every day, as he had to pass Waters's house on his way to his fields, he called regularly at the door to ask if his friend had returned. One day he found Mrs. Waters out, but seeing people in the room he went in as usual to ask if anything had been heard of John Waters. He found a neighbour there and the constable, Myles Aspinall ; in answer to his inquiry the neighbour pointed to the hearth-stone, and said, "People say that Waters lies under this stone." And Thomas Haworth then replied, "I have dreamed night after night that he is under a stone, but not there." The constable at once asked him to tell his dreams, and Thomas, who was actually made unhappy and ill by their nightly recurrence, answered, "I dream every night that he is murdered, and buried under a stone in the cowhouse." The

constable said, "There can be no harm in searching there." They went out at once to the spot, and disinterred the poor gardener's body, which had lain there eight weeks. Giles Haworth fled the moment

he heard that Ann Waters had been arrested, and a man, named Ribchester, fled with him. The woman was tried and confessed the crime. She said that she and Giles had hired Ribchester to kill her



GATEWAY, LANCASTER CASTLE.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Frith & Co., Reigate.)

husband, but that when the hired assassin saw the poor man sleeping peacefully between his two baby children his heart failed him, and he refused to harm him. Giles, very angry, seized an axe and dashed

out Waters's brains, and they buried him in the cowhouse. The actual culprit never returned, nor was it known what had become of him, nor did Ribchester return. Ann Waters was found guilty on her own

confession, and was burned, according to the then existing law, for the murder of her husband.

The Hall i' the Wood is a most interesting place. It was so called because hidden in the centre of a forest ; it is built on the brow of a high precipitous cliff, at the foot of which flows the little river Eagley. Hall i' th' Wood might have been the home of some Lancashire franklin or country gentleman. Its large bay window belongs to the age of its erection. In the room of the house that has this remarkable window, Crompton invented his cotton machine.

Clitheroe Castle consists now only of the keep and a portion of the outer wall, but it has a singular situation. It stands on a huge limestone crag rising out of a great plain which extends to the west from the foot of Pendle.

The chief builders of Clitheroe were probably the De Lacys, but there was never any important family dwelling here. The walls of Clitheroe are ten feet thick. The chapel has long disappeared, its ruins being probably used for building the huts and cottages of the neighbouring villages.

Lancaster Castle is supposed, from the Roman antiquities discovered there, to have been a Roman station. It was dismantled by the Picts after the Romans had left Britain, but was restored by the Anglo-Saxons of Northumbria, under whom it first gave name to the shire. The town of Lancaster received a charter from King John. The castle was enlarged, almost

rebuilt, by Edward III., who conferred the Duchy of Lancashire on his son, John of Gaunt, in whose favour he made the county again a Palatinate. Henceforth the castle was connected with the famous man who supported Wicliffe, and who was great in war and peace, "time honoured Lancaster." It was a strong and stately castle, commanding views of the sea, and we may imagine the splendour of its rooms when the great Plantagenet Prince dwelt in it.

The town of Lancaster stands on the slope of an eminence rising from the river Lune, and the summit of this eminence is crowned by the castle, which, with the church beside it, is highly picturesque from the bridge across the river. The entire area of the castle measures 380 feet by 350, not including the terrace. The oldest portion, perhaps built by Roger de Poicou, the original builder of the castle, is the lower part of the tower or keep, a massive building, eighty feet square, with walls ten feet thick. The upper portion was rebuilt in the reign of Elizabeth. This tower is seventy feet high, and eighty up to the turret called John o' Gaunt's Chair.

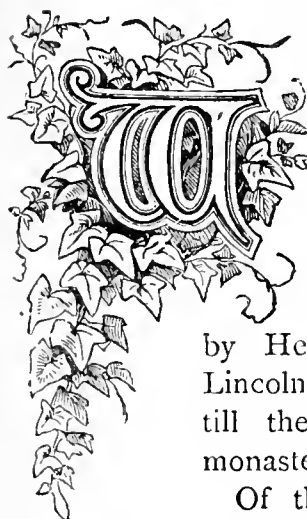
From thence a magnificent view is obtained over the surrounding country, and especially towards the sea, where it extends to the Isle of Man. The magnificent gateway tower is said to have been built by John of Gaunt.

The castle is very spacious in plan, comprising a large courtyard and several smaller courts. It is now fitted up as a county jail and court-house.



WHALLEY ABBEY AND LATHOM HOUSE:

THE LEGEND OF THE EAGLE AND THE CHILD.



WHALLEY ABBEY was built in 1296, for the White or Cistercian monks of Scanlan, in the Wirral of Cheshire, by Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, and it flourished till the dissolution of the monasteries.

Of the abbey there are considerable remains, including two stately gateways, a building thought to have been the abbot's private oratory, and other parts less perfect, yet all of them good specimens of Decorated and Perpendicular English architecture. In the parish church of Whalley are three plain stalls, and some good wood screen work, supposed to have been brought from the abbey.

The abbot had a large jurisdiction, for it extended over all Whalley, which is one of the most extensive parishes in England. But in Henry VIII.'s time the end came to Whalley as to other abbeys.

The changes in the Church, followed by the excommunication of the king, aroused the hopes and zeal of the northern Catholics, who were devotedly attached to their old faith.

An insurrection first broke out in Lincolnshire; it was, however, put down by the Earl of Suffolk, and by the effect of letters from the king; but before the insurgents (fifteen of whom were sacrificed to Henry's vengeance) had dispersed, a fierce rebellion broke out beyond the Trent, and spread from Yorkshire into Durham, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire. The king was greatly alarmed; he sent money to the Earl of Suffolk, who was at Newark,

to buy off some of the ringleaders; the Earl of Shrewsbury was constituted the king's lieutenant, north of the Trent, and the Duke of Norfolk was sent into Yorkshire with Lord Exeter and five thousand men; there was thus a regular army of ten thousand men in the field. But the rebels amounted to forty thousand, and were under the command of Robert Aske, a Yorkshire gentleman. The men of the North gave a religious character to their rising. They called their expedition the Pilgrimage of Grace, and carried banners on which were depicted the five wounds of Christ. They demanded the driving away of baseborn councillors—alluding to Cromwell—the suppression of heresy, and the restitution of the goods of the Church; and they were in bitter earnest, for they had felt cruelly the suppression of the monasteries, where they had been fed and tended in sickness, and consoled in sorrow. They were soon joined by the Archbishop of York, Lords Darcy, Latimer, and Scroop, Sir Thomas Percy and others, who seized York and Hull.

The undisciplined host was not unanimous, however, in its intentions, and there was difference of opinion and contention in the camp.

When they moved upon Doncaster, they were checked by Shrewsbury and the Duke of Norfolk, who had drawn out a strong battery of cannon in front of the town.

The rebels paused, and Norfolk entered into an armistice with them. He was authorised, after a little delay, to give such assurances to the rebels as would induce them to separate and disperse, and the king wrote gracious letters to his "trusty and well-beloved Lord Darcy and Captain

Aske, expressing his earnest desire to see and converse with them, trusting that they were at heart repentant. But they were wise enough to decline the royal invitation. Treachery, however, was in the midst of them; every man doubted the good faith of his comrade, and they grew disheartened, and dispersed. Lord Darcy, Aske, and most of the original leaders were taken, sent to London, and executed as traitors. Encouraged by the early promise of the rebellion, the Abbot of Whalley and his monks, who had been evicted from the abbey, returned in triumph to it, but the act was fatal. They were charged with being in communion with Aske, and the abbot and one of his monks were executed for treason.

With them also suffered the abbots of Barlings, Fountains, Jervaux, Woburn, and the Prior of Bridlington.

Lathom House, the seat of Lord Skelmersdale, is a magnificent edifice on an elevated plain, commanding extensive prospects, but it is a modern house, its oldest part, the south front, having been commenced by William, ninth Earl of Derby, and completed in 1724, by Sir Thomas Bootle.

Lathom was for many centuries the house of the great Stanley family, but it was transferred by marriage, in 1714, to Lord Ashburnham, who sold it to Mr. Henry Furness. He in turn disposed of it in 1724 to Sir Thomas Bootle, whose niece and heiress carried it by marriage to Richard Wilbraham, of Rode Hall, Cheshire, who then took the name of Bootle. Lathom descended to their eldest son, created in 1828 Lord Skelmersdale.

Of the famous old Lathom House no traces remain, yet it is to that renowned dwelling both the historical record and legend of the Stanleys belongs.

It came by marriage to them, Isabella, sole heiress of Lathom, Knowsley, and other large estates, having married Sir John Stanley, who thus acquired immense wealth.

The legend of the Eagle and the Child,

the crest of the Stanleys, belongs to this pair.

Sir Thomas Lathom, Isabel's father, had an illegitimate son, though no male descendant had been borne by his wife. He managed to have this infant laid by a confidential servant at the foot of a tree in his park, which was frequented by an eagle. He and his wife taking a walk, of course by his instigation and direction, found the babe. The lady, believing that it had been brought thither by the eagle, and miraculously preserved by their approach, took the infant in her arms and adopted it as her son. The name of Oskatel was given to the child, its mother being named Mary Oskatel. From this time the crest of the Eagle and Child was assumed; but as the old knight approached the end of his life, his conscience smote him, and on his deathbed he bequeathed to Isabel the principal part of his fortune; leaving to Oskatel only the manors of Irlam and Urmston, near Manchester, and some possessions in Cheshire, where he settled—he had been knighted by the king—and became the founder of the family of Lathom of Astbury.

But this is merely a legend, and a legend told, also, in the time of King Alfred.

Old Lathom House was built in the reign of Edward I., 1304.

The second Lord Stanley married the mother of Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII. of England. Heedless of the honours they had received from the House of York, both Sir Thomas and Sir William Stanley deserted Richard on his last battlefield, and went over to Richmond; a desertion that decided the victory, and which Henry acknowledged when he became king by creating Thomas first Lord Derby. William was rewarded, ten years afterwards, by Henry's causing him to be beheaded on a charge of high treason for being engaged in Perkin Warbeck's conspiracy.

A few months after this cruel and ungrateful deed, the king paid a visit to his

mother (Thomas's wife) at Lathom, at that time in all its splendour. But the king's visit seems to have been shortened unpleasantly. A tradition remains in the Stanley family, that when Henry was entertained at Lathom, he went over the whole house—his mother's—and then was taken by Lord Derby on the leads, that he might see the prospect of the country. The earl's fool had followed them, and seeing the king standing near the unguarded edge of the leads, he stepped up to the earl, and pointing to the king, said, "Tom, remember Will." The king caught the words, and understood their meaning. He turned immediately, and hastened off the leads and out of the house; while the jester long after was greatly grieved that his lord had not had courage to avenge the death of his brother.

At Lathom House, King James I. stopped for two days on his progress from Edinburgh to London, and made many knights.

But the chief historical memory of Lathom is its gallant defence by a woman. It was in the reign of Charles I., that the wife of the seventh Earl of Derby defended Lathom, the key to its district in Lancashire, for the king.

She was a beautiful and high-born woman—let France be proud of her daughter!—the child of Claude de la Tremouille. James, Lord Derby, had taken arms for the king, and left his lovely wife and children almost defenceless at Lathom House. The Parliament, quite aware of the importance of the place, laid siege to it with so large a force that the handful of men that made Lady Derby's garrison seemed of no avail. But Lathom House was not as defenceless as the Parliamentarians believed. Though situated on flat springy ground, it had a strong wall, two yards thick, all round it. Upon the wall were nine towers flanking each other, and in every tower were six pieces of ordnance that played three in one direction, and three in the opposite one. Within the wall was a moat eight

yards wide and two deep, upon the brink of the moat between the wall and the graff was a strong row of palisades, and in the midst of the house was the Eagle Tower surmounting all the rest. The gatehouse was also a strong and high building, with a tower on each side of it, and in the entrance to the first court upon the top of these towers were put the excellent marksmen who had been wont to attend the earl in his field sports. "Nature seemed to have formed the house for a stronghold. The situation of it might be compared to the palm of a man's hand—flat in the middle, and covered with rising ground around it, so that during the siege the enemy was never able to raise a battery against it."

The besiegers formed a line of circumvallation round it at a distance of one hundred or two hundred yards from the wall, and on the 27th of February, 1644, General Sir Thomas Fairfax took up his quarters in front of Lathom House.

On the following day he sent Captain Marsland to the countess with an ordinance from the Parliament requiring her to yield up Lathom House upon honourable conditions, and declaring the mercy of Parliament to the Earl of Derby if he would submit to their authority.

The lady replied that she was surprised that Sir Thomas Fairfax should require her to give up her lord's house without any offence on her part to the Parliament. She desired a week to consider the demand. But Fairfax, of course, aware that she only wanted time, replied that he could not give her a week for reflection; he invited her instead to come to her lord's house of New Park, to which he would take her in his own coach, and where the colonels and himself would discuss matters with her. Lady Derby at once refused; her birth, her sex and her lord's honour required, she said, that Fairfax should come to her, not she to him.

Other conditions were proposed; she rejected them with disdain, and proposed

terms herself. She asked to continue a month in Lathom House, and that then she should, with her children, her friends, her soldiers and her servants, have free transfer to the Isle of Man, then her husband's; and that after her departure no soldiers should be quartered in the lordship of Lathom, nor any garrison put into Lathom or Knowsley House, and that none of her neighbours, tenants, or friends should suffer in their persons or estates.

Sir Thomas Fairfax sent in reply that she must evacuate Lathom House by ten the next morning. She sent back word that she was glad he had refused her terms, and that she was ready to receive their utmost violence, trusting in God for aid and deliverance. The siege commenced. On Tuesday, March 10th—the lady had managed to effect a little delay—a sally was made by her garrison upon the works that had been thrown up by the besiegers. The attack was led by Captain Farmer, aided by Lieutenant Bretargh; they slew about thirty men, took forty arms, one drum and six prisoners. On the 20th, the Roundheads brought one of their cannon to play upon the walls, pinnacles, and turrets.

The same day Fairfax sent a letter that he had received from Lord Derby, who was then at Chester, desiring an honourable and safe passage for his wife and children if she so pleased, being unwilling to expose them to the hazards of a siege. But Lady Derby answered that she would willingly obey her lord, but till she was assured of his pleasure by a letter to herself she would not desert his house.

Then she despatched a messenger to Chester, and the siege proceeded.

On Monday, April 1st, the enemy brought six cannons, loaded with chain shots and bars of iron, to play on the fortress, and next day their mortar piece, loaded with stones, thirteen inches in diameter and eighty pounds in weight.

The Parliamentary Colonels Aston and Moore, dispirited by the small effect of their artillery, now besought their ministers

and “all persons in Lancashire well-wishers to their righteous cause, to offer up prayers for the fall of Lathom House.”

On the following Wednesday, the besieged made a sally. Captain Farmer, Captain Molyneux Radcliffe, Lieutenants Penketh, Worrell and Walthew, with 140 soldiers, issued from a postern gate, beat the enemy back from all their works which they had raised near the house, spiked all their cannon, killed fifty men, took sixty arms and one colour, and three drums, Captain Fox giving the signal when to march and when to retreat by flags from the Eagle Tower, according to the motions of the enemy; for from that height he could see all over the field. From the 4th to the 24th of April, the cannon of the Roundheads played incessantly on the walls and the Eagle Tower, but without producing much effect. On the 25th, Colonel Rigby, who had been left in command by Fairfax, sent a messenger, under a flag of truce, to Lady Derby, requiring her to yield up Lathom House, and all persons, goods and arms within it into his hands, and receive the mercy of Parliament.

Having read this missive the countess called for the messenger, and told him that the due reward for his pains would be to be hanged up at the gates. “But,” she added, “thou art the foolish instrument of a traitor's pride. Carry this answer back to Rigby,” and she tore the letter in pieces; “Tell the insolent rebel that he shall have neither persons, goods, nor house. When our strength and provisions are spent, we shall find a fire more merciful than Rigby; and then, if the providence of God prevent it not, my goods and house shall burn in his sight; and myself, children and soldiers, rather than fall into his hands, will seal our religion and loyalty in the same flame!” These brave words were spoken before the soldiers, and they broke out into acclamations of joy, crying unanimously, “We will die for his Majesty, and your honour! God save the king!”

On the 26th, about four in the morning, before sunrise, Captains Chisenhall and Fox, Lieutenants Bretargh, Penketh, Walthew and Worrell issued forth at the postern gate, and, assisted by Captain Ogle and Captain Rawstorne, took possession of the enemy's trench and scaled his ramparts with considerable slaughter. The main works being thus gained, the two captains lifted the great mortar piece to a low drag, and the men drew it into Lathom House. They endeavoured also to carry off the enemy's cannon, but they lay beyond the ditch, and were of such bulk and weight that all their strength could not bring them away, before the whole of the Roundhead army would have been upon them.

This fight continued for an hour, and the Lathom soldiers lost only two men. From this time till May 25th the besieged had an interval of quiet, as no gun was fired against Lathom.

On Thursday, May 23rd, Captain Edward Mosely brought another summons from his chief, fuller than the former, offering mercy to the garrison.

"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," said Lady Derby calmly; "unless you treat with my lord, you shall never take me or my friends alive."

The same night a spy got through the beleaguering army and told the garrison that Prince Rupert was in Cheshire, and on his march to the relief of Lathom House. The same intelligence having reached Col. Rigby, he drew off his forces on the 27th to Eccleston Common, and raised the siege of Lathom House, marching his soldiers off to Bolton. Thus Lady Derby remained victor.

Bolton was in its turn besieged by Rupert and Lord Derby, and captured, and the spoils taken there yielded several trophies to the Cavaliers; all these were presented to the heroic countess, in testimony of the army's admiration of the triumph attained under her command by her gallant little garrison of three hundred soldiers, who had been assailed by ten

times their number. During the siege, Seacome tells us, the enemy shot at the house 109 cannon balls, thirty-two stones, and four grenadoes, at a cost of a hundred barrels of gunpowder. Their loss amounted to 500 killed and 140 wounded, while the besieged lost only four or five men in all.

After the siege was raised Lady Derby retired with her children, and under the protection of her husband, to the Isle of Man, leaving Lathom House to Colonel Rawstorne.

"The stronghold," writes Mr. Gunn, in "Abbeys and Castles," "made a gallant and successful stand for some time, but the ancient spirit no longer animated the defenders. The wild enthusiasm of last year, which made the countess's men regard death—to them the only alternative with victory—with a gay welcome; and the quick ingenuity of the lady leader—providing for every possible contingency, planning the most daring sallies to be carried out, with deadly and dispiriting effect on the besiegers, and at the smallest possible expense of life to the besieged—these, as well as the primal motive and cue for action, the circumstance that their commander was a lovely woman, who sought their protection while she guided their efforts, were all now wanting to the defenders of Lathom House."

Their munitions of war exhausted, and no reinforcements coming from the king, who was in Chester that September, Colonel Rawstorne was obliged to surrender on bare terms of mercy.

The besiegers plundered the fine old house, threw down the towers, and destroyed the defences.

The Parliament were so delighted at the fall of the famous house, that they ordered thanksgivings to be returned to God on the next Lord's Day for its surrender.

The brave and beautiful Lady Derby was destined to endure a great sorrow. Her gallant husband, James the seventh Earl of Derby, was taken prisoner after the battle of Worcester, and beheaded by the

Roundheads in 1651. The countess survived him for twelve years, dying in 1663. She was buried at Ormskirk.

After the Restoration, the celebrated ruins and estate were returned to the Derby family, but in 1714 the property was, as we have before said, transferred to Lord Ashburnham.

Knowsley Hall is the present seat of the Stanleys, a magnificent structure, situated in the parish of Huyton, Lancashire, seven miles from Liverpool, and two from Prescott.

Knowsley Park is ten miles in circumference, and is full of the most lovely and picturesque scenes of sylvan beauty.

The mansion itself is rather grand from its dimensions than for architectural beau-

ties, though the part rebuilt in 1820 has fine battlements, turrets and crenelated parapets. Lathom House is ever the glory of the family, and over the south or front entrance of Knowsley, beneath the shield of arms, is this inscription: "James, Earl of Derby, Lord of Man and the Isles, grandson of James, Earl of Derby, and of Charlotte, daughter of Claude, Duke de la Tremouille, whose husband James was beheaded at Bolton, 15th October, 1652, for strenuously supporting Charles II., who refused a bill passed unanimously by both Houses of Parliament for restoring to the family the estates lost by his loyalty to him, 1732." A lasting record of royal ingratitude.

THE LAKES OF LANCASHIRE.



FROM Peel, a little cape where the boats arrive from Fleetwood, is a delightful route to the Lake District, because, in the first place, it gives us a short time on the water, secondly, because it is the best approach to Duddon Bridge, where the coast of Lancashire ends. The

Duddon has been immortalised by Wordsworth's series of sonnets, and is worthy of the fame he has given it. By the bridge we approach Black Combe, the most gloomy and stern-looking of the Cumberland mountains, 2,000 feet in height, and affording from its summit most wonderfully extensive and grand views.

Wordsworth has thus described the view from Black Combe:—

"Here the amplest range
Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
Which British ground commands: low, dusky track,
Where Trent is nursed, far southward! Cambrian
To the south-west, a multitudinous show; [hills
And, in a line of eyesight linked with these,
The hoary peaks of Scotland that give birth
To Teviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and Clyde;
Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes forth,
Gigantic mountains rough with crags; beneath,
Right at the imperial station's western base,
Main ocean, breaking audibly, and stretched
Far into silent regions, blue and pale;
And visibly engirdling Mona's Isle."

"On the east side of the mountain," says Murray's Guide, "is a craggy amphitheatre which some geologists have thought to be the crater of an extinct volcano, from a curious cone-shaped mound that rises in the centre of the hollow. Some of the rocks have the appearance of vitrification, but there is no reason to suppose that any active volcano has ever existed here. The lower side or edge of the basin is broken off, and an extensive porphyry dyke runs down into the vale at the south."



KNOWSLEY HALL, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF DERBY.

The railway conveys us to Coniston and to the foot of the Old Man, a mountain 2,649 feet above the sea-level, and of so peculiar a form that it is easily recognised (when once pointed out) from the crowd of other heights. The path up the Old Man is not at all difficult, and the view from its height is superb. The whole of the Furness peninsula, Morecombe Bay, with its glittering water and fatal sands, the estuaries of the Duddon, Leven, and Kent, Walney Island in the Irish Sea, the Isle of Man, and a long line of coast broken by capes and promontories, are seen. Over the Leven one can just catch sight of Lancaster Castle. But these grand prospects can of course only be seen in clear weather, and mist and vapour too often envelop the mountain.

Coniston Water—what a sweet name it is!—is six miles long, but in no part of it a mile wide. A lovely little lake, with greenest banks, brown heathy slopes and winding ravines, its pure waters sparkling in the sunlight, and around it the glorious heights.

The view down the lake is very fine from the grandeur of the surrounding mountains, especially the Furness Fells. Coniston has on its tranquil bosom two little islands, one of them, which is a perfect grove of Scotch pines, is called Fir Island. Many small streams feed Coniston, the two largest being Coniston Beck and Black Beck. The Crake river flows out of this lake at Nibthwaite. At Tent Lodge near the lake Tennyson once lived, and Brantwood is the abode of Ruskin. Peel Island stretches boldly to the western shore, beyond which are green scattered woods and rocks, fishermen's cottages and farmsteads, and the Yewdale Crag, and the great Old Man mountain rising over them, and shutting in the scene.

The Duddon—the river Wordsworth has immortalised in his sonnets—may be seen from the road leading from Coniston to Broughton, which is over high ground. The scenery is beautiful. From the river the fair and fertile lands of Lancashire and

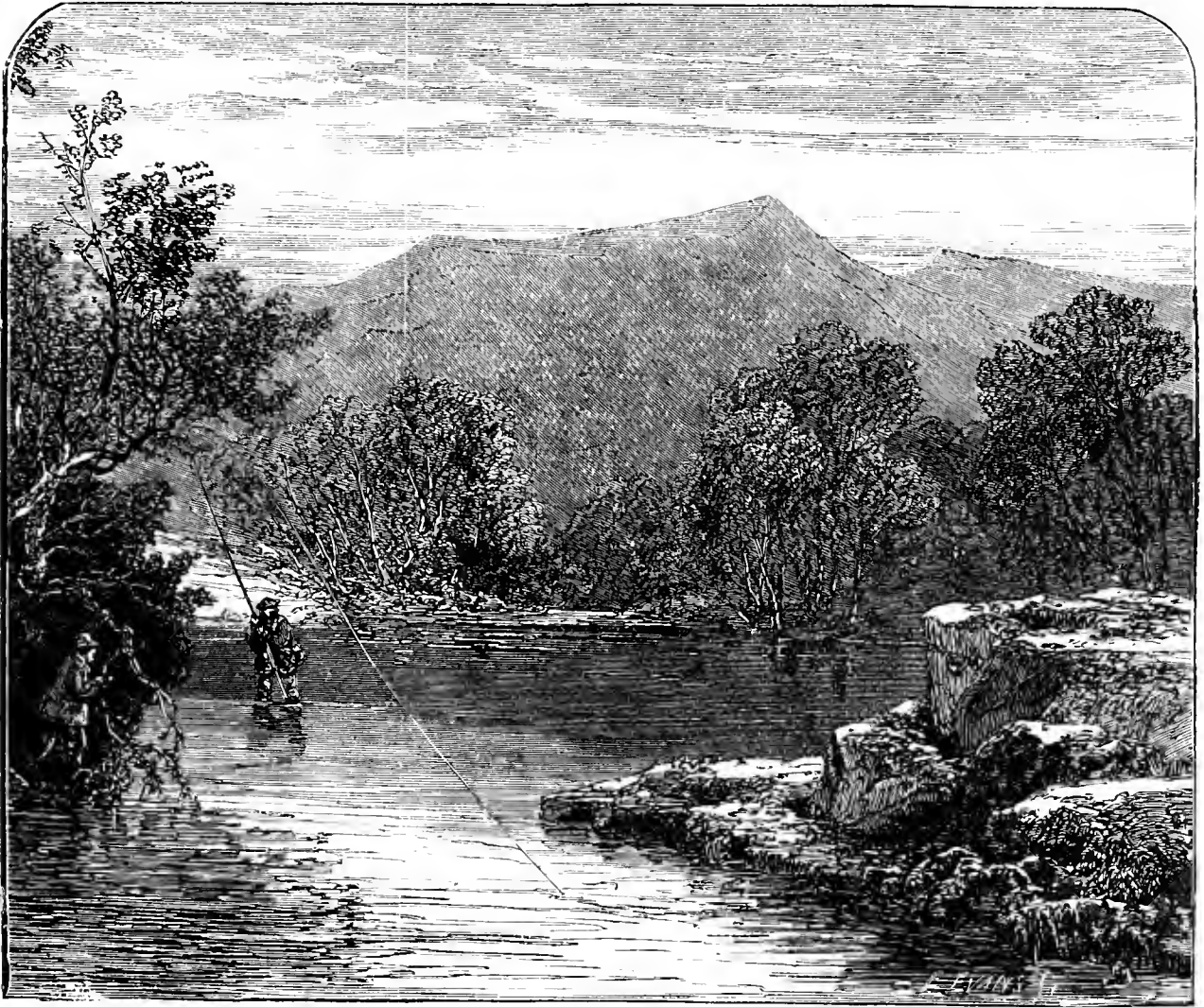
Cumberland stretch on each side from its margin in hill and dale and stream till they are lost in the heights of Black Combe and the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverston.

But Wordsworth is of opinion that the traveller would best see the Duddon who should approach it by the road from Coniston over the Walna Scar. "First," says the poet, "descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the wayside. Russet and craggy hills of bold and varied outline surround the level valley, which is besprinkled by grey rocks plumed with birch trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances the dwelling house, barn, and byre compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey.

"Time, in most cases, and nature everywhere, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a consummation and perfection of beauty which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvitiated region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens in the morning sunshine it would fill the spec-

tator's heart with gladness. . . . Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent, passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the

point where the Seathwaite brook joins the Duddon is a view upwards into the pass through which the river makes its way into the plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of the PEN; the opposite one is called Walla-Barrow Crag, a name that occurs in other places to designate rocks of



VIEW ON THE RIVER DUDDON, NEAR THE LAKE DISTRICT.

the same character. The *chaotic* aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, 'What way he had been wandering?' replied, 'As far as it is *finished*.'

"The bed of the Duddon is here shown with large fragments of rocks fallen from

aloft, which," as Mr. Green truly says, "are happily adapted to the many-shaped water-falls" (or rather water-breaks, for none of them are high) "displayed in the short space of half-a-mile." That there is some hazard in frequenting these desolate places, I myself have had proof; for one night an immense mass of rock fell upon the very spot where, with a friend, I had lingered

the day before. "The concussion," says Mr. Green, speaking of the event (for he also, in the practice of his art, on that day sat exposed for a still longer time to the same peril) "was heard, not without alarm, by the neighbouring shepherds."—*Notes to the River Duddon.*

Windermere is more than three parts in Lancashire. It is the largest of the lakes, being ten miles and a half long by water, and thirteen by its shores. Its breadth varies, but it is never more than two miles broad. It is from five to thirty-seven fathoms deep. Its circumference is twenty-six miles, and its waters cover an area of from four to five thousand acres. Its chief feeders are the Rothay and Brathay, which unite at the landing-place. A stream from Trontbeck enters the lake at Calgarth Park.

The waters of this lake keep nearly always the same level, whether there is rain or not. They flow out by the river Leven and fall into Morecambe Bay. Trout, pike, eels, perch, and char abound in the lake, and all kinds of wild fowl resort to its islands and secluded bays.

The islands are clustered together in the middle and narrowest part of the lake.

Windermere is the deepest of the English lakes, except, we believe, Wastwater; but its water is so clear that at some parts of it the bottom can be plainly seen, and the fish darting about in it may be watched easily.

The best land view of the lake is from the east side, but fine views may be obtained from Langdale Pikes; as seen between Waterhead and Bowness; from the islands looking down the lake, and from the head of the lake.

Of the numerous islands Belle Isle, or Curwen's Island, a very sequestered spot, and Lingholm, two miles from the ferry house, a small rocky island covered with wood, afford some fine views.

Belle Isle is nearly opposite Bowness. It is prettily wooded, with a mansion in the middle of it. It was a stronghold of the

Royalists during the civil war, and belonged to the loyalist family of Phillipson, an ancient Westmoreland family.

It takes some time to explore the bays and promontories of this lake. "Live by it fifty years, and by degrees you may come to know something worth telling of it," says Professor Wilson (Christopher North), from whose grounds at Elleray the whole of Windermere Lake can be seen.

"Here," says Channing, "the land gently swells into the lake, and there the water seems to seek a more deep repose in bays and coves which it has formed by a kindly soliciting influence from the land. There are occasionally points of boldness enough to prevent tameness, but the land and water seem never to have contended for empire." The woods above and round the lake are very thickly massed, and the light and shade on them are extremely beautiful.

Calgarth, on Windermere, has a singular ghost story attached to it, and a prophecy perfectly fulfilled. They have been related by an early writer on the Lakes, and recently by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, in *Harper's Magazine*, in a series of admirable articles on the English Lakes.

Calgarth is an ancient farm and roadstead on the northward part of the Lake; its woods, seen from Miller Brow, form a foreground to a landscape of great beauty, including the whole of the upper reach of the lake, Coniston Old Man, and Langdale Pikes.

Mr. Conway ought to tell his story in his own words.

"It" (the legend) "runs that Calgarth (which seems to be from Old Norse *Kalgarde*, a vegetable garden) was a bit of ground owned by a humble farmer, named Kraster Cook and his good wife Dorothy. But their little inheritance was coveted by the chief aristocrat and magistrate of the neighbourhood, Myles Phillipson. The Phillipsons were a great and wealthy family, but they could not induce Kraster and Dorothy to sell them this piece of

ground to complete their estate. Myles Phillipson swore he'd have that ground, be they 'live or *decad*;' but as time went on, he appeared to be more gracious, and once he gave a great Christmas banquet to the neighbours, to which Kraster and Dorothy were invited. It was a dear feast for them. Phillipson pretended they had stolen a silver cup, and sure enough it was found in Kraster's house—a 'plant,' of course. The offence was then capital; and as Phillipson was the magistrate, Kraster and Dorothy were sentenced to death. In the court-room Dorothy arose, glowered at the magistrate, and said, with words that rang through the building, 'Guard thyself, Myles Phillipson. Thou thinkest thou hast managed grandly; but that tiny lump of land is the dearest a Phillipson has ever bought or stolen; for you will never prosper, neither your breed; whatever scheme you undertake will wither in your hand; the side you take will always lose; the time shall come no Phillipson will own an inch of land; and while Calgarth walls shall stand, we'll haunt it night and day—never will ye be rid of us.'

"Thenceforth the Phillipsons had for their guests two skulls. They were found at Christmas at the head of a stairway; they were buried in a distant region, but they turned up in the old house again; they were brazed to dust and cast to the wind; they were several years sunk in the lake; but the Phillipsons never could get rid of them. Meantime old Dorothy's weird prophecy went on to its fulfilment, until the

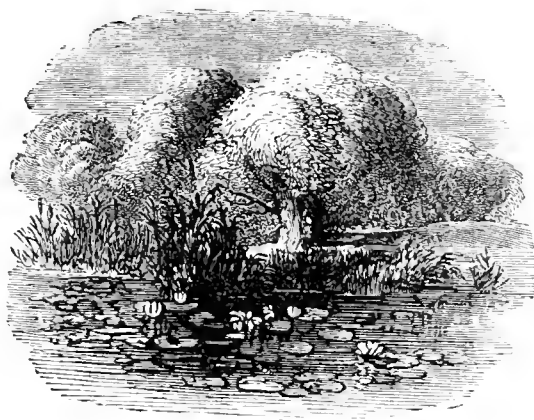
family sank into poverty, and at length disappeared."

When Bishop Watson, of Llandaff, was residing at Calgarth, he exorcised the skulls, to satisfy the household, and they have not appeared of late years.

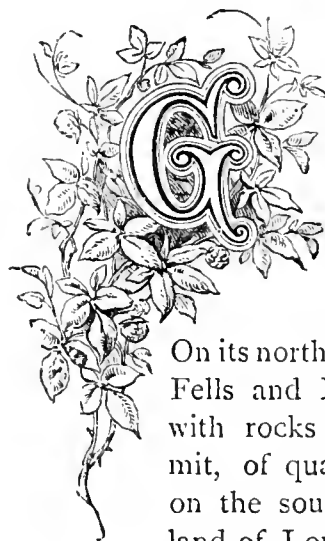
The Phillipsons resided, as we have said before, on Belle Isle, or Curwen's island, and the side they took was that of King Charles, in the civil wars. Dorothy's prophecy in this instance was remarkable. It was a member of the family who rode into Kendal Church, as we shall find in the sketch of that Westmoreland town; an incident of which Scott made use in "Rokeby."

The third of the lakes claimed by North Lancashire is Esthwaite, a small lake not quite two miles long and three furlongs wide. We approach it by being ferried across Windermere, and then, as we mount a path overshadowed by trees, the lake suddenly appears before us—a quiet silvery water, immortalised by Wordsworth, whose boyhood was passed in some measure upon its shores. Its effluent, Cunsey Beck, falls into the Windermere Lake.

The scenery here is very soft and peaceful. The road follows the shore, and rounding a little pool, brings us to Hawks Head. The scenery here is lovely, but not grand till the borders of Lancashire and Westmoreland are reached; then come into sight the Langdale Pikes, with mountains of varied forms. Everywhere oak and ash trees spread their branches of foliage, and the sweetest wild flowers grow beneath or twine round them.



LAKES AND MOUNTAINS IN CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.



RASMERE is one of the most beautiful of the lakes—a gem set in a girdle of mountains; solemn, quiet, and pensive.

On its north side are Borrowdale Fells and Helm Crag, a hill with rocks crowning its summit, of quaint fanciful forms; on the south the beautiful upland of Loughrigg descends in a sheer precipice to the water; on the west is the steep hill called Silver How; on the east the hills that rise one above another to the top of Fairfield.

Grasmere is a mile long and three quarters of a mile broad; and on the east, where the hills mount up, were once great masses of wood, now cut down. The summit of Helm Crag has been compared to an old woman, and to an astrologer. Wordsworth has taken up the idea and immortalised it in his “Waggoner.” He thus describes it:—

“Above a single height
Is to be seen a lurid light;
Above Helm Crag—a streak half-dead,
A burning of portentous red:
And near that lurid light, full well,
The astrologer, sage Sidrophel,
Where at his desk and book he sits,
Puzzling aloft his curious wits;
He whose domain is held in common,
With no one but the ancient woman,
Cowering beside her rifted cell,
As if intent on magic spell;
Dread pair, that spite of wind and weather,
Still sit upon Helm Crag together.”

THE WAGGONER.

There is something hushed and solemn in the impression that Grasmere makes on the mind; it is so shut in from the world,

by its hills, and indeed, in the days before tourists came to break the stillness of lakes and mountains, the shores of Grasmere might have been an ideal place of abode for a hermit or a meditative poet. Wordsworth lived here for nine years, from 1799 to 1818. He has told us of this abode at Grasmere in the “Waggoner”:—

“There where the Dove and Olive Bough
Once hung, a poet harbours now;
A simple water-drinking bard.”

His house was afterwards the home of De Quincey. In the churchyard of Grasmere are the graves of Wordsworth and his family. He and his wife sleep in one grave; to the left of it is his daughter's tomb (Mrs. Quillinan), and near it that of his devoted sister, Dorothy. In the church there is a marble tablet, with a medallion profile of the poet, placed there by his neighbours, with an epitaph by the Rev. J. Keble, the author of the “Christian Year.” A cruciform tombstone marks the grave of Hartley Coleridge, a little behind those of the Wordsworths.

Easdale Tarn is near Grasmere, and over a steep ledge of rock at its head falls, in a sparkling and strong cascade, Sour Milk Force. (Force is the north-country word for a waterfall.) By taking a steep path by Easdale Fall, and then walking for about a mile and a half across the moor, we shall reach Easdale Tarn; and a little higher is Codale Tarn. It is a stiff climb, but the view of the tarn repays the exertion, for it is surrounded by lofty and picturesque cliffs, and is utterly lonely and secluded. To the right there is a branch of the valley called Far Easdale, which is very wild and picturesque. These tarns are full of fish,

as are the streams, and the river which flows from Grasmere Lake into Rydal Water.

From the summit of Red Bank a most magnificent view is obtained of Grasmere, of the surrounding mountains, and of Helvellyn and Skiddaw in the distance.

Wordsworth's Wishing Gate is on the right of the Middle road leading from Grasmere to Ambleside. The old gate has disappeared, but a new one marks the spot and bears the initials and names of many visitors. Wordsworth's lyric on it is well known.

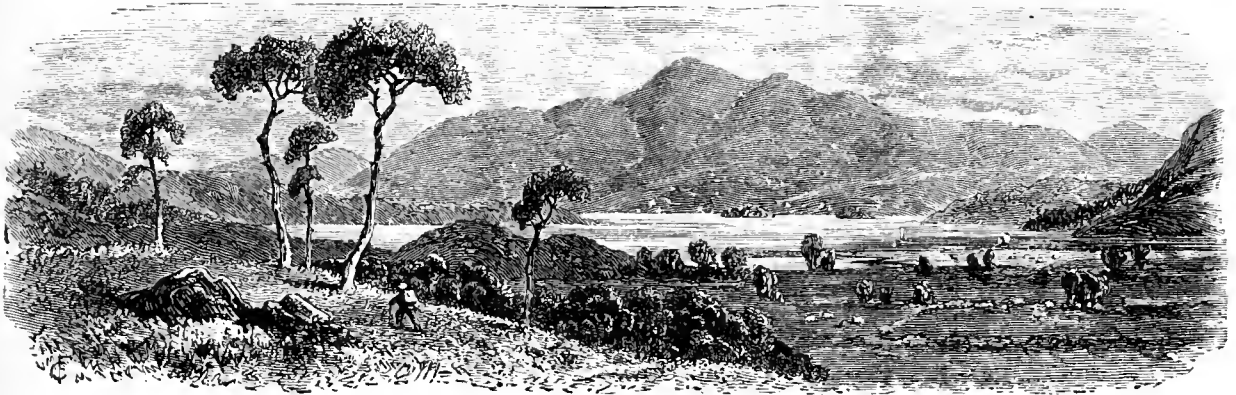
Loughrigg is, as we have said, a steep upland from which a fine view can be obtained; from a green bridle path called

the Terrace, on its north slope, Grasmere and Rydal Lake can be seen.

"Ascend a lofty slab of rock not many paces onward, and you have lying before you the delicious vale of Rothay, a stream gliding through the greenest meadows, with Fairfield beyond, expanding its huge arms as of a giant's chair."—*Talfourd*.

From another height we look down on placid Rydal Mere; in its centre is a small island, the nest of herons, and after glancing at Helm Crag and the valley of Grasmere, we behold the vast form of Skiddaw in the distance, and just a glimpse of the summit of Helvellyn.

Rydal Mount was for nearly thirty years



DERWENTWATER AND SKIDDAW.

the home of Wordsworth. Here the poet died in his 80th year, amidst the glorious scenes his pen has painted in undying colours.

Keswick lies almost under Skiddaw. It has long been famous for the manufacture of lead pencils, great numbers of which are made here. But it is still better known as the abode for thirty years of Southey, the Poet Laureate, one of the very best of men, as he was one of the most industrious. He was seldom seen without a pen in his hand, and by his generous labour he was the support of the greater number of his relatives. Southey's poems are no longer popular, but some of his prose works have become classics, especially his "Life of Nelson," which is a splendid piece of biography. His home at Greta Hall was a

most picturesque and lovely one; the Greta flowed past it, and from his garden he had a glorious view of mountain and river. He is buried in Keswick churchyard, and has a monument with a recumbent statue on it, erected by public subscription, and the following epitaph by Wordsworth:—

"Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed! And ye, loved books, no
more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore;
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own—
Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
For the State's guidance and the Church's weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud

From Skiddaw's top ; but he to heaven was
vowed,
Through a life long and pure ; and Christian faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and
death."

Derwentwater (formerly called Keswick Water) is not more than four hundred yards from the town of Keswick, and though not as large as Windermere, is the most beautiful of the lakes, from the lovely islands on it, and the grand hills that encircle it. Amongst these are Skiddaw and Scafell ; and in the south a range of pointed and irregular heights. Beautiful Derwentwater is for ever associated with the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, who suffered for having taken part in the Jacobite rising of 1715. Lord's Island belonged to him, and the house is said to have been built out of the materials of a larger house at Castlerigg, which the family left for Dilston in Northumberland, when their heiress intermarried with a Radcliffe. The ruins of their house, or at least the foundations of it, can be still seen ; but no one now inhabits the island, and the strange mournful "caw" of the rooks sounds like a wail over the lost race.

A ravine of Walla Crag is called the Lady's Rake, for by it, it is said, the Countess of Derwentwater escaped from the enraged tenants of Lord Derwentwater, when they heard that their adored chief had been taken prisoner ; for to the lady the joining of the unfortunate earl and his friends with the rebels was justly ascribed. He had been brought up with James II.'s son, and was devotedly attached to the Stuart family ; but both he and his friends saw that the time for asserting their lost rights was not then, and that only failure could be expected. Lady Derwentwater, enraged at the hesitation shown, with a woman's enthusiasm, and, alas ! a woman's want of judgment, reproached him and his friends with cowardice, and flinging her fan at his feet bade him take that and give her his sword. The earl gravely picked it up and returned it to her, and drawing his sword cried, "God save King James."

There is a strange tradition that at periods

of great peril or importance to the family of Radcliffe, a supernatural figure used to appear to them and warn them of the approaching fate. Such a figure appeared to Lord Derwentwater as he was wandering one evening in the solitude of the hills, clad in the garb it always wore—a robe and hood of grey. The visitant from the spirit world reproached the earl for his delay in joining the rebellion, and gave him a crucifix which was to render him proof against bullet and sword. As he received it, the appearance vanished, and he was alone. He joined the insurgents under Mr. Forster ; they were defeated by the royal troops, after a heroic resistance, at Preston, and the earl, with the other leaders, was taken to London and committed to the Tower.

He was tried and condemned to death for treason. Every effort was made to save him ; his wife implored George I.'s mercy on her knees, and Sir Robert Walpole declared in the House of Commons that he had been offered £60,000 if he would obtain Lord Derwentwater's pardon. But all efforts were vain. He died by the axe on Tower Hill, Feb. 24th, 1716.

The earl's brother, Charles Radcliffe, was executed for the same offence thirty years afterwards, having escaped at the time from prison. The male heirs of the family became extinct in 1814. Their lands had passed in 1716 into the hands of the English Government, and were conferred on Greenwich Hospital. Our readers will probably remember the claim made on Government for the estates by the *soi-disant* Countess of Derwentwater, some years ago. But they had been forfeited by high treason, and not by default of heirs.

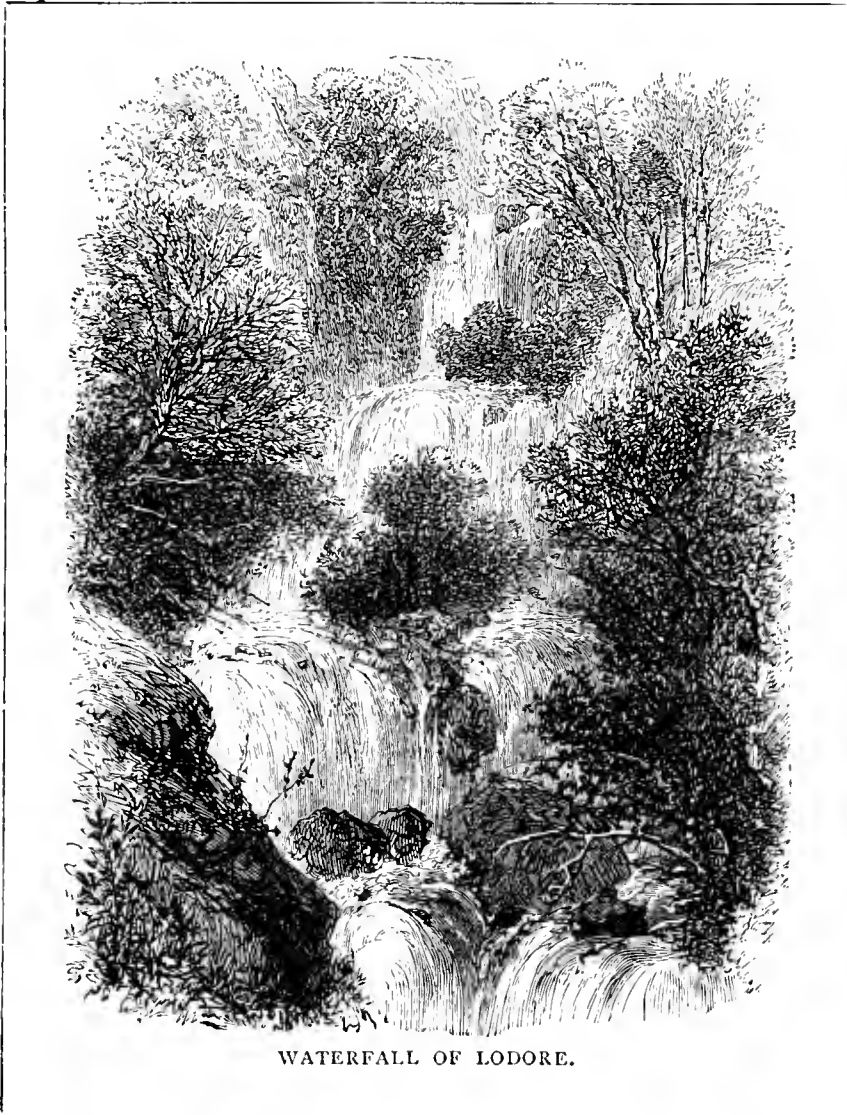
St. Herbert's Island on Derwentwater is said to have been inhabited by St. Herbert. He was the friend of St. Cuthbert, whom he visited once every year ; he lived here in a hut built of stones and turf, with a roof of poles and straw ; a few remains of this rude hermitage still exist here, and in the fourteenth century many pilgrims visited his

oratory or shrine, and masses were celebrated on the island. It is said that St. Herbert and St. Cuthbert died on the same day.

“ He had
A fellow labourer, whom the good man loved
As his own soul ; and when, with eye upraised
To heaven, he knelt beside the crucifix,

While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore
Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced
Along the beach of this small isle, he thought
Of his companion, he would pray that both
(Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)
Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain
So prayed he : as our chronicles report,
Though here the hermit numbered his last day,
Far from St. Cuthbert, his beloved friend,
These holy men both died in the same hour.”

WORDSWORTH.



WATERFALL OF LODORE.

LODORE.

The beautiful scenery of the neighbourhood of this waterfall is as remarkable as its own splendid rush of water. Southey has told admirably in his lines—that actually almost imitate the sound of the cascade—

HOW THE WATER COMES DOWN
FROM LODORE !

From its sources which well
In the tarn * on the fell ;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills,

* Near Watendlath.

Through moss and through brake
 It runs and it creeps
 For awhile, till it sleeps
 In its own little lake ;
 And thence at departing,
 Awakening and starting,
 It runs through the reeds,
 And away it proceeds,
 Through meadow and glade,
 In sun and in shade ;
 And through the wood shelter,
 Among crags in its flurry,
 Helter skelter,
 Hurry, skurry.

Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling ;
 Now smoking and frothing,
 Its tumult and wrath in,
 Till in this rapid race
 On which it is bent,
 It reaches the place
 Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong,
 Then plunges along,
 Striking and raging,
 As if a war waging,
 Its caverns and rocks among ;
 Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and sweeping,
 Showering and springing,
 Flying and flinging,
 Writhing and wringing,
 Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking,
 Turning and twisting,
 Around and around,
 With endless rebound !
 Smiling and fighting,
 A sight to delight in,
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

And thumping and plumping and bumping and
 jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and crash-
 ing,
 And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
 And this way the water comes down from Lodore.

The water falls through a chasm between
 two perpendicular rocks, Gowder Crag, on
 the east, and Shepherds' Crag on the west ;
 oaks, ash trees and birch overhang the fall.

Four miles from Keswick is the valley
 of St. John, the scene of the enchantment
 that held asleep for a hundred years the
 lovely princess of fairy lore. The castle
 was supposed to change its appearance to
 a pile of rocks whenever mortal footstep
 approached it ; and at the end of the valley
 is still to be seen a crag resembling a castle

on a hill, but really a rock on the top of
 many others symmetrically arranged.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Bridal of Trier-
 main," has thus described the vale when
 the destined knight came to break the
 spell.

"Paled in by many a lofty hill,
 The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
 And, down its verdant bosom led,
 A wandering brooklet found its bed.
 But, midmost of the vale, a mound
 Arose with airy turrets crowned,
 Buttress, and ramparts circling bound
 And mighty keep and tower ;
 Seemed some primeval giant's hand
 The castle's massive walls had planned,
 A ponderous bulwark to withstand
 Ambitious Nimrod's power."

Under Saddleback is a farm-house, once
 called Threlkeld Hall, where its owner,
 Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, left his little seven-
 year-old stepson, for shelter from the
 Yorkists' vengeance, excited by the Black
 Cliford's crime in killing Rutland. Here
 lived and grew the shepherd lord.

Wastwater is a large and gloomy lake,
 204 feet above the level of the sea ; it is the
 deepest of the lakes, and the one that most
 impresses us with a feeling of solemnity
 akin to awe. On the south-east it has for a
 boundary a ridge or precipice named the
 Screes. This ridge has been called "a
 mountain in decay," and in fact, masses that
 have long ago fallen from its heights are
 scattered all over the hill-sides, and pieces
 of rock still roll from it into the deep waters
 below, with a sound that can be heard more
 than a mile off. The shores of Wastwater
 are bare and treeless, and it has altogether
 a mournful aspect of desolation. The chief
 rivers that feed it are Overbeck and Nether
 Beck, both issuing from mountain tarns.
 The scenery at the head of this lake is
 wonderfully fine and grand ; we have no
 other mountain scenery that can quite
 equal it in our island ; here are Great Gable,
 a fine conical mountain, Kirkfell, Lingmell,
 and, towering over the last, Scafell.

This last is the grandest of the English
 mountains, and the central mass from which
 the Cumbrian ranges branch out. It is, at
 the part overlooking Burnmoor and Eskdale,

3,161 feet above the sea level. Its highest summit is the Pike; Great End, the most northerly point, rises above Sty Head, and Lingmell above Wasdale. A deep gorge, called Mickledore, divides the two heights; this gorge is easy to cross, but the ascent of the rocks on the Scafell side is difficult climbing, except to natives of the spot: there are two or three paths to choose from. The Chimney is a narrow gully below the ridge, not easy to get through; the "Broad Stand" route starts at a narrow vertical fissure below the ridge, and then three high steps of rock have to be ascended.

The third way is longer, but easy to climb; still the ascent of Scafell is more difficult to strangers than either Skiddaw or Helvellyn, and should not be undertaken, unless in remarkably clear and fine weather, without a guide. This third route descends on the Wasdale side of the ridge to a gully called Lord's Rake; when one has ascended this, the great ravine of Deep Gill, flanked on the north by the Scafell Pillar, rises on the left.

A pile of stones on the Pike marks the summit of the mountain; it was placed there by the Ordnance Surveyors. The summit of Scafell not only commands a most glorious view, but it has singularly beautiful lichens and mosses of the most brilliant colours, growing on and amidst the huge blocks of stone lying on it. It is worth making the ascent to see these mossy gems, while one is also rewarded for the exertion by beholding all that is most grand and beautiful in the Lake District; lovely valleys as those of Borrowdale and the Duddon; the Ennerdale mountains, Helvellyn, Skiddaw, the Scotch mountains, sometimes even the sea.

Ullswater is more like the Swiss lakes than most of the others. It is a grand piece of water, though not so large as Windermere; it is seven and a half miles long, and varies in breadth, always, however, within a mile across, 210 feet is its greatest depth. It unites the beauties of all the other Waters, being as gaily beautiful as

Windermere, and as grand in its mountains as Wastwater.

From Hallin Fell there is one of the most perfect views of Ullswater, and here is a pillar erected in honour of Lord Brougham. Proceeding through Sandwick by a path just above the lake, and passing under Birk Fell and Place Fell, we reach Bleawick; but the path is narrow, and in places very steep, and requires great care in traversing it, lest we might make too close an acquaintance with the lake; and one has need to be the more careful, inasmuch as one is constantly tempted to gaze about one on the lovely scenery. The mountain glens round Ullswater are very romantic and beautiful, and there are lovely flowers here. The daffodils that waved their golden heads on the banks of the lake in spring suggested a poem to Wordsworth; in Patterdale the botanist will find *Polypodium phegopteris* and *Anagallis tenella* and other plants he will value.

Three miles from Patterdale is Lyulph's Tower, situated about 100 yards above the lake. It is fitted up as a hunting and shooting lodge. In the park some charming spots are to be found, beds of various ferns, hawthorns and hollies wreathed with honeysuckle and wild roses; trees and mossy banks, and all sorts of wild flowers in the thickets. There are fallow deer in the park also, and the lake is seen below, sparkling in the summer sunshine.

Another fine view of Ullswater is had from Gowbarrow Park, across which a path leads by a deep winding glen to Ara Force, one of the loveliest of the waterfalls. The water falls perpendicularly from a height of eighty feet, through a chasm of the rocks. At the top the stream is divided by a narrow ridge, but before the two streams have fallen far, they unite, and, forcing their way over a projecting rock, they expand into a great sheet of foaming water; a cloud of spray rises from it and drops into the chasm.

Ara Force is the scene of Wordsworth's poem "The Somnambulist."

The sound of the falling water is like very solemn music, and we can, as we listen, better comprehend the truth of the lines:—

“List ye who pass by Lyulph’s Tower
At eve, how softly then
Doth Ara Force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from the woody glen!
Fit music for a solemn vale,
And holier seems the ground
To him who catches on the gale,
The spirit of a mournful tale,
Embodied in the sound.”

WORDSWORTH.

HELVELLYN.

Scafell, as we have said, is higher by ninety feet than Helvellyn, but the latter mountain has long taken its place in the public imagination as the chief English mountain, and it is in truth a noble one, though but a hill compared with the Swiss Alps. The most picturesque ascent is made by Grisedale, a valley that runs from Patterdale up to Helvellyn, and separates it from St. Sunday’s Crag and Fairfield. There is a fine view of the mountain as we enter Grisedale Valley, and on reaching the foot we find a fairly good road up to the summit of a ridge that leads to the top of Helvellyn. This must be surmounted, and then the traveller may take one of two roads. The shortest is, however, to ordinary pedestrians a dangerous one, for it is by a path along Striding Edge; and though the pathway is wide enough for a firm footing, it requires a steady head and strong nerves to traverse it safely. Lives have been lost here. There is an iron cross erected to the memory of Robert Dixon, who was killed here while fox hunting in 1858; and Gough, the hero of Scott’s touching poem, is supposed to have fallen over the precipice when crossing Striding Edge. He was found with his faithful dog watching beside him close by Red Tarn at the foot of the precipice.

The other road up the mountain is to descend a little way on the other side of the ridge and take the path by Swirrel Edge, which leaves Red Tarn, a tiny lake far above the level of the sea, on the left. A steep climb from this tarn lands us on

the top of the great hill; and we find a mossy plain that inclines slightly to the west, but with sheer precipices to the east.

If the day is fine, or the mist that may have marred the expedition should condescend to open, the view from Helvellyn is magnificent. The great hills Skiddaw, Saddleback and Scafell loom out of the mass of mountains in stately pride. Six lakes can be seen; nearly all Ullswater and great part of Windermere, Esthwaite, and Coniston. Derwentwater cannot be seen, Borrowdale Fells conceal it. The prospect extends over the grandest and wildest part of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The rivers Duddon, Esk, Kent, Leven, the Solway Firth, the Scotch mountains, and Yorkshire and Northumberland hills lie before our eyes, and it is said that on especially clear days the sea line of the ocean has been detected in the east.

The plants on Helvellyn will delight a botanist; some of them are very rare—all, when blooming, lovely.

There is a very cold and pure spring about three hundred yards from the summit, called Brownrigg Well; a stream flows from it down the side of the mountain.

The view, the flowers, the pure bracing air, will well repay the toil of ascending this great English hill, and the light and shade, the sunshine chasing the swiftly fleeting shadows of the clouds that pass over the turf at the summit, are all full of suggestions to thought. There is assuredly a feeling of being nearer Heaven on these heights than on the plains. We seem to have left the dull common places of the world below, and can think clearly and quietly in the eternal solitudes.

And what thoughts of Heaven must have been those that filled the mind of one of the mountain’s last victims—the sworn servant of the Highest—when he traversed the heights on which he was to sleep his last still slumber? Holy they must have been, as his life was; and surely angels watched above him and received the spirit that passed from Helvellyn to God.

HELVELLYN.

1805.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty
and wide ;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yell-
ing,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striding-edge round the Red-tarn was
bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer
had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain-
heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in
decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless
clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was
slumber ?

When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst
thou start ?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou
number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ?
And, oh ! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er
him—

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before
him—

Unhonoured the Pilgrim from life should depart ?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has
yielded,

The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted
hall ;

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,

And pages stand mute by the canopied pall :

Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches
are gleaming ;

In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beam-
ing,

Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,

To lay down thy head like the meek mountain
lamb,

When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in
stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.

And more stately thy couch by this desert lake
lying,

Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,

With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,

In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

SCOTT.

KENDAL.



KENDAL may be considered the first town of Westmoreland, though it is not the county town. It is situated on the west side of the river Kent, beneath a lofty scar, and opposite to the ruins of the old castle. It has two principal streets, from which the others diverge. The houses are built of limestone from the quarries in the fells, and their whiteness is thrown out by being contrasted with the

number of poplars that grow about them by the gardens, and the sloping meadows on the east, where the Kent washes the skirts of the town, and is crossed by three good bridges.

Kendal was incorporated in the reign of Elizabeth, but it is no longer a borough. It gives, however, under the Act of 1885, a name to the south division of the county, which returns one member to Parliament.

The church is a fine and ancient one, restored in 1850.

It covers some acres, and is 140 feet by 103 feet—almost a square. The architecture is very mixed ; the main arcades and

part of the tower date from the twelfth or thirteenth century; the rest of the church was built in the fifteenth century.

The tower is seventy-two feet high, and contains a peal of ten bells.

The aisles are of extraordinary breadth, especially those of Parr and Bellingham, and they are divided by arches which spring from eight pillars. The side chapels have been incorporated with the church.

On each side of the altar are two oratories, one of which is still used as a burial-place by the Stricklands of Sizergh Hall; they have a rich marble monument; and there is a monument to Sir Roger Bellingham and his wife, date 1533; in one of the side chapels is the tomb of a Vicar of Kendal who wrote an absurd doggerel epitaph on himself.

The east and some of the other windows have stained glass in them; but it is modern.

In the north aisle is suspended the helmet belonging to Major Phillipson, commonly called Robin the Devil, the hero of a remarkable intrusion into Kendal Church, of which Sir Walter Scott has written an account to justify an incident in "*Rokeby*."

"Belle Isle, on Windermere, formerly belonged to the Phillipsons, a family of note in Westmoreland. During the civil wars an elder and a younger brother served the king. The former, who was proprietor of it, commanded a regiment; the latter was a major.

"The major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit and enterprise; and for his many feats of personal bravery had obtained among the Oliverians of those parts the appellation of Robert the Devil.

"After the war had subsided, and the direful effects of public opposition had ceased, revenge and malice long kept alive the animosity of individuals. Colonel Briggs, a steady friend to usurpation, resided at this time at Kendal, and under

the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a justice of the peace) and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person, having heard that Major Phillipson was at his brother's house on the island in Windermere, resolved, if possible, to seize and punish a man who had made himself so particularly obnoxious. How it was conducted my authority does not inform us—whether he got together the navigation of the lake and blockaded the place by sea, or whether he landed and carried on his approaches in form. Neither do we learn the strength of the garrison within, nor of the works without. All we learn is, that Major Phillipson endured a siege of eight months with gallantry, till his brother, the colonel, raised a party and relieved him.

"It was now the major's turn to make reprisals. He put himself therefore at the head of a little troop, and rode to Kendal. Here being informed that Colonel Briggs was at prayers (for it was Sunday morning), he stationed his men properly in the avenues, and himself, armed, rode directly into the church." This scene is described in these lines of *Rokeby* :—

"The outmost crowd have heard a sound,
Like horse's hoof on hardened ground :
Nearer it came, and yet more near.
* * * * *

'Tis in the churchyard now—the tread
Hath waked the dwelling of the dead !
Fresh sod and old sepulchral stone
Return the tramp in varied tone.
All eyes upon the gateway hung,
When through the Gothic arch there sprung
A horseman armed, at headlong speed—
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.
Fire from the flinty floor was spurned
The vaults unwonted clang returned !"

SCOTT.

We do not know whether Robin the Devil meant to act in the same manner as Scott's Bertram, and shoot the Roundhead colonel; to carry him off seemed impossible, surrounded as he was with friends—but fortunately for both parties he was not in church.

"The congregation," continues Scott, "as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man

on horseback make his appearance among them ; and the major, taking advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm he was presently assaulted as he left the assembly, and being seized, his girths were cut and he was unhorsed.

“At this instant his party made a furious attack on the assailants, and the major killed with his own hand the man who had seized him, clapped the saddle ungirthed as it was upon his horse, and vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendal, calling his men to follow him ; and with his whole party made a safe retreat to his asylum in the lake.

“The action marked the man. Many knew him, and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit that it could be nobody but Robin the Devil.”

On the east bank of the river Kent are the ruins of the old castle of the barons of Kendal. It was anciently a strong fortress with lofty towers, two round and two square, erected soon after the Conquest. It has gone utterly to decay. In the front of the building remains of turrets and bastions are seen, and four dilapidated towers. The round tower is the most perfect. Under one of the towers is a dungeon. A moat encircles the whole.

Ivo de Taillebois came over with William the Norman, and won the hand and lands of the heiress of Turolde, English lord of Spalding. As her dower, he obtained, with some land in Lancashire, that portion of Westmoreland called the Barony of Kendal. The property passed from his family to that of De Brus, of Skelton, by marriage of an heiress. Again it passed to the De Ros, Barons of Werke, and then to the Parrs, who held it for the greater part of two centuries and gave England a Queen Consort ; for Katherine Parr, sixth wife of Henry VIII., was born at Kendal Castle.

The first duke of Kendal was Prince Charles, an infant son of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II. Prince George of Denmark, Queen Anne's hus-

band, was created Earl of Kendal, and George II. created his favourite, Madame Von Schulemberg, Duchess of Kendal. The title is now dormant.

Katherine Parr was four times married ; first to Edward, Lord Burgh, secondly to John Neville, Lord Latimer, thirdly to Henry VIII., and fourthly to Lord Thomas Seymour. She was a beautiful and highly accomplished woman. She had adopted the principles of the Reformed Church, but succeeded by her prudence in avoiding the fate of those who opposed Henry VIII.'s Articles of Faith. Yet she narrowly escaped the stake. Her enemies accused her of heretical opinions to the king, and she confirmed their statements one day by arguing with Henry on the subject of religion. He consented to sign a warrant for her committal to the Tower, which was delivered to Wriothesley, the Lord Chancellor. Fortunately for Katherine he dropped it ; it was taken up and carried to the queen, who read it, and then went at once to the king, who was ill in his room with a sore leg. Henry turned the conversation on religion, and questioned her on her belief. She answered “that she was but a woman, and would be guided by his Majesty, who was learned and judicious.” “Not so, by St. Mary,” said the king, “for you are a doctor, Kate, to instruct us, and not to be instructed by us, as often we have seen heretofore.”

“Indeed, sir,” she replied, “you have been mistaken ; if, heretofore, I have held talk with you touching religion, it hath been to learn from your Majesty some point whereof I stood in doubt, and sometimes that with my talk I might make you forget your present infirmity.” “And is it even so, sweetheart?” quoth the king ; “then we are friends,” and so, kissing her, gave her leave to depart. The king was in the garden with the queen on the very day when Katherine was to have been apprehended ; and with the purpose of taking her to the Tower the Lord Chancellor appeared with his officers, but as soon as

the king saw him he called him a knave and a fool, and bade him "avaunt from his presence." The queen interceded for the chancellor, and the king answered, "Ah, poor soul, thou little knowest what he came about; of my word, sweetheart, he has been to thee a very knave."

Thus Katherine escaped, and her future safety was ensured by the death of Henry, shortly afterwards. Her fourth marriage was not a happy one, and she survived her royal husband but a short time.

On the opposite side of the Kent is Castlebrow, or Castle Law Hill, an ancient earthwork. It consists of a circular mound with a ditch and rampart round its base, and a shallow ditch and breastwork surrounding its flat summit, on which is an obelisk commemorating the Revolution of 1688.

Kendal was made a market town by licence from Richard Cœur de Lion; and when, thanks to Edward III.'s queen, the wise Philippa, the Flemings settled here, it became the seat of a manufacture of woollen cloths which took from the town the name of Kendal. It was a sort of forestry green cloth. Our readers will remember Falstaff's "Three Misbegotten

Knives in Kendal Green." It was the dress of Robin Hood's merry men.

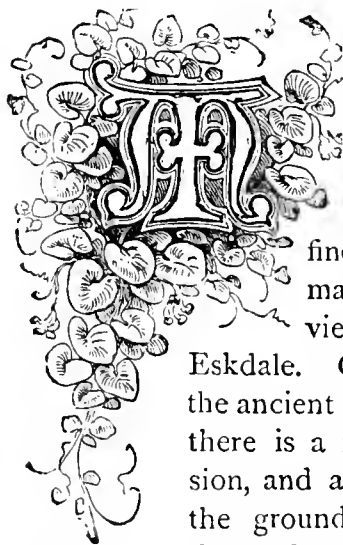
"All the woods
Are full of outlaws that in Kendal Green
Followed the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon."
Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, 1601.

Thus we see when the fat knight wished to invent some bold robbers, he implies outlaws by "knives in Kendal Green."

Sizergh Hall, three miles south of Kendal, is an old, once fortified mansion; it has a centre body to the house, and two wings. The great tower on the south east is sixty feet high, and remains entire. In the corners of this tower are recesses for watchmen, with oblique openings in the wall, so that no missile could enter these small rooms. The lower wing is very ancient, but contains a modern breakfast-room and dining-room, wainscoted with ancient panels of oak. In the three upper stories of the great tower are the chapel and the drawing-room; opposite, on the same floor, is the state bedroom, which is hung with Gobelin tapestry, and is called the queen's room, because Katherine Parr occupied it when the widow of Lord Burgh. A counterpane and toilet-cover here are said to be her work.



THE LUCK OF MUNCASTER CASTLE, AND OF EDEN HALL.



MUNCASTER Castle is picturesquely situated on a hill amidst fine woods, and commanding magnificent views over beautiful Eskdale. Only the keep of the ancient castle remains, but there is a fine modern mansion, and an extensive park; the grounds are lovely, and from the terrace the finest view in Cumberland can be obtained. There is some excellent wood carving in the castle, a sculptured marble chimney-piece, and some good pictures. After the battle of Hexham, the fugitive King Henry VI. was wandering in Eskdale, when he met some shepherds who, seeing a nobleman, as they thought, in distress, conducted him to the ever-hospitable castle of Muncaster. Here he was loyally entertained; and when he left its shelter he presented Sir John Pennington with an enamelled glass vase, called the Luck of Muncaster. According to tradition, as long as the glass remains unbroken the family will never lack a male heir. There is a legend that an enemy of the house once violently threw down the casket containing the vase, and for a long time the mother of the little lord did not dare open it, sure that she would see only their shattered Luck. But when her son was of age, it was opened, and the vase was found unhurt and entire.

The Penningtons took their name from the village of Pennington, in Furness, where they resided till 1242.

The church in the park, with its ivy-adorned walls, is very picturesque. It has a mass bell in a small turret, on the gable of the east end of the nave, that rang at the elevation of the host, so that the people who could not attend church, might kneel and pray at its sound. The bell is gone, but the turret remains. There are many tablets on the walls in memory of the Penningtons; and a monument erected to Sir John Pennington, Lord High Admiral, 1646, has the following honourable testimony to his worth:—

“The Parliament strongly invited him to enter into their service, but he never could be prevailed on to serve against the king.”

There is an ancient cross in the south of the churchyard.

THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL.

In Sandford's account of Cumberland, in 1670, he speaks thus of the old Eden Hall, now replaced by a mansion built in 1824:—

“Upon the bank of this famous river (the Eden) stands the fair, fine, and beautiful palace, called Eden Hall, orchards, and gardens, and none better for all fruit; delicate and pleasant with walks as fine as Chelsea fields; the fair river Eden gliding like the Thames along.”

At the present day there is, at the end of the lawn, a public walk, called the Ladies' Walk, extending along the banks of the river for more than a mile.

There are some fine paintings in the mansion. But Eden Hall is chiefly celebrated for an old enamelled drinking-glass, called the Luck of Eden Hall, which is very care-

fully preserved by the family—the Mus-graves.

The legend about the glass is that a butler of the house, in the days long ago, going to the well to draw water, came suddenly on a group of fairies dancing. They hurried off, but he seized a glass that they had left on the brink of the well; they endeavoured to get it from him, but he grasped it tightly, and at last, seeing that they could not recover it, they flew away singing,—

“If that glass either break or fall,
Farewell to the luck of Eden Hall.”

It is a beautiful enamelled glass—a rare specimen of Eastern workmanship—and is kept in a leather case of the time of Henry IV. or V. The Duke of Wharton used to throw it up into the air and catch it again, and wrote a ballad on it. Longfellow has translated one by Uhland, the German poet, on the glass. It is called—

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

Of Edenhall, the youthful lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
And rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
“Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall.”

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-cup of crystal tall;
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the lord: “This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!”

The grey-beard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light,
“This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it, ‘If this glass do fall,
Farewell! then, O Luck of Edenhall.’

“’Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! Klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!”

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the sound of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

“For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang! with a louder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!”

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the wild flames start;
And the guests in dust are covered all
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

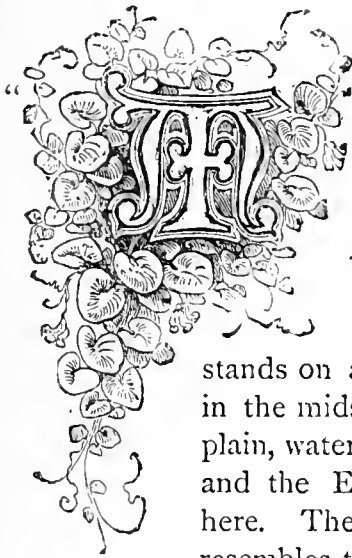
On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The grey-beard in the desert hall,
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

“The stone wall,” saith he, “doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!”



CARLISLE:

KING ARTHUR AND THE LOTHELY LADY.



“ERRIE CARLISLE,” celebrated in many a border ballad, and the scene of many an unrecorded tragedy,

stands on a gentle eminence in the midst of an extensive plain, watered by the Caldew and the Eden, which unite here. The plan of the city resembles the shape of a Y,

the castle being on the apex, with the cathedral behind it. From every approach Carlisle is seen to advantage. From the south, after passing the suburbs of Botcher-gate, the entrance is between the two court-houses, which are built in the form of two immense drum towers, in imitation of two which were erected here by Henry VIII. The stranger, as he passes them, feels as if he were entering through the bastions of a fortified city.

The entrance from the west has Trinity Church to adorn it, and the Infirmary, a noble Doric building, while in front frown the massy keep and ramparts of the old castle.

The road from Glasgow approaches the city from Stanwix Bank, where the New-castle road joins it and crosses the Eden by a fine bridge.

There is a most picturesque view from the Newcastle road in spring. The green meadows enamelled with wild flowers, golden with buttercups—the woods of Rickerby clad in the tender green of the awaking year, the bridges—and over them, crowning the landscape, the castle and cathedral.

There are many fine public walks lying round Carlisle, particularly those on the northern bank of the river, along which passed the Roman Wall. From Etterby Scar on this side of the stream, at about a mile down the river, the view is very extensive and fine. Standing on the brink of the precipice, we see at our feet the swift course of the Eden, which here makes a large semi-circular sweep. In front of us is a beautiful level plain of meadow land, intersected by the Caldew, and divided by hedges; beyond it is the city, the long, high roof and square tower of the cathedral rising above it. The castle with its towers is in the centre, and far off in the misty background are the mountains. Looking in the contrary direction we just catch a glimpse of the Solway, with Criffel rising blue above it, Burnswark, and the distant Scotch mountains, to the crags that bound the wastes of Gilsland and Bew-castle.

Carlisle is now a manufacturing city, and the tall chimneys pour forth clouds of steam and smoke, contrasting strangely with the ancient aspect of the town.

The castle is in the north-west corner of the city, overlooking the Eden, and is a moated fortress, once of the greatest importance, when the Scots were constantly crossing the Border on predatory or military expeditions. It was begun in the reign of William Rufus, and was much altered and repaired by Richard III., when he was Duke of Gloucester, and governor of the castle for his brother Edward IV. Under Henry VIII. it was again altered for the use of artillery. The angular tower, in which Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned for two months, was taken down

in 1835. A small garrison was kept here till 1864, but Carlisle Castle has now been abandoned as a station for troops, and the city is no longer a garrison town. In making some alterations in the castle some time ago, the skeletons of a woman and child were found built up in the wall.

After the Rebellion of the Clans, in 1745, between 400 and 500 prisoners were lodged in Carlisle Castle; amongst them was Macdonald of Keppoch, who was imprisoned in the keep, and who covered the walls of his prison room with admirable sketches, said to have been made by him with a nail.

The cathedral is a half destroyed building, consisting only of a choir and transepts, surmounted by a stunted tower, but the remains are of beautiful Norman architecture, with low round pillars and circular arches. The ecclesiastical buildings, said to have been founded by St. Cuthbert, were all destroyed by the Danes, and the abbey was rebuilt by William Rufus, who made Carlisle a bishop's see, and the parish church a cathedral. It was rebuilt in 1246.

The greater portion of the nave, together with the cloisters, was pulled down at the Reformation, with the conventual buildings attached to them. The nave now has only two arches, supported by very massive pillars, 14 feet high and 17 feet round. This portion was built of whiter and harder stone than other parts of the building. It is separated by a wall from the choir, and has been converted into the parish church of St. Mary. The pillars supporting the tower and the transept are in age and style the same as those of the nave. Within one of the old Norman columns there is a well, the next to St. Catherine's chapel, which is separated from the south aisle by a screen very richly decorated. St. Catherine's chapel is now used as a robing room for the choristers, and in it are some decayed closets, one apparently very old.

In the cathedral has been preserved a pair of tusks, fastened to a walrus's skull, with an effaced inscription on it.

This is supposed to have been the char-

ter-horn given by Henry I. to the Prior of the old abbey or priory, but we really cannot see how the tusks could represent a horn. Two tattered copes are also preserved here, one of crimson velvet, richly worked with gold embroidery; the other is of silk, embroidered with figures of saints. They may have been the vestments of the last prior.

The choir was begun in the reign of Edward I., and completed in 1400. The roof is supported by clustered pillars and pointed arches, with chevron ornaments between the mouldings. The sculptured foliage on the capitals is very fine, and so is the carving on the stalls with their black oak pinnacles. On the panels at the back of the stalls there are rude paintings of St. Cuthbert, the Apostles, St. Anthony, etc., which are rather curious.

The cathedral has been frequently repaired, and partially restored with skill and taste. The east window is thought to be the finest in England. "Its elegance of composition, delicacy of arrangement, and easy flow of lines, rank it higher than even the celebrated west window of York," says Rickman, "which it also exceeds in the number of divisions, having nine lights."

The window in the north transept was put in by the town as a mark of sympathy with their then dean and his wife (Dr. Tait, who afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury), who had lost five children within a few weeks, of scarlet fever. Christ is represented in the centre light blessing the little children, and in the middle of the great wheel of the tracery is the Saviour with open arms, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." The side lights show parents bringing their little ones to Christ. The deanery, in which these little darlings died, has a remarkably fine flat oak ceiling, beautifully carved, and richly painted with heraldic bearings and scrolls.

The refectory to the south of the cathedral is used now as a library and chapter-house.

Sentence of excommunication was pronounced against Robert the Bruce, king of Scotland (for having murdered the Red Comyn in a church), in this cathedral by the Papal Legate, in the presence of Edward I. and his parliament, with the usual awful ceremonies of the act.

The old walls of Carlisle were in the form of a not very perfect triangle; very little now remains of them, and that is above the river Caldew. They were often in the old days adorned with human heads of so-called rebels.

Carlisle can boast of a great antiquity. It is said in many a ballad and tale to have been the chief residence of King Arthur; and near Penrith is still seen a large circle, surrounded by a mound of earth, which is called Arthur's Round Table.

It was here that the pretty legend of the lothely lady is localised by the ballad.

"King Arthur lives in merry Carlisle,
And seemely is to see,
And there with him Queene Geney (Guevenere),
Yt (That) bride soe bright of blee (complexion)."

But King Arthur went on a long excursion, and returned in a very sad mood, as all his knights perceived.

"And when he came to merry Carlisle,
To his chamber he is gone;
And ther came to him his cozen Sir Gawain,
As he did make his mone.

And there came to him his cozen, Sir Gawain,
Yt (that) was a curteous knight,
'Why sigh you soe sore, Unkle Arthur, he said,
'Or who hath done thee unright?'"

Arthur tells him that he has been taken captive by a fierce gigantic chief, who has only released him and spared his life till he can pay his ransom—the date fixed being New Year's day. And the ransom is to tell the victor "that which all women most desire." Naturally King Arthur is nearly in despair, for all the ladies he asks answer differently.

However, he started to surrender himself on the appointed day, as bound in honour, being unable to give his ransom. As he rode over a moor he saw a lady, dressed in scarlet, sitting between an oak and a green

holly. Glancing at her, the king perceived that she was absolutely hideous.

"Then there as shold have stood her mouth,
Then there was sett her e'e,
The other was in her forehead fast,
The way that she might see.

Her nose was crooked and turned outward,
Her mouth stood foul awry;
A worse formed lady than she was,
Never man saw with his eye."

King Arthur rode on, pretending not to notice her, but she called him back, and said that she could help him with his ransom. The king scarcely believed this, but answered, "If you can release me from my bond, lady, I shall be grateful, and you shall marry my nephew Gawain, with a golden ring." Then the lothely lady told Arthur that the thing all women desired was to "have their will," or, as we should say, "to have their own way."

The answer proved correct, and the giant, though vexed, accepted it as Arthur's ransom. The "gentle Gawain" was however now bound by his uncle's promise, and would not break it. The "lothely lady" came to Carlisle, and was wedded in the church to Gawain. When they were alone after the ceremony, she told him that she could be ugly by day, or lovely by night, or *vice versa*, as he pleased. For her sake, and that she might appear at court, he chose that she should be ugly at night and lovely by day. Then she begged him to kiss her, and with a shudder he did so. In a moment the spell cast over her by a witch-stepmother was broken, and Gawain beheld a young and lovely maiden. She was presented to Arthur and Guenevere, and was no longer a "lothely lady."

The generosity and loyalty of Sir Gawain are charmingly set forth in this story.

"King Arthur beheld that lady faire,
That was soe faire and bright;
He thankèd Christ in Trinity,
For Sir Gawain, that gentle knight."

Carlisle was sacked by the Danes in 875, but it was repaired and fortified by William Rufus. It was afterwards strongly fortified, and was the bulwark of the north (of

the Borders) as Newcastle and Berwick were of the east.

It was repeatedly attacked by the Scots, sacked, and plundered, but with no lasting success on their part; and it was here that Edward I. collected his great army, and held his parliament before the invasion of Scotland.

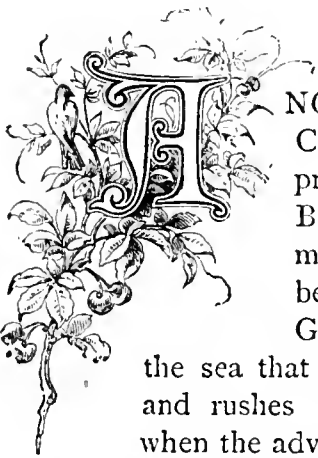
In the civil wars of the seventeenth century it was held by Montrose for the king (1644), and afterwards it suffered from a long siege by the Parliamentary army under Leslie. It was most bravely defended by Sir Thomas Glenham. But food failed before courage waned, and the inhabitants had to eat horses, dogs, and rats without bread or salt. A resident states in his diary that "the citizens were so shrunk from starvation, that they could not choose but laugh at one another, to see their clothes hang upon them as upon men on

gibbets." The city was, however, compelled by famine to surrender after an eight months' siege.

A hundred years afterwards Carlisle had again to surrender to Prince Charles Edward, and without having made any defence, as it had no available garrison. Bonnie Prince Charlie entered it, riding on a milk white steed, and preceded by 100 pipers. A few weeks afterwards the town was retaken by the Duke of Cumberland.

As we have said before, four or five hundred followers of Prince Charles were brought prisoners to Carlisle after the final defeat of the prince, and the place where they were executed, near this city, is still called Gallows Hill. Gibbets were to be seen there in 1798. Some of the prince's adherents were beheaded, and their heads were put on the walls, according to the barbarous fashion of the time.

ST. BEES.



NOBLE coast this of Cumberland, and the promontory of St. Bees Head is a most picturesque and beautiful part of it.

Great cliffs rise above the sea that breaks at their foot and rushes into every fissure, when the advancing tide washes the shore; a sea magnificent in its wrath and most "heavenly beautiful" when it lies in smiles dimpling beneath the lustre of the summer sunshine. Of what enormous masses of red sandstone those cliffs consist, with the tracery of light sandstone dividing and enlightening their heaviness! and they take many forms to the imagination as they

rise piled on each other—sometimes of a battlement or buttress of a castle, sometimes of an old ruin or a church.

At St. Bees Head many lovely wild flowers are found. Wordsworth tells us of the joy felt by one—

"Who climbs on hands and knees
For some rare plant the headland of St. Bees."

Here are found *Lycopsis arvensis*, *Brassica monensis*, and *Geranium sanguineum*. The shore is rich in sea-anemones, star-fish, and other marine spoils.

The town or village is built principally on the ridge of a long narrow valley. There is a legend attached to the priory that once existed here, the choir of the church of which still remains.

St. Bega and several nuns were wrecked

on the coast of Whitehaven. The lady of Egremont Castle had pity on the distressed sisters, and gave them shelter, begging her lord to bestow a place to dwell in on them; he granted her request, and the nuns soon showed that they did not mean to be dependent on charity. "They spun, sewed, and wrought carpets, and other work, and lived such godly lives as gained them great love."

The saint then besought the lady to ask her lord to build them a nunnery, and Lady Egremont again used her influence with her husband to procure it. She told him that he had great lands, and could well give some part of them to the sisterhood; that he might thus lay up for himself treasure in heaven. But the Lord of Egremont only laughed at her request, and told her that he would give them as much land as the snow would cover the next morning. It was Mid-summer Eve when he spoke.

The lady considered that she had failed, and went sadly to sleep. But, lo! the next morning she was awakened by an exclamation from her husband, and going to the window saw that the land glittered with purest snow from the castle to the sea! This land was given to the saint and her daughters. The Lord of Egremont built the abbey of St. Bees, and endowed it with all the snow-covered land, which included the site of the present town of Whitehaven.

In the reign of Henry I. William de Meschines, Earl of Cumberland, restored the abbey, which had been dissolved, and transformed it into a priory of Benedictines. The collegiate church has a nave with aisles, a choir and transepts, and a low square tower at the intersection. The west front of the nave has a Norman doorway and three lancet windows. The nave is now used as a parish church, and one transept has been made a library. The nave has six pointed arches on each side, and the pillars are circular and hexagonal alternately, with one clustered. At

the east end are three beautiful lancet windows, the centre one higher and wider than the others, and between each window are niches, three tiers of them, on clustered shafts with ornamented capitals. The north side of the choir is lighted by lancet windows with plain shafts inside and filleted outside.

There is a college at St. Bees for the education of young men intending to enter the Church. It was founded by the Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Law, in 1817, and has been liberally supported by the earls of Lonsdale. The remains of the old priory church—the choir—has been repaired for the use of the college.

The castle of Egremont has a pretty tradition connected with it. The remains of it stand on an eminence close to the town of Whitehaven. It was built early in the twelfth century by William de Meschines, Earl of Cumberland. His daughter and heiress married Prince William, son of Duncan II., King of Scotland, and from her it descended to the Lucys, Multons, and Fitzwalters.

The principal remains are a square tower, a portion of a wall, and a gateway, where the grooves for a portcullis can be seen. A deep moat surrounds it, and the walls have herring-bone work, peculiar to the Normans, on them, of a very ancient kind. This castle was long the residence of the Lords of Copeland, lying between the Duddon and the Derwent, which Henry I. gave to William de Meschines. The lords had power of life and death, and a gallows stood in a field near the castle, still called Gibbet Holm. But we must turn to the legend.

A horn hung at the gate of Egremont castle, which could only be sounded by the true lord of the place. Two brothers, Sir Eustace de Lucy, Lord of Egremont, and his brother Hubert, joined the Crusades; and as they departed for the Holy Land, Eustace blew the horn suspended at the gateway, and said to Hubert, "If I fall in the Holy Land, return and blow this horn, for Egremont may not be

without a Lucy for its lord." Did those words awake in Hubert de Lucy's heart a desire for the estates that might be his if Eustace fell? It may be so; but at any rate that evil desire did wake, and while they were in Palestine, he hired three bravoes to throw his brother into the river Jordan.

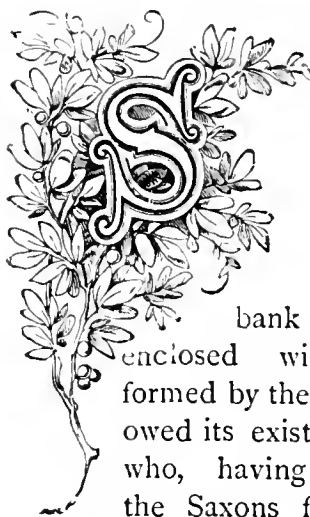
Sir Eustace disappeared, and was believed to be dead, and Hubert hastened home to Egremont. But at the gate he paused. He could not blow the horn; his conscience awoke at the sight of it; he simply entered the hall and claimed his inheritance.

A few weeks or months wore on, and Hubert, whose conscience had ceased for a

while to upbraid him, gave a great feast at the castle. Just as the revelry was at its height a loud blast was blown on the horn, that should only have been sounded by Hubert himself. He started up in guilty fear. It could be no one else but Eustace—alive and returned. Hubert darted from the room, and escaped by the postern door as Eustace entered the hall. He (Eustace) had swum on shore from the Jordan, but had heard from his intended murderers to whom he might have owed his death. He returned to claim his own. Hubert took refuge in a monastery and died there, the generous Eustace forgiving him.

The story is the subject of one of Wordsworth's poems.

SHREWSBURY.



SHREWSBURY, the capital of Shropshire, is situated on an eminence that rises over the eastern bank of the Severn, and is enclosed within a peninsula formed by the river. Shrewsbury owed its existence to the Britons, who, having been driven by the Saxons from their city, the Roman *Uriconium*, or *Wroxeter*, fled for refuge farther up the Severn. On this peninsula, formed by the protecting river, they found a shelter, and built themselves a new town of wattled huts. *Pengwern* was their name for it. It became afterwards Shrewsbury. It was at that period surrounded by morasses, and was consequently a very strong place in which they might hope to defend themselves against "the blue-eyed heathen."

But even here the relentless Saxons

followed them; they cared neither for river nor morass, but attacked *Pengwern* and set fire to the new buildings. Lighted by the flames of their burning homes the unhappy Britons, in despair, took refuge in the western mountains.

By-and-by, however, a portion of Shropshire, including *Pengwern*, then unoccupied by the Saxons, became part of the British kingdom of *Powis*. It was so lovely and romantic, that it obtained from a British poet, *Llywarc Hên*, the prince of the Cambrian Britons, the name of the "Paradise of the Cymry." Nothing is known, however, of the kings of *Powis*, who dwelt in the wattled palace of *Pengwern*, except that they were engaged in perpetual conflicts with the Saxons, till, after a terrible struggle of two centuries' duration, *Offa the Terrible*, King of *Mercia*, annexed Shropshire to England.

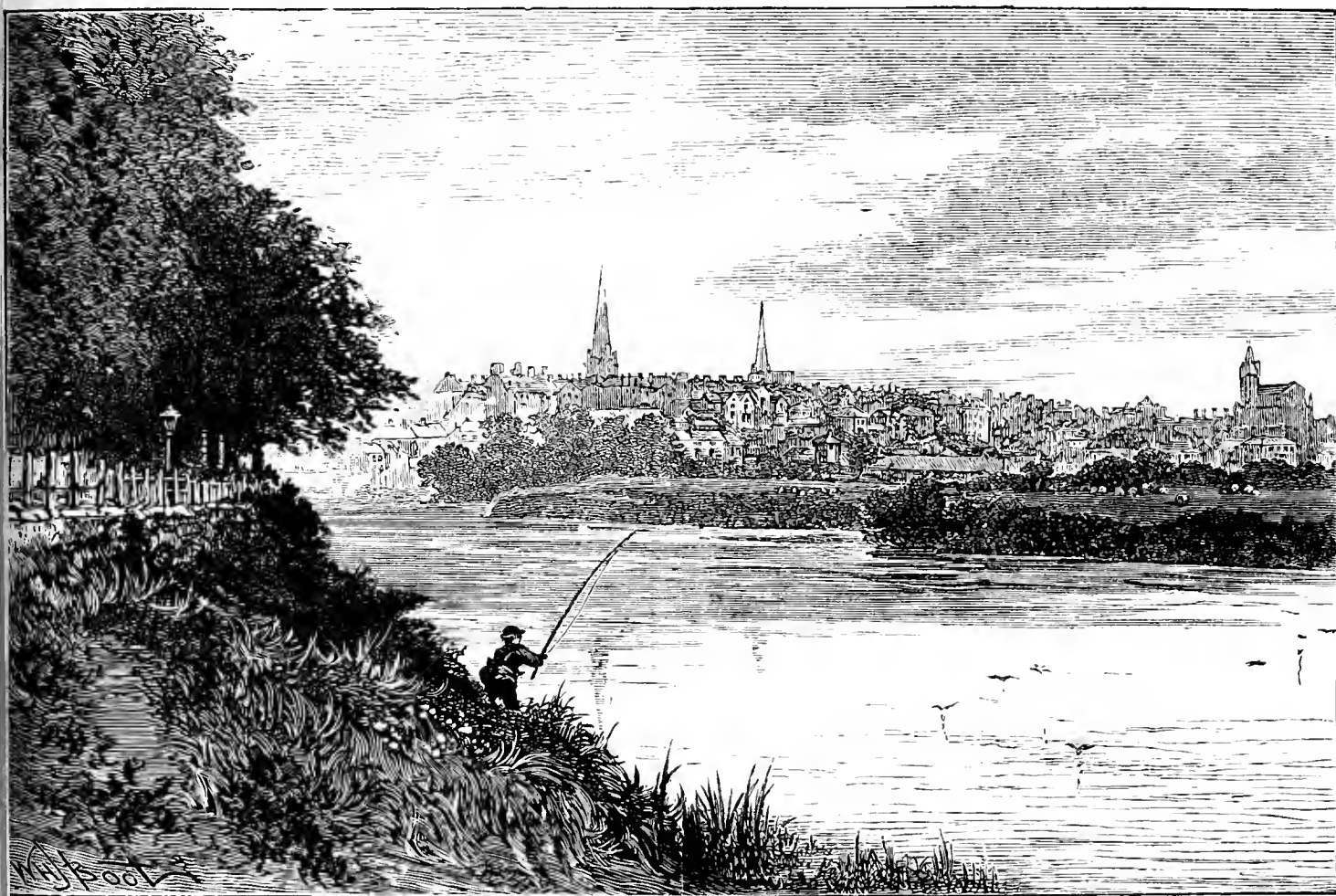
To secure this great fruit of his victories, the Mercian cast up the vast entrenchment known as *Offa's Dyke*, which, "ex-

tending from the river Wye, six and a half miles northwest of Hereford, boldly traverses, for upwards of a hundred miles, mountain and plain, until it terminates in the parish of Mold, Flintshire, sixteen miles from the estuary of the Dee. In its course northwards this stupendous work forms the boundary between Shropshire and Montgomeryshire, in the former of

which counties it is still very complete for a distance of twenty miles.*

Then Pengwern became the property of the Mercians, who called it Shrewsbury; the word signifying "a fenced eminence overgrown with trees."

Ethelfleda, Lady of the Mercians, and worthy daughter of Alfred the Great, succeeded, in 912, to her deceased husband's



SHREWSBURY, FROM COTON HILL.

territories, and founded St. Almund's Collegiate Church in the then growing town of Shrewsbury.

In the reign of Athelstane,—that glorious Saxon whose charters and inscriptions so often bear the wonderful words : —

“As free make I thee
As heart can wish or eye can see,”—

Shrewsbury was considered important enough to have a mint, and several pennies

stamped *Scrob*—*Scrobbeshyrig* was the same name as Shrewsbury—and with Athelstane's name on them, have been found.

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle tells us, that when the Danes were cruelly ravaging the country in the south of his kingdom, Ethelred the Unready, the doomed son of the wicked Elfrida, passed in 1006 over the

* Anderson's "Shropshire."

Thames into Shropshire, and there took up his abode, "during the mid-winter's tide," and he dwelt "in sorrow and perplexity at his manor in Shropshire, continually pained and mortified by the tidings borne to him of the Danish cruelties."

One of the most infamous of the men of that period, Ethelred's son-in-law and viceroy, the base, treacherous Edric Streone, Earl of Mercia, resided here, and when he (Edric) forsook his father-in-law, Ethelred, and went over to the Danish king, Knut or Canute, the men of Shropshire followed the example of their earl, and made peace with the Danes. We are glad to record that Edric was punished by being put to death by Canute's orders, and his body thrown into the Thames, while the men of Shropshire were severely punished the following year by Edmund Ironsides.

The condition of Shrewsbury in the reign of Edward the Confessor is recorded thus in Domesday Book ; we extract it from the County History :—

"In the town of Shrewsbury there were 252 houses, in the time of King Edward, with a burgess residing in each house ; these altogether paid an annual rent of £7 16s. 8d. ! King Edward received the following fines, etc., from the towns :—

"If any person wilfully infringed a protection given under the king's own hand, he was outlawed. He who violated the royal protection given by the Sheriff forfeited 100s. and the same sum was exacted for an assault committed on the highway, and for a burglary. These three forfeitures were paid to King Edward in all his demesne lands throughout England, over and above the reserved rents.

"When the king resided in this town, twelve of the better sort of citizens kept watch over him, and when he went out a hunting such of them as had horses guarded him.

"A widow paid the king 30s. for a licence to marry, a maiden 10s. for the same permission. If a house was burnt by accident without negligence, the burgess who in-

habited it paid a fine of 40s. to the king, and 2s. each to his two next neighbours. The king had 10s. for a relief upon the death of every burgess dwelling within the royal demesne ; and if it was not paid by the time the sheriff appointed, a fine of 10s. more was exacted. If a man wounded another so as to draw blood, he paid 40s. for this offence, etc., etc."

At the time of the Norman Conquest there were two Earls of Mercia, Edwin and Morcar. They had foolishly delayed joining Harold at Hastings, and now, perceiving that they were unable to resist the victorious Norman, they took the oath of fealty to him. But they did not keep it. In the desperate attempt made by the English to free their country from the Norman yoke, in 1068, the brothers (though they had been confirmed by William in their joint earldom) took part. But the effort was vain, and the earls had to take refuge at last in the marsh environed Isle of Ely. Here they might have remained in safety, for William's heavy men-at-arms could not penetrate to this last refuge of the English ; but Morcar suffered himself to be deluded by the false promises of the Conqueror, and quitted the camp of refuge to attend the court of William. No sooner, however, was he beyond the entrenchments than he was seized, loaded with irons, and carried to a dungeon. Edwin, infuriated at the treachery shown to his brother, left the isle, to endeavour to deliver him and to free his country. But he was betrayed by one of his own attendants to the Normans, and attacked by them. At the head of twenty of his knights he made a brave defence against terrible odds, retreating backwards as he fought, till he was stopped by a swollen brook, and fell overpowered by numbers. His head was cut off and carried to William, who wept as he gazed at the fair curls of the gallant Saxon, whom he would fain have attached to himself.

On his death-bed, sixteen years afterwards, the Conqueror remembered the imprisoned Morcar, and full of remorse for his many

crimes (amongst which was his treachery to the young Earl of Mercia), he ordered him to be set free. Immediately after the Conqueror's death, however, Rufus managed to seize Morcar again, and shut him up in prison, from which he was set free only by death.

Thus ended the brother earls of Mercia—the Lords of Shrewsbury. They were remarkable for personal beauty, great valour, and integrity of life. They were of princely birth, and their vast estates gave them great power; while, as the champions of English freedom, they were idolised by the people. The clergy and monks offered continual prayers for them, and the poor made daily supplications for the souls of Edwin and Morcar.

Shrewsbury was the scene of one of the most hardly fought battles of English history.

The Percies, who had been the chief of those nobles who had placed Henry Bolingbroke on the throne, considered themselves ungratefully treated by the king. He neglected, in spite of their repeated applications and remonstrances, to pay the soldiers who formed the defensive force on the Borders. Harry Percy, the famous Hotspur, complained of being nearly ruined by his outlay for the Government,* and Henry brought their anger to a climax by refusing to allow them to ransom Sir Edmund Mortimer, who had been taken prisoner by Owen Glendower at the battle of Knyghton. Edmund Mortimer was uncle to that young Earl of March who was the rightful heir to the Crown, but whom Henry kept in custody; and of course the king was not favourably disposed to Mortimer—dreading the house of York.

Hotspur was excessively angry at the king's refusal, for Mortimer was his wife's brother. The Earls of Northumberland and Worcester, his father and uncle, took up the quarrel, and Scroop, the Archbishop of York, advised them to dethrone Henry,

and put the boy-Mortimer—the true heir—in his place. They formed a close league with Owen Glendower, who gave his daughter in marriage to Edmund Mortimer, and promised to assist them with twelve thousand Welsh; Hotspur had taken prisoner the Douglas, at the recent battle of Homildon Hill, and refused to give him up to the king. He set him at liberty without ransom on condition that he should join their army with his vassals.

Douglas accordingly re-crossed the Border with a large force. The Earl of Northumberland was very ill, and Hotspur took command of part of his forces; his father was to follow with the other part. He (Hotspur) marched towards North Wales, where he hoped to meet Glendower. The Earl of Worcester joined him on the march with a large body of the renowned archers of Cheshire, and the knights and squires of that county.

But Henry, who had started for the North with his army, learned the direction they had taken, and turned off to the west, intending to throw himself between Percy and North Wales. He marched very rapidly, and reached Shrewsbury before the insurgents. He had scarcely entered the town before Hotspur's forces arrived outside it. Percy was very angry at finding that Owen Glendower and the Welsh were not arrived, but he encamped at no great distance from the town; the king's army came out of it, and encamped beyond the eastern gate. Then night closed over the opposing armies.

Owen Glendower had arrived on the other side of the river, and attempted to cross, but heavy rains had fallen, the Severn was flooded, and the fords were impassable; Henry was in Shrewsbury, and the bridge was strongly guarded.

During the night the insurgents sent their defiance to Henry, charging him with usurpation, broken pledges, and the murder of Richard in Pontefract by cold and famine. The king did not write any reply; but he sent to offer them pardon if they

* Rev. C. Hartshorne.

would disperse, and the Percies meet him at court to discuss their grievances.

At an early hour the next morning, July 21st, Hotspur drew up his forces, much less in number, opposite to the king's. There was a pause. For some years civil war had been unknown. These men of the same land hesitated to begin a fratricidal battle, and Henry sent the Abbot of Shrewsbury to try and bring the insurgents to terms; but all his offers were rejected. Then the royal trumpets sounded, and with a cry of "St. George for England!" and "Esperance, Percy!" the fight began. Hotspur and Douglas led the first charge side by side—the two best lances in Britain. It was irresistible; part of the king's guards were broken; the Earl of Stafford, Sir Walter Blount, and two other knights, who wore the royal dress, were slain (Henry had dressed several of his knights in armour exactly resembling his own, and Douglas pursued these substitutes with fatal perseverance); the royal standard was cast down, and Harry of Monmouth, the young Prince of Wales, was badly wounded in the face; but he kept on fighting in spite of the pain he must have suffered. The brilliant charge of the English and Scotch heroes was not well supported; the royal lines through which they had broken reformed and closed on their rear; and when they turned to ride through them again, they found them firm as a wall, while showers of arrows were poured on them from all sides. The battle lasted—a furious contest—for three hours, during which time some bodies of the Welsh arrived, "but the main body of the confederates could not rescue their van." Hotspur, fighting against fearful odds, was killed by a chance arrow that pierced his brain. Then there came a terrible cry, "Hotspur is slain!" and his followers lost courage and fled on all sides.

Douglas, seeing all hope was over, also fled; but fell over a precipice and was so much hurt that he was taken prisoner before he could resume his flight.

The Earl of Worcester, the Baron of Kinderton and Sir Richard Vernon were also taken, and their heads were struck off on the field of battle; but Henry treated Douglas courteously as "a foreign knight."

Owen Glendower, unable to reach his friends, climbed a great oak (the oak of Chertsey), and from its topmost branches gained a full view of the battle field, and watched with rage and regret the strife from which the rushing river kept him. He heard at last the shout that told him Hotspur's sun was set.

The numbers that fell in that well-contested field were enormous. It is stated that the entire loss on both sides amounted to ten thousand men.

In the Wars of the Roses Shrewsbury took the side of the White Rose, and Edward IV. showed much favour to it. His second son Richard, the younger of the two princes murdered in the Tower, was born there.

The Earl of Richmond, on his way to Bosworth Field, was joyously received, when he reached Shrewsbury, by the townsmen (who must have greatly resented the Princes' murder), though the magistrates had hesitated to receive him.

Charles I. was also loyally greeted at Shrewsbury, when, during the civil war, he came to the town; he received here liberal contributions of money and plate from the surrounding gentry, and largely recruited his army with gallant Shropshire men.

Shrewsbury was, however, surprised and taken by the Parliamentarians in 1644.

There are some remains of the castle, especially of the keep, which has been modernised; also there are remains of the walls of the inner court, the great arch of the inner gate, a lofty mound on the bank of the river, and a fort called Roushill, built by Cromwell.

Shrewsbury used to be famous for a splendid show; it is still, we believe, continued, though with less splendour. It was also celebrated for brawn and painted glass works.

Its cakes are well known and thus mentioned by Shenstone :—

“ And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honoured names the inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's Isle Salopia's
praises known.”

ON HOTSPUR'S DEATH.

The glorious summer sunshine
Glitters on helm and shield ;
As the stately hosts of England,
Gather on Hayteley Field.

England's divided chivalry,
Close there in deadly fight ;
The Percy and his gallant few,
Against usurping might.

The bloody heart of Douglas—
Strange sight for Scottish pride !—
And the Lion of Northumberland,
Are moving side by side,

Opposed to a great armament,
Of noble hearts and brave ;
Who gather round, where high in air,
The five gold lilies wave.

Alas ! for the false ordéal !
The plumed victory rests,
Not on the Northern Lion,
But on Lancastrian crests.

When the crimson sunset faded
O'er that terrific plain,
The lion helm was low in dust—
The noblest Percy slain.

In that red sea of civil strife,
The barons' star has set ;
But the Percy's truth and honour
No heart will ere forget.

They may brand with a foul slander
His true and deathless name ;
They may throw the scorn of treason
Upon his spotless fame.

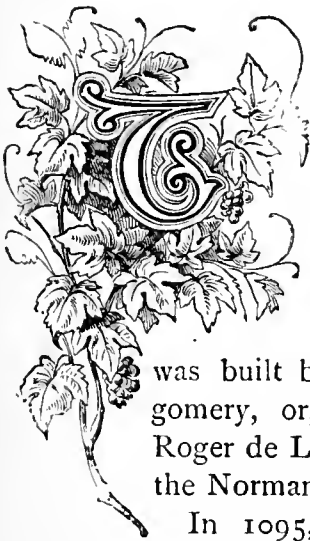
They may keep his corpse unburied,
And bid his head look down ;—
Vain mock'ry of a traitor's doom !—
O'er the great Northern town.

Small need has he of grave or pall,—
Hotspur can never die
As meaner men ! his name is still
A living memory.

For long as Shakspeare's language lasts,
Shall live the Percy name ;
And England glory in the tale
Of the great House's fame.

L. VALENTINE.

(From the Rev. C. Hartshorne's "Northumberland.")



LUDLOW CASTLE.

HIS beautiful castle is situated at the north-west extremity of the town of Ludlow, in a very picturesque country. It was built by Roger de Montgomery, or, as some say, by Roger de Lacy, very soon after the Norman Conquest.

In 1095, Hugh de Lacy, brother of its supposed founder, was its lord. Afterwards Henry I. gave it in charge to Fulke de Dinan.

The Welsh killed this castellan, and the king, Stephen, seizing Ludlow Castle, appointed Joccas de Dinan as his successor.

But Joccas proved false to his benefactor, and Stephen, who had visited Worcester in state, April 30th, 1139, marched from thence to Ludlow, and rearing two counter forts against the castle, besieged it.

His friend, the young Scottish Prince Henry, was with him, and riding too close to the walls, was seized by an iron grapple, thrown from the castle, dragged from his horse, and would have been hauled into the fortress, if Stephen had not rescued him at great risk to himself. But the brave usurper did not succeed in taking Ludlow. Sir Joccas or Joyce de Dinan still kept possession of it.

The incidents in Sir Joyce de Dinan's life afford a good picture of the state of the country at that time ; and of the manner

in which the feudal barons set the law of the land at defiance.

He was at feud with Sir Hugh de Mortimer, who kept such strict watch on the castle that Sir Joyce could never leave it; and whenever the enemies' followers met, the victory always remained with Mortimer. At length Sir Joyce conquered by stratagem. He sent spies along the roads; learned where Sir Hugh was wont to ride unattended, and lying in ambush, seized him and made him prisoner, and kept him in his castle of Ludlow till he paid a ransom of three thousand marks of silver, besides his plate, horses, and hawks. Mortimer was imprisoned in the highest tower of the third bail of the castle, and "though his captivity occurred more than seven hundred years ago, the people still point out Mortimer's tower amongst the ruins." There is also a story of a sanguinary feud between Sir Joyce and the Lord of Ewias. They invaded each other's territories; burnt villages, plundered and robbed the people, and did much mischief.

"One summer's day Sir Joce rose early in the morning, and ascended a tower in the middle of his castle to survey the country; and he looked towards the hill that is called Whitcliff, and saw the fields covered with knights, squires, sergeants and valets, some armed on their steeds, some on foot, and he heard the horses neigh, and saw the helms glittering. Among whom he saw the banner of Walter de Lacy, blazing new with gold with a fesse of gules across. Then he called his knights, and ordered them to arm and mount their steeds, and take their arblasters and their archers and go to the bridge below the town of Dinan, and defend the bridge and the ford, that none pass it. Sir Walter and his people thought to pass safely, but the people of Sir Joce drove them back, and many on both sides were wounded and killed. At length came Sir Joce, and his banner all white with silver with three lions passant of azure crowned with gold, with five hundred with

him, knights and servants on horse and foot, besides the burgesses and their servants, who were very good. Then, with great force, Joce passed the bridge, and the hosts encountered body to body. Joce struck Godebrand, who carried the banner of Lacy, through the body with a spear. Then the Lacy lost his banner. Then the people exchanged blows, and many on each side were slain. But the Lacy had the worst, for he went off flying and discomfited, and took his way beside the river of Teme. The lady, with her daughters and her other damsels, had ascended a tower (at Ludlow Castle), whence they saw all the battle, and prayed God devoutly to save their lord and his people from hurt and defeat."*

Joyce pursued De Lacy, and the latter, seeing his foe was alone, turned and faced him. Their partizans, however, soon joined them, and a desperate conflict ensued.

De Lacy was taken and carried captive to Ludlow; where his wounds were dressed, and he was guarded with honour. He, however, escaped from his prison, and captured by stratagem his enemy's stronghold. In the struggle the castle was burnt and half destroyed.

After these remarkable domestic feuds, little occurred of interest at Ludlow. Henry II., Richard, and John, held it in their hands, or granted it to vassals. King John bestowed it on Walter de Lacy, the son of Hugh.

Castle guard was required for Ludlow from many of the neighbouring manors.

Edward IV. repaired the castle as a palace for his son, the Prince of Wales, and held at it the Court of the Marches, where he and the Lords Presidents transacted the business of the Principality.

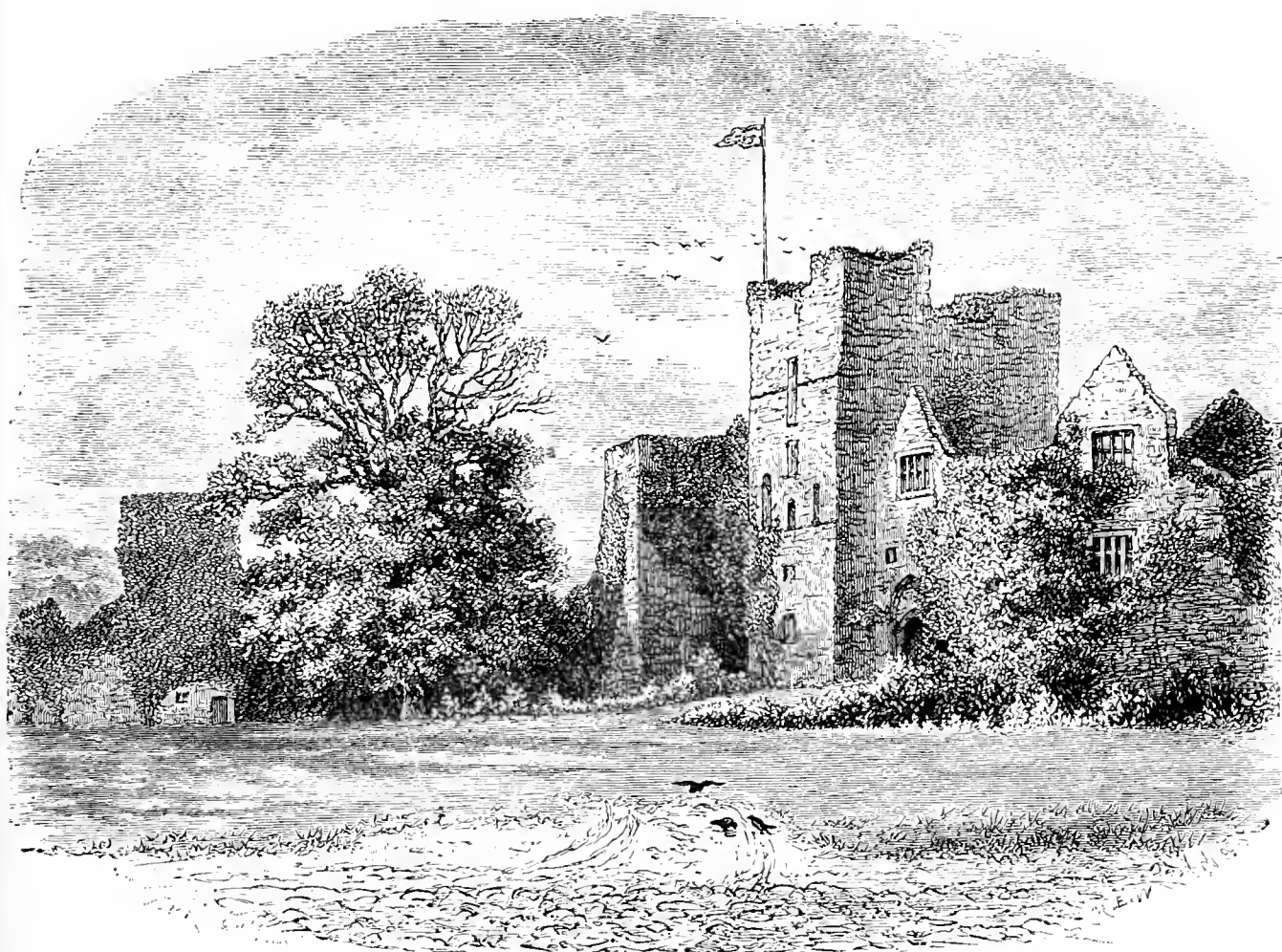
Here he sent his eldest son to reside. He made, also, regulations and rules for the young prince's daily conduct. Little Edward was then only twelve years old; he

* "History of Fulke de Fitzwarine."

was to go daily to mass, and rules were made for his studies and his sports. Whilst he dined the king ordered that there should be read to him "noble stories as behoveth a prince to understand ; and that the communication at all times in his presence be of virtue, honour, cunning (knowledge), wisdom, and deeds of worship, and nothing that shall move him to vice." (*MS. in*

British Museum). John Alcock, Bishop of Worcester, was his preceptor, and he was under the guardianship of Earl Rivers, the most intellectual, accomplished, and honourable of the nobles of Edward's court, and uncle to the prince.

But the effects of this wise rearing were never to be seen. The poor little prince was summoned to London, by order of the



LUDLOW CASTLE.

council, on the death of his father. His mother—Elizabeth Woodville—wished to order the militia of Shropshire to escort him thither, but the council (who were in the interests of Richard) opposed the wish, and the queen weakly yielded as usual. Had she followed the leading of her maternal instincts, Richard's plans would have been frustrated. As it was, he met the young king on the way, sent his

uncle and his faithful followers to Pontefract, where he had them beheaded, and brought the hapless boy on with him to London, where he was proclaimed king, and committed "for safety" to the Tower with his young brother, Richard of York. There they were murdered.

The prophetic words of Edward IV. were fulfilled: "If you, among yourselves, in a child's reign, fall at debate, many a

good man shall perish, and haply, he too, and ye too, ere this land shall find peace again."

Sir Henry Sidney, Lord-President of the Marches, resided at Ludlow Castle in Elizabeth's reign, and sent his noble son, Philip Sidney, then a boy of twelve, to school at Shrewsbury.

Sir Henry died at Ludlow in 1586, and Queen Elizabeth, who knew how to value a wise and good subject, and who greatly honoured Sidney, ordered Garter, king-at-arms, to prepare his funeral. Robed in velvet, and with all the pomp of heraldry, his body was borne from Ludlow to Worcester, where it was placed in the cathedral, and a sermon was preached by his chaplain while it lay there. It was then borne in solemn state to Penshurst, where he was buried. Philip Sidney, in his youth, must have been a dweller in the castle where his father kept up almost regal state, and must have often wandered in its lovely and picturesque neighbourhood. Sir Henry greatly improved and added to the castle.

The next circumstance to be recorded of Ludlow Castle is the representation there of Milton's "*Comus*," when the Earl of Bridgewater was lord-president. The masque was written to be performed by the lord-president's children at their father's installation in his high office, Michaelmas, 1633.

There is even now a very fine wood not far from Ludlow Castle; it is called Haywood Forest, and in it Lady Alice Egerton, then a girl of thirteen, and her two brothers, Lord Brackley, aged twelve, and the younger child, the Honourable Thomas Egerton, were benighted on their way from the house of some friends in Herefordshire, where they had rested on their journey to Ludlow. Her brothers lost Lady Alice in the wood for a time, and this is thought to have suggested the subject of the beautiful masque. Lady Alice was a pupil of Lawes, the great musician of that period, and the friend of Milton, and she excelled in sing-

ing. For her Lawes composed the *Echo Song*. He performed the *Attendant Spirit* himself, and directed the masque. Milton is thought to have written "*Comus*" at his father's house in Buckinghamshire, Horton, near Colnbrook; but it is quite possible that he may have written it at Ludlow, for there is evidence that he was present at its performance. "*Comus*" was first acted on the stage in 1758 with Dr. Arne's music, and it was acted again in 1750 for the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter, who kept a chandler's shop at Holloway. Dr. Johnson wrote a prologue for it on that occasion, and Garrick spoke it.

In Ludlow Castle Butler wrote part of "*Hudibras*." The castle was garrisoned for Charles I., but was given up in 1646 to the Parliamentary army.

The castle is most picturesque. It rises from the point of a headland, and its foundations are laid on a bare rock; but it has been planted with trees, which greatly add to its beauty. It has square towers with embattled connecting walls.

The keep of Ludlow is a massive square tower in the style of Rochester Castle. It is 110 feet high, and covered with ivy to the top. It was built in 1090, but has been much altered since then. The entrance used to be up the tower, and was reached by a flight of steps; but in the fifteenth century a door was opened in the wall lower down with a flight of steps leading to the first storey. From thence a newel staircase conducted the inmates to the top of the tower. The ground floor contains the great dungeon or vault, with three square openings into the chamber above. By these, prisoners were lowered into the dungeon, or arms were kept in it.

The great hall where "*Comus*" was played is now roofless, and has no floor. A tower at the west side is called "*Prince Arthur's Tower*," and altogether the castle is a very grand and imposing ruin.

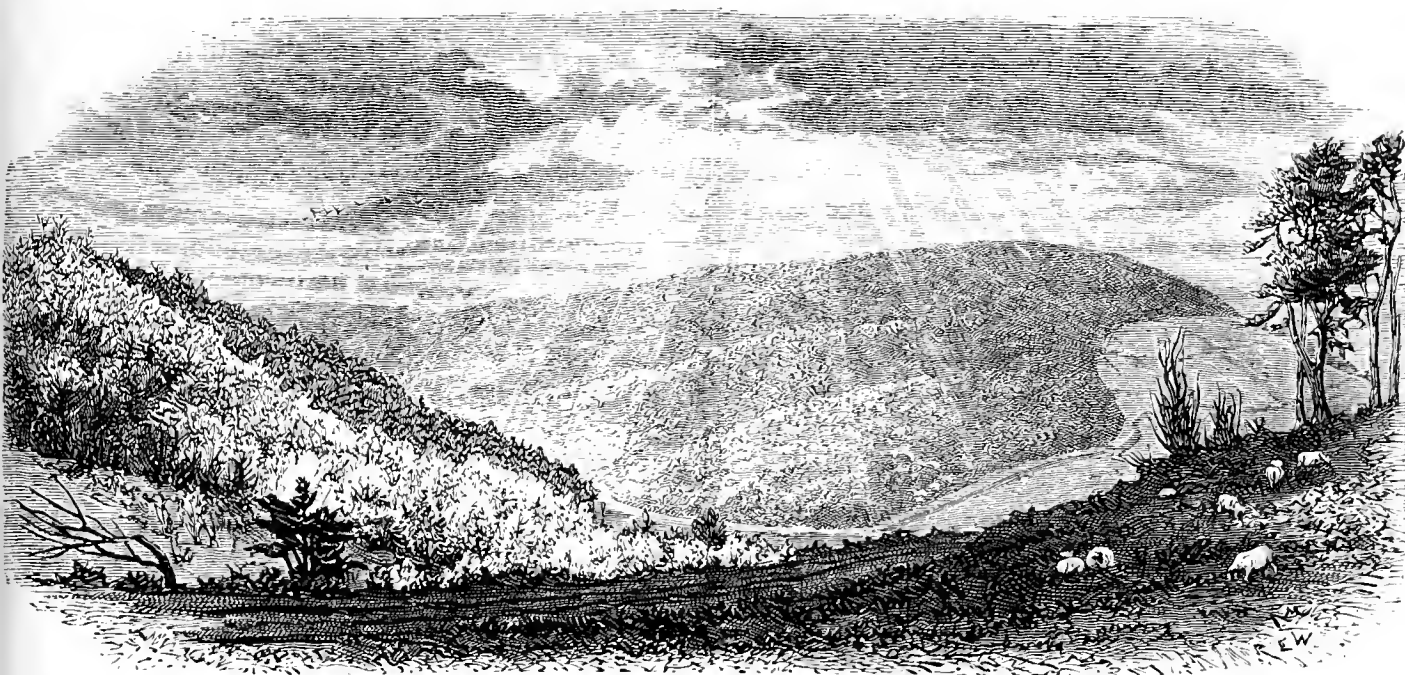
Ludlow now belongs to the Earls of Powis.

The view from the hill on which the ruins

stand is most beautiful. Eastward is Titterstone Clee Hill ; on the north, Corve Dale and lovely hills ; the beautiful valley of the Teme in front, with the Shelton Hills behind it ; the old town of Ludlow

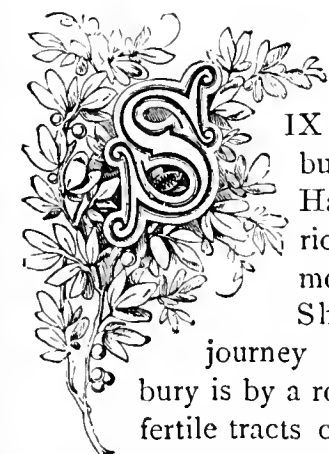
on a knoll—scarcely anywhere can so fine a prospect be obtained as at Ludlow.

The Mary Knoll Valley is a singularly picturesque spot, well worth visiting by tourists in Shropshire.



MARY KNOLL VALLEY.

PITCHFORD HALL.



IX miles from Shrewsbury stands Pitchford Hall, in one of the richest parts of that most beautiful county, Shropshire. The journey to it from Shrewsbury is by a road passing through fertile tracts clothed with golden corn, ascending and descending, and round and about in a delightfully erratic and rural manner. At the distance of about half a mile the house comes into view, with its checkered timber and brick walls, and its

clustered chimneys. It stands in a commanding position on one side of a beautiful vale, on a well-wooded slope of rich pasture land. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the place, or the quaint picturesqueness of the house, with its interlacings of black and white, and its surrounding masses of magnificent trees.

The walls appear to be composed of strongly framed timber, on a substructure of stone and brick. It is in wonderful preservation for its age, dating from Henry VIII.'s reign, to which these half-timbered houses belong. In front of the house a

small stream of water flows through a bridge, on one side of which it has been raised by means of a weir. This gives the upper part of the stream a broad, river-like appearance. Large and well-furnished gardens skirt its banks for a considerable distance.

Pitchford is said to have derived its name from a bituminous well, on the surface of which floated a sort of liquid bitumen resembling that which is seen on the Dead Sea.

The first possessors of the place took their name from this well. We read of a Sir Ralph de Pitchford, who behaved so valiantly at the siege of Bridgenorth that Henry I. gave him Little Brug, near it, as a reward, to hold it by the service of finding dry wood for the great chamber of the Castle of Brug or Bruggnorth, whenever the king was coming there.

The hall is the property now of Lord Liverpool, devised to the then earl, in 1806, by Mr. Ottley, in whose family the estate had been for nearly four hundred years. William Oteley (as the name was originally spelt) was high sheriff for the county in the fifteenth of Henry VII., and again in the fifth of Henry VIII., in whose reign he probably built this hall.

During the civil wars the Ottleys, who were loyal Cavaliers, gained much distinction for their valour and services, although they were not always successful.

Sir Francis Ottley was successively governor of Shrewsbury and Bridgenorth. In the latter town he was besieged in 1646, and was compelled to surrender to the Parliamentary army, with the stipulation that "Francis Ottley should be permitted to retire with his family and possessions to Pitchford, or to the Hay," another estate belonging to him. He must have been not a little mortified at having to surrender the place where his ancestor had won a reward of valour.

Screened from the hall by thick plantations is a plain but very old church, placed close to the grounds. It contains some interesting monuments of the Ottley family, and also a curious and well-carved oaken figure of a knight templar, a Baron de Pitchford, who fought in the Crusades, and is buried here.

The Duchess of Kent and her fair young daughter (now our beloved Queen) visited Pitchford Hall in October, 1832, on which occasion the old house, true to its ancient loyalty, entertained the royal guests with Shropshire hospitality.

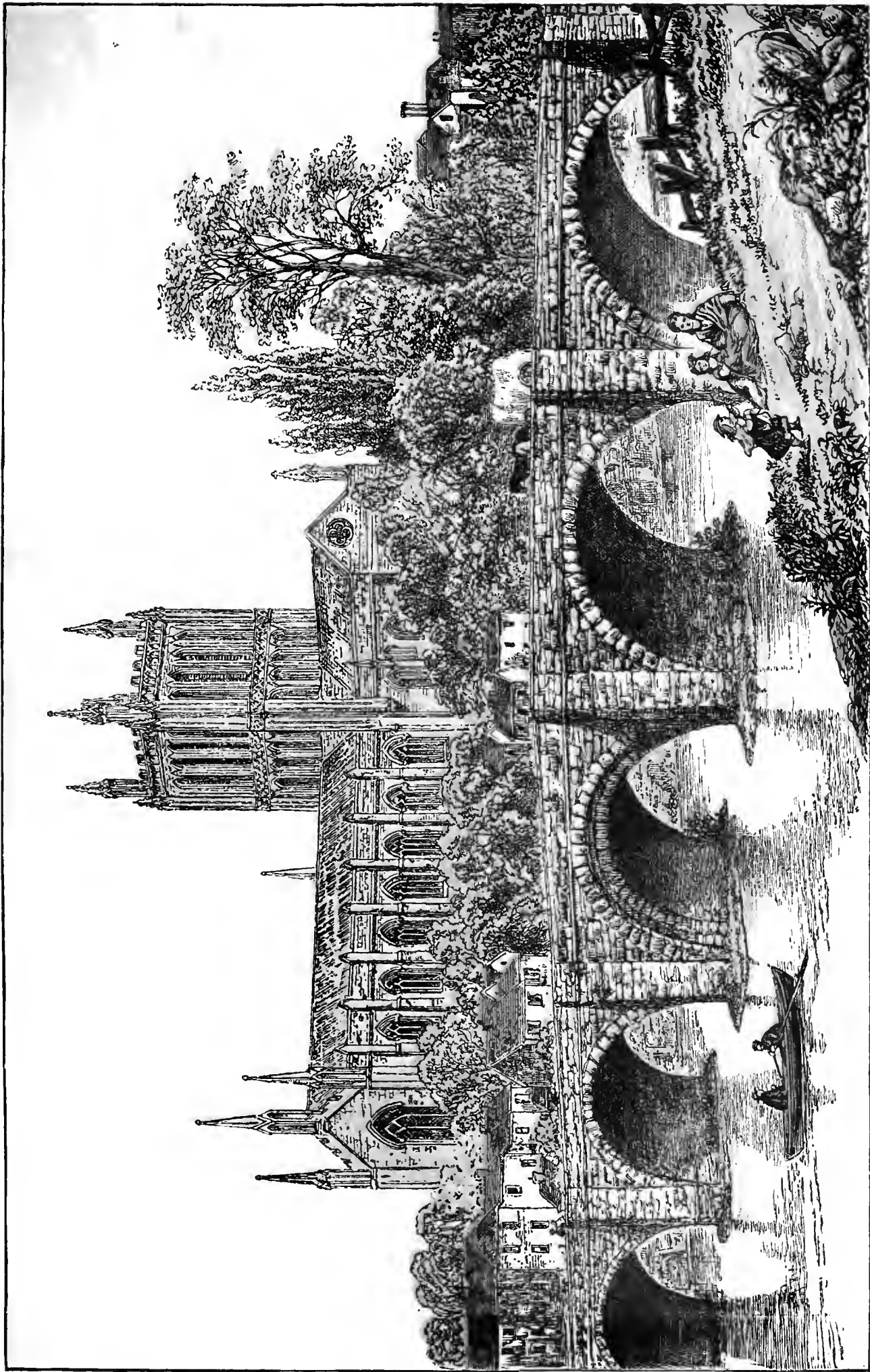
HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.



THE foundation of this cathedral was due to an unhappy love and a treacherous crime.

Offa, king of Mercia, a great warrior and leader of men, had a very lovely daughter. Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, saw her, loved her passionately, and asked her of her father for

his wife. Offa received the proposal graciously, and invited Ethelbert to visit him at his palace at Sutton, about three miles from Hereford. On the young king's arrival he was treated with great kindness and courtesy by the king, and his love was returned by the princess. But Offa's queen was a Lady Macbeth in character. She saw only in the visit of her daughter's lover a chance of securing the kingdom of East Anglia for her husband. She insinuated her evil thought into the mind



HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.



of her lord, and by her influence and exhortations he was induced to forget the duties of hospitality and the sanctity of a guest's person, and to consent to the queen's crime. She had a hollow space beneath her bedchamber. Inviting Ethelbert into her room, on pretence of showing him something, she pushed him down an opening made into this cavity, and left him to be stifled there, her agents securely covering the oaken floor over him. He was, when dead, removed, and a royal burial was given to him, his sudden death being, we suppose, plausibly accounted for by the king. Another legend changes the manner of his murder, and says he was beheaded. In either case, on the night of his burial a column of light, as bright as the sun, is said to have appeared, rising towards heaven, and three nights after the figure of the wounded king appeared to a nobleman named Brithfrid (probably one of his own subjects), and commanded him to carry his body to a place called *Stratus Waye*, and to bury it near the monastery there. Brithfrid obeyed his dead master, and bore away the body and head on a rude carriage. On the way the head was jerked out, but was found by a blind man, who picked it up and restored it to the driver; in return he received his sight. On their arrival at *Stratus Waye*, now called Hereford, they interred the body.

The numerous miracles that usually attended the burial of a betrayed and murdered person of eminence then commenced, and were so wonderful that Offa sent two bishops to Hereford to inquire into the matter. They saw a Welsh bishop cured of palsy at the tomb, and at once confirmed the reports of its sanctity and power.

Offa believed their account of the miracle, and was not a little alarmed at finding that he had murdered, or permitted the murder, of a saint. He at once erected a magnificent tomb over the remains of his victim, and gave the tenth of all his possessions to the saint, *i.e.*, to the monastery where he was buried. He was so troubled by his

conscience that he made a pilgrimage to Rome to get absolution from the Pope, and consented, at the request of his Holiness, to make his kingdom pay Peter's Pence in future.

Milfrid, governor of Mercia under King Egbert, built over the tomb a stone church. By the beginning of the eleventh century it became decayed, and Bishop Athelstan rebuilt it. The Welsh destroyed his building in an incursion in 1055, and one of William the Conqueror's Norman bishops, Robert de Lozing or Lozinga, built instead of it the existing cathedral. This bishop was an able architect as well as priest and mathematician; but he was extremely superstitious. It may be remembered by the reader that he was an astrologer, and that when invited to attend the dedication of Lincoln Cathedral by Remigius, he declined, because, he said, the stars foretold that the cathedral would *not* be dedicated during the lifetime of Remigius. He was the only bishop not present when the dedication took place; but then Remigius himself was dead, having died suddenly the day before that fixed for the ceremony, and thus confirmed the superstition of his friend.

During the illness of Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester—he who fixed his staff, as we have told, in Edward the Confessor's tomb—Lozing being then at court, had a dream in which the form of his friend appeared before him, saying, "If you wish to see me before I die, hasten to Worcester."

Hurrying to the king, Lozing obtained leave to go there, and travelled night and day till he reached Cricklade, where, overcome by fatigue, he slept. His friend again appeared to him in a dream saying, "Thou hast done what fervent love could dictate, but art too late. I am now dead; and thou wilt not long survive me; but lest thou shouldst consider this only a fantastic dream, know that after my body has been committed to the earth a gift shall be given to thee which thou shalt recognise as having belonged to me."

Lozing, much depressed, hurried on,

however, the following morning to Worcester, but found on his arrival that Wulstan, the last of the Saxon bishops, lay dead. In much sorrow he read the service over his noble old friend's grave, and was then preparing to return home when the priest said to him, "Receive as a testimony of our departed lord's love this lambskin cap which he wore."

Lozing shuddered, and doubted not that he had really seen and heard Wulstan.

The prophecy probably wrought its own fulfilment. Wulstan died in January, 1094, Lozing in June of the same year.

The cathedral stands near the banks of the beautiful Wye. Its chief characteristic

is its broad, low, and highly enriched square tower. The original west front was lost, being destroyed by the fall of a tower—a noble one. A very inferior one now supplies its place.

In its extreme length the cathedral measures 325 feet; the extent of the great transept is 100 feet; the height of the body of the church, 91 feet. There were two beautiful appendages formerly to the cathedral—the chapter-house and a genuine Saxon chapel; but they were destroyed during the last century. There are many objects of great interest, and some very fine and highly decorated monuments in Hereford Cathedral.

THE VALLEY OF THE WYE.



WE were invited by friends of the family to visit them, some few years ago, at a pretty house called Doward, on the banks of the Wye, and then, for the first time, we saw that lovely river. Our railway arrival-station was Ross, and the drive from thence of seven miles gave us a glimpse, at least, of the beautiful county through which it flows. It was evening; the air was redolent of the scent of apples, for the cider harvest was at hand, and we drove down picturesque roads, bordered by orchards, rich in golden fruit, or looked down on green pastures where red, white-faced cows were feeding. The trees were still in full foliage. All nature, in fact, had reached that fulness of perfection that immediately precedes decay, and was most beautiful.

Doward is on a hill that hid the Wye as we approached; and next morning we looked from our windows on a thick white mist that concealed everything, but this by degrees cleared away and we went out, and ascending the hill by narrow winding paths, where blackberry bushes bent under the weight of fruit that no inhabitant of the villages would eat, we reached at last the summit, and from the edge looked down on the beautiful Wye. There it was, running in deep romantic hollows between hills clothed from summit to foot with woods, on which the sunshine cast an autumnal glory. Its course is very serpentine, and its current then was swift, for there had been heavy rains. The rapids, therefore, must have been stronger than usual, and there was a soft babbling murmur from the river as we gazed on a rapid below, and saw the hurrying water dash, clear and sparkling, over the small piled rocks or stones. These rapids are sometimes dangerous, as we were soon to learn.

The orchard at Doward was then yielding its golden store, and we saw the apples crushed for cider, a poor meek horse walking round and round and turning the machinery for pressing them, while the juice, thick and yellow, ran into buckets.

The gardens were full of glorious flowers, all of the richest tints, as befits Lady Autumn; and on one spot was a large walnut tree that showered down its nuts on us. Such walnuts we had never eaten before.

The next day, we think it was, the kind and clever officer who had guided us up the hill to gaze on the lovely river escorted us in a trip on its stream, that we might see it to the greater advantage. We had to meet the boat by a hard, or landing-place, at a little distance from the house. We drove there; and then, as the boat was not yet up, we waited for it in the churchyard close by. The inspection of the tombstones was not encouraging for intending Wye voyagers, for nearly half or more of the inscriptions recorded that the deceased was drowned on the Wye! We were glad to be relieved from such dismal suggestions by the appearance of our stalwart boatman, and were soon seated with our escort in his boat. It was one of those brilliant days that sometimes close September, when the air has a clearness we never see in summer, without much warmth, but is fresh and exhilarating, and the tints around us, though beautiful and rich, are very different from the colours of July. The sky was far off, of a most celestial blue. A few tiny white clouds floated gently over it, even as we floated on the clear blue-tinted, or here and there, brown-hued water of the stream. It was delightful; and it would be scarcely possible to describe the banks. The romantic rocks, the wood-clad steeps, that came sheer down to the river's edge, here glowing with the light of the sun, there in masses of shade; and the flowers we could see on the banks, how they shone golden amongst the green! the gipsy gold of the tall dock sorrel still flourishing; the witch's plant, the ragwort, the mouse-ear hawkweed, unfolding

its golden fringes, and the yellow bedstraw shining in the sun; the golden flowers of the golden period of the year. Then came our first rapid—the first we had ever crossed—for though accustomed to oceans, we had never before rowed on a river except the Thames. How lovely the water looks as it plays over the little rocks, sparkling and babbling as it dances by them! Yet boats are sometimes, as we have seen, upset in these picturesque spots, and then if a strong swimmer could reach the shore, it is most frequently an impregnable wall of rock he would find before him. But our boatman was skilful, and we passed them well.

Now red hues came on the eastern banks of trees, the glory of the declining sun, and they took a new, rich beauty. High on the top of them, too, people were moving—a man with a cart; a labourer going home. We glided onwards, and watched the sunlight fade and soften into a lovely grey, and by-and-by the moon rose full and stately, and cast her light upon the stream and the trees, and we felt as in a dream of beauty. Then the river widened, and we saw green lawns and clumps of the finest trees on them, and landed at the splendid home of Mr. Bannerman, of itself worth description as one of the loveliest of stately dwellings. Here we were hospitably entertained, and from thence the carriage sent to meet us took us back to Doward. “A thing of beauty” is indeed a joy for ever, for that scenery will, whenever it recurs to the mind, give a pleasure almost as great in remembrance as it did in present enjoyment.

The Wye has more beauty than many a foreign river to which our people journey at great cost and fatigue. Why do not toil-wearied men seek rest and the soothing of nature on its banks? There are many noble ruins by this stream. Here are Tintern Abbey, Goodrich Castle (with a charming historical love story attached to it), Dudley and Clifford Castles, the latter the paternal home of Fair Rosamond.

Of these we shall speak in turn, beginning with Tintern Abbey.

We drove there through winding tree-shadowed roads, running by the side of the river, peeps of which were seen constantly through the coppice by the road-side, till at last we saw that we were approaching the famous abbey; the carriage stopped at the inn, where luncheon was ordered, and from thence we walked to the ruins. They are certainly most beautiful. The stately west front, with its exquisite great window, is really splendid, and its delicate tracery has not been injured by time.

We were admitted by the south-west door to the aisle, and then looking down the vista before us, we gazed with rapture on the beautiful east window, seen through the lofty arch, with the blue sky peeping over it, at the top, and the lovely side columns and arches, with their cluster of pillars, running into the fillets from which rose the arches; everywhere was the beautiful ivy that lends a grace to decay. The roof is gone, and the blue heaven takes its place, and on the floor—once of costly marbles or encaustic tiles—the green mossy carpet of nature spreads beneath our feet. There is something solemn as well as beautiful in these ruins; dedicated to God, as they were, they are now an awful record of man's neglect and long-lost sense of perfection. Such buildings must have affected the character of the people, made them more reverent, and given them a higher and holier sense of beauty. Englishmen should be grateful to the memory of men who erected such edifices as this one.

"Tintern was built on the spot where Theodoric, king of Glamorgan, fell whilst fighting under the banner of the Cross, against the Pagan Saxons, in the year 600." *

The present abbey was built by Walter de Clare for Cistercian monks, in 1131. The church was erected by Roger de Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, and Earl Marshal of England; and mass was first celebrated in it in 1268.

At the dissolution of the monasteries the

site was granted by Henry VIII. to the second Earl of Worcester, and it is now the property of the Duke of Beaufort.

In 1847 the remains of the Hospitium, in which the monks used to entertain strangers or travellers, were discovered while an excavation was being made in an orchard adjoining the abbey. From it the guests could pass through the cloisters to the church. The extent of the hospitium shows how great and liberal was the hospitality of the fathers—the white monks, as the Cistercians were called from their habit. Here they prayed and worked; not only as spiritual but as actual pastors, for they kept vast flocks of sheep on their sheep walks, and sold their wool yearly to the Flemish merchants. The fathers did not lead an inactive life: they overlooked the flocks and the fields, worked in their garden, and tended the sick poor, who were constantly relieved by them. They copied MSS., then the only books, and had prayers in the chapel at two in the morning, at dawn, and in the evening vespers and compline.

The high altar was beneath the beautiful east window; the monks' choir occupied the space beneath the tower, and advanced into the nave, where it ended by the rood screen.

There is only one cloister door on the north; it is highly enriched in the jambs and at the top, and there is an oblique or skew door at the north-west end. In the south wing there is a flight of stairs, that formerly gave access to the dormitories, which extended over the chapter-house, the sacristy, the passage to the infirmary, and a second flight of stairs for day use.

Further northward is an archway opening on the regular parlour and the living room.

There are the remains of a noble front to the refectory, which stands north and south with three fine arches. A vaulted pulpit is on the centre of the west wall, probably used by the reader during meals; on the other side of the refectory is the

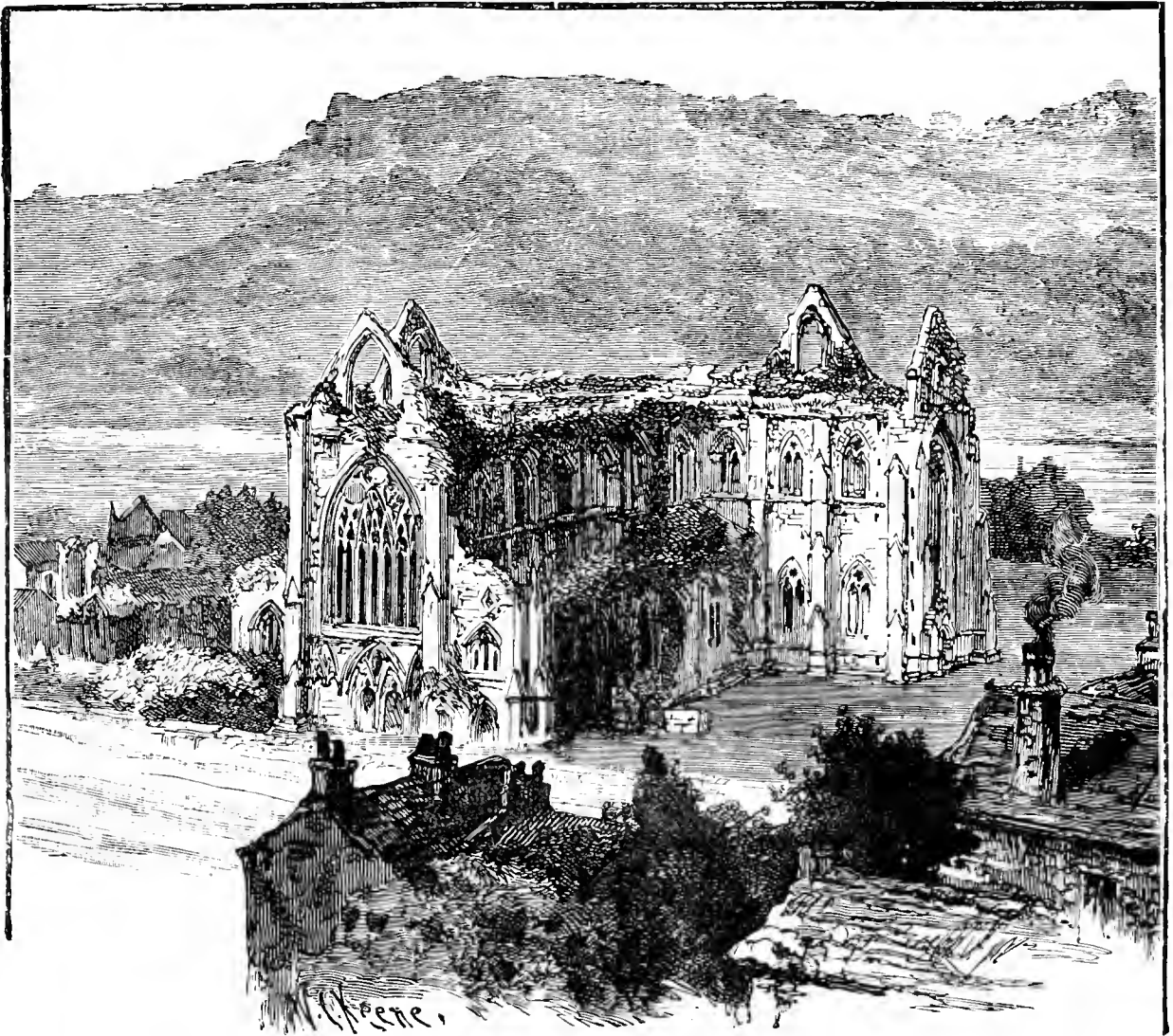
* "Abbeys and Castles."

kitchen, with the hutch for passing in the dishes for dinner pierced in the wall.

Tintern Abbey is of the Early English or Decorated style, used generally in the thirteenth century. The grand west front is, as we have said, wonderfully preserved; its delicately moulded tracery is still perfect.

The church is a cruciform building join-

ing the abbey by the north transept. Its length from east to west is 228 feet; and there are 150 feet through the transept from north to south. The nave and chancel are thirty-seven feet broad; the height of the central arches is seventy feet. The floor—now, of course, like all the rest of the ruins, covered with greenest turf—was



TINTERN ABBEY.

once paved with encaustic tiles, some of which have been carefully preserved. The pillars of the nave are formed by four cylindrical columns, with a slender shaft between them; the capitals are plain fillets, and the arches springing from them have plain mouldings. The four tower arches are remarkably bold and grand.

Wordsworth has the following beautiful lines on revisiting the banks of the Wye:—

“Though absent long,
These forms of beauty have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind,

With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure ; such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

We sailed up the river past Monmouth, landed at Symond's *Yat* or Gate, and ascended it by a rocky path, pausing often to gaze around as we advanced. We reached the summit,—the termination of the Coldwell promontory,—and the most magnificent prospect lay before us : the river rolling along, rather in shade ; the great mass of perpendicular rocks ; the woods clothed in varied tints around us ; the rich and

fertile pastures below ; rock, river, wood and plain ; sheep feeding on the grass, birds fluttering from the trees, on which a robin still sang. The most brilliant imagination could never dream of a more lovely scene than that which we gazed on by the banks of the Wye.

And we will not leave the Wye without a word or two about the lovely little town of Ross, where we first arrived.

It is quite the prettiest country town we have ever seen, and famous for something far better than the glory of a battle won or a prince's birth—even the life of a good man : the "Man of Ross," as he has been



VIEW OF ROSS BRIDGE.

called, since Pope immortalised on earth his goodness.

He was not born in this picturesque town, though his family lived in its neighbourhood, at Fawley Court.

He had only five hundred a year, yet he managed to greatly benefit the town. He built a market-place for it ; he became the arbiter, to whom the townsmen brought all their complaints or differences ; he portioned their daughters and apprenticed their sons ; but Pope has told us all he did in lines that will never die :—

"Rise, honest Muse, and sing the MAN OF ROSS,
Pleased Vaga* echoes through her winding
bounds.

* Latin name for the Wye.

And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds,
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry
brow ?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow ?
Not to the skies in useless columns tossed,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain ;
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows ?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose ?
Who taught the heaven-directed spire to rise ?
' The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.

Behold the Market-place with poor o'er-spread,
The MAN OF ROSS divides the weekly bread ;
He feeds yon almshouse, neat but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate ;
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour and the old who rest.
Is any sick ? THE MAN OF ROSS relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and
gives.

Is there a variance ? enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.

Despairing quacks, with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue,
What all so wish, but want the power to do !
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply ?
What mines to swell that boundless charity ?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possest five hundred pounds a year."

This wonderful person died in 1724, at the age of ninety, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross. He built the church, but of course we must understand that he collected subscriptions to do so, and probably, being of good family and well connected, his influence gained much more for the townsmen than he could have given them himself.

We gazed with great interest at the church and market-place he built ; and were especially attracted by two trees that grow inside the church, close to the pew in which the Man of Ross used to sit. He planted some fine trees round, and in the churchyard. Afterwards a rector of Ross cut several of them down ; but shoots from the roots of two forced their way through the pavement of the church, and have grown there unmolested ever since—a touching memorial of a good man.

The view from the Prospect Hill of Ross, across the Wye, is very picturesque and beautiful.

GOODRICH CASTLE.



WE could not be on the banks of the Wye without visiting Goodrich Castle, a noble and beautiful ruin with much historical interest attached to it. The general outline of this fine old fortress is a parallelogram with a round tower at each angle and a square keep in the south-west side of the enclosure.

The entrance to the castle struck us as of extraordinary strength. It is near the east angle, and is a dark vaulted avenue, of fifty feet, very carefully defended. In the old days a drawbridge had to be passed, guarded by loopholes and arrow-slits on either side. About eleven feet within the passage was a massive gate, over which were machicolations for pouring melted lead on any assailants ; six feet beyond this was a portcullis, and seven feet farther a second

one, the space between being protected by loopholes and machicolations. About two feet further in was another strong gate, and six feet beyond it a small door leading to a long narrow gallery in the thickness of the wall, by which access was gained to the loopholes of the eastern tower, as well as to others that commanded the brow of the steep precipice towards the north-east.*

The keep is formed of stone taken from the Forest of Dean, and is evidently a Norman building. The two shafted windows in the keep are supposed to have been put there by the famous John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, in the reign of Henry VI. Every reader of Shakspeare will remember this scourge and terror of the French, with whose name French nurses threatened their crying children. "Talbot is coming," was a spell of power

* Britton's "Herefordshire," 521, and Taylor's Guide.

in those days, in many a French nursery and peasant's cot. Two windows in the chapel are also thought to have been his work.

The stone excavated to form the moat was used to build the round towers, which date from the age of William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and may possibly have been built by him. If not of his building, they must have been erected by his widow or his son, Aymer de Valence.

To the left of the entrance to the castle is the chapel.

Adjoining it is a tall octagonal tower, called the watch tower: from this there was a covered passage along the wall, leading to the upper part of the garrison tower. The walls of this tower are eight feet thick.

On the sides of the windows are some singular carvings, said to be of the time of Richard II. The great western tower is circular outside, but octangular inside, and is of the perpendicular style of Henry V. and VI.'s time.

The Ladies' Tower was on the north, situated on the edge of a high and steep precipice, and appeared impregnable, but was taken in the civil war, and utterly destroyed.

The state apartments were between the west and the Ladies' Tower. The wall uniting the great western tower to the keep is in ruins.

Goodrich Castle is supposed to have been built by Hugh de Lacy, who possessed the lordship of Goodrich. At his death, it became royal property, and in the reign of Henry I. it was held by William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, who paid thirty shillings annually to the crown for it—in fact, hiring it at the rate of two knights' fees.

Both of William Marshall's sons died, however, within twelve days of each other, the last expiring at Goodrich, where he had lived; and after the earl's death the king gave the constableness of the castle to William de Valence, a brave knight, who had done the Crown good service at

Lewes and Evesham. He was, however, slain at Bayonne, in 1296, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His wife, Joan, and her daughter, continued to live at the castle, and there came here, to her, a sorrowful princess to beg her aid and counsel, for they had long been dear friends, Joan de Valence and Joanna of England. This guest was the Princess Joanna, daughter of Edward I.

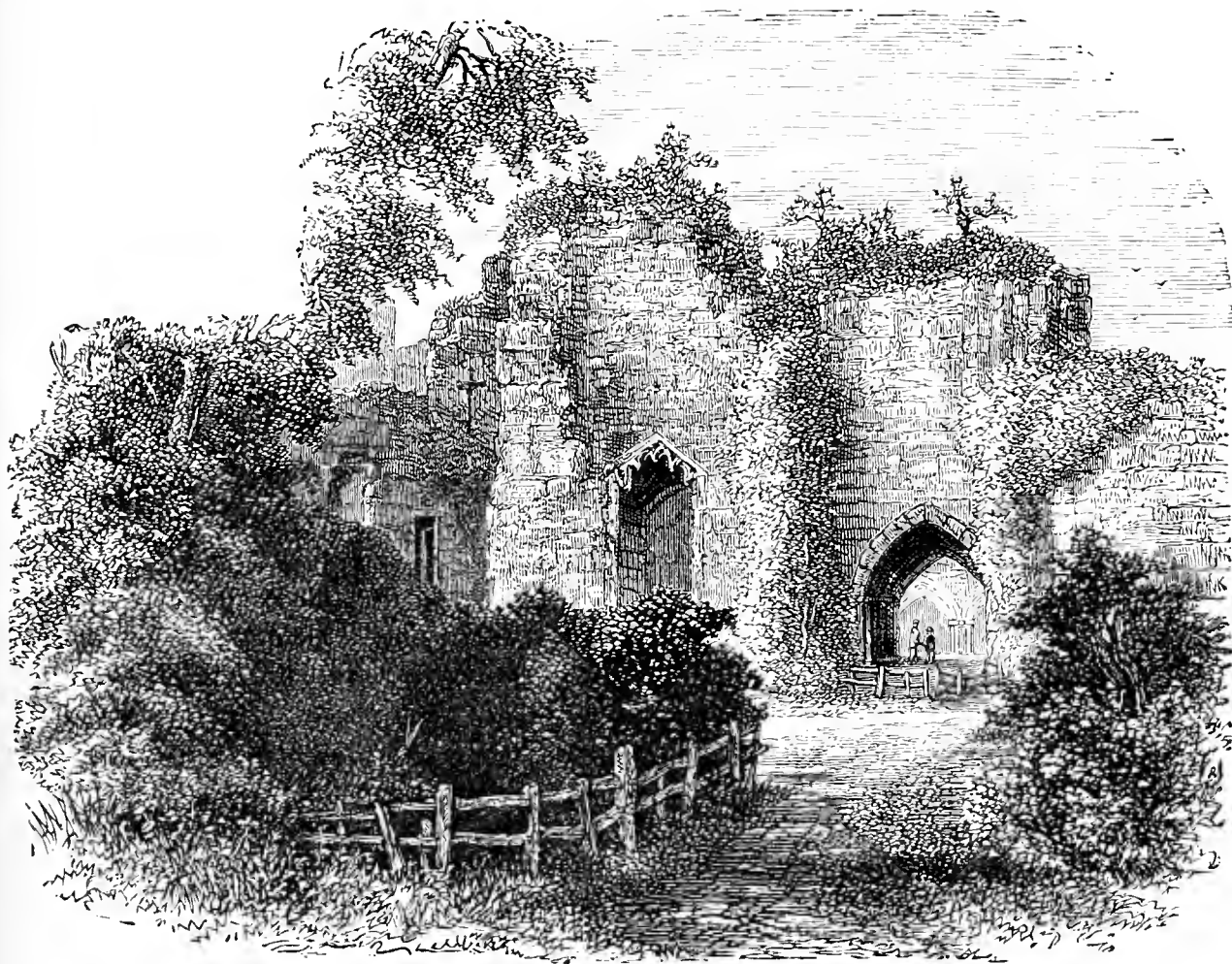
Joanna's hand had been the reward given by Edward to the Earl of Gloucester Gilbert de Clare, for services to himself; for it was Gloucester who rescued Prince Edward from captivity, and guarded the realm during his absence from England when he became king.

Edward therefore gave him his daughter Joanna—a very young girl—in marriage. She was a high-spirited, beautiful, wilful little creature, and had been spoiled and petted by her grandmother, Queen Joanna, of Castile, with whom she had spent the first seven years of her life. Her very mature husband continued the spoiling process, for he adored his child-wife, and she loved him. They lived alternately at his grand castles, and at their beautiful and rural home at Clerkenwell, then one of the loveliest spots in Middlesex. This happy union continued for five years; and three lovely children added to their bliss. Then the end came. The Earl of Gloucester died at his castle of Monmouth, full of years and honours, leaving to his young widow all his vast possessions and ancient titles, for which the young countess after a while did homage to her father as her feudal lord, and took the oath of allegiance to him. Then, leaving her children at Bristol Castle, under the care of persons appointed by the king, Joanna retired to Wales.

And now begins her romance. Amongst the retinue of Earl Gilbert was a "squire of low degree," named Ralph de Monthe-mar, a mere soldier of fortune; landless, and boasting only of the rank of gentleman. But he was brave, gentle, and very hand-

some. The widow of the aged Earl Gilbert retained him in her service, and soon, in the solitude of her lonely castle, grew to love her devoted squire too well. She sent him to her father's court, and begged the king to knight the young man, in reward for his faithful services. Her father complied with her request, and thus raised the squire to an equal rank with

peers; for it was the creed of chivalry that a knight was a noble's equal, and doubtless the countess herself was of the same opinion. She met her young knight on his return with glad smiles, and almost immediately afterwards married him secretly. But rumours of the too great favour the countess showed to her knight reached the ears of Edward, and roused his anger.



GOODRICH CASTLE.

He sent his confessor to inquire into the scandals about Joanna, and meantime ordered his estreators on both sides of the Trent to take possession of the lands, goods, and chattels of the Countess of Gloucester, allowing her only a sufficient income to barely support herself and children. It is quite probable that the king believed that he would thus protect her from the snares of a fortune-hunter, as

well as subdue her proud spirit, for Joanna was thus deprived of all princely state and splendour. At the same time he entered into a correspondence with Amadeus, Earl of Savoy, who had asked the hand of the widowed princess.

Joanna was in an agony of distress and perplexity when she heard that her father was arranging a marriage treaty for her, she could not marry; she was already a

wedded wife, and yet she trembled at the thought of the mighty Plantagenet's wrath. In her great distress she resolved to go to the Countess of Pembroke for counsel, and ordering her servants to send her little son, Earl Gilbert, to her there, she started for Goodrich Castle.

There she received a loving welcome and tenderest sympathy, but the high-minded widow of William de Valence abhorred all deceit or concealment, and persuaded Joanna to confess the whole truth at once to her father. The princess resolved to see the king and tell him herself, but first she sent on her little children to him, that the sweet babes, whom the king fondly loved, might soften his heart to herself.

The rage of Edward, when her confession was made, was furious; he ordered the instant arrest of the audacious knight, and his imprisonment in Bristol Castle. All was confusion and trouble at court. The princess, under the displeasure of the king, found few friends among the courtiers. Only one was faithful to her, and boldly interceded for her with the king. This was Anthony Beck, Bishop of Durham. At his entreaty the king consented to see Joanna, and hear her in her own defence. She showed great spirit and frankness in this interview. She urged that it was not considered ignominious or disgraceful for a great noble to wed a lowly maiden, nor did she see that her own act was more worthy of blame. It was easy enough to raise her husband—a gallant knight—to a higher rank. Her arguments, seconded by the bishop's, persuaded her father; he forgave her, and released her husband; Joanna's estates were restored to her, and Edward—who grew fond of his young son-in-law—conferred on De Monthemar the titles of Earl of Gloucester and Hereford, in right of his wife. Ralph became afterwards one of the most trusted and valiant of Edward's captains in the Scottish wars. Joanna accompanied her husband on all his military expeditions, and they lived very

happily together for ten years, when Joanna died at the early age of thirty-four. She had good cause to be thankful for the wise counsel bestowed on her in the Ladies' Tower of Goodrich Castle.

On the death of Joan de Valence her title and estates passed to her son, Aymer de Valence, a tall, pale man, who was nicknamed by Edward II.'s idle favourite, Piers Gaveston. "Joseph the Jew." But the "whirligig of time brought its revenges"; for Gaveston, taken by the barons, was placed in the custody of De Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and the latter certainly made no resistance when the Earl of Warwick seized his prisoner, carried him off and beheaded him on Blacklow Hill.

Aymer de Valence was three times married, and it was of his third wife that it was written—

"Sad Chatillon on her bridal morn,
Who wept her bleeding love;"

for Aymer was killed in the tournament held on his wedding day, in its honour. He died childless.

He had two sisters, Isabel and Joan. Joan married the Red Comyn, stabbed by Robert Bruce, and killed by Kirkpatrick, for refusing to join Bruce in his efforts to free Scotland from Edward I.

They had three children, one of them Elizabeth Comyn. She was one of the heirs of Aymer de Valence, and Goodrich Castle was her property.

Elizabeth lived at Kennington, near London, and was there seized by Edward II.'s favourites the De Spencers, and kept in captivity by them for more than a year, until by frightful menaces they compelled her to resign Goodrich Castle and her manor of Painswick, in Gloucestershire, to them; the younger De Spencer occupying the castle. When one reads of such lawless acts as these, one scarcely wonders at the barons' rebellion against the unhappy king, who so terribly expiated his mistaken choice of friends.

But the De Spencers both suffered death, and Elizabeth recovered her inheritance.

She married Richard Talbot, and thus Goodrich passed into the Shrewsbury family.

Richard Talbot obtained permission from Edward III. to construct at Goodrich a dungeon for the imprisonment of offenders. It was situated at the basement of the keep, and was entered through a low, pointed arch, still remaining.

Richard Talbot served under Edward III. in his glorious French wars, with seven knights and a hundred followers. His son Gilbert also won renown in the same wars, and died, 1387.

But a much more celebrated warrior was to succeed him in 1421—the renowned Sir John Talbot, of whom we have before spoken. This great soldier was the terror of the French for twenty-four years, and was victorious forty times.

Before he went to the French wars, he dwelt at Goodrich, and the site of a room in the keep is shown as his favourite chamber. But he was not popular in the neighbourhood, for a petition was preferred against him to the Commons, by the people of the demesne, complaining of extortions, oppressions, murders, ejections from their houses, and imprisonment for no fault in that said Goodrich dungeon, till ransom was paid for their liberty.

He was, however, if an ill neighbour (and we have only one side of the story), a matchless soldier, adored by the knight-hood of England. He and his son both fell at the battle of Chatillon, disdaining to fly; succour was not sent to them by Suffolk, and they died together. Shakspeare has given a touching description of this scene, founded on the old chronicles.

Enter Talbot, wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—

Oh, where's young Talbot! where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smeared with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.—
When he perceived me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandished over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,

Tendering my ruin, and assailed of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou antick, death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favoured death,

Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.—

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.

*Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.*

[*Dies.*]

The Earl of Shrewsbury (as Talbot then was) was buried at Whitchurch, Shropshire. He was twice married. His second wife, Margaret Beauchamp, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, having a quarrel with Lord Berkeley, took up arms, surprised Berkeley Castle, and carried him and his four sons off to Bristol Castle, where she kept them eleven weeks until they bound themselves to pay £12,250 as their ransom.

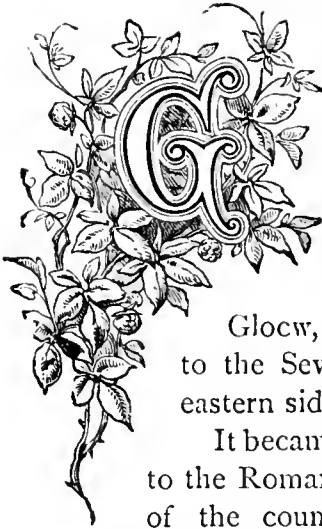
Goodrich experienced the fate of most of the great English castles, *i.e.*, it stood the brunt of the civil war. It was occupied by the Parliament; then garrisoned for the king by Sir Richard Lingen, and finally taken by Colonel Birch, in spite of a brave defence of eighteen weeks.

Goodrich Castle remained in the Shrewsbury family till 1616, when Elizabeth, co-heir of the Talbots, took it into the Earl of Kent's family. It was sold in 1740 to Admiral Griffin, of Hadnoch, and his granddaughter succeeded to the property.

It is still one of the show-places of Herefordshire, and is now the possession of the Duke of Beaufort.

GLOUCESTER;

AND ITS MARTYR-BISHOP.



GLOUCESTER was founded by the Britons, who called it the "city of pure waters," *Caer*

Glocw, from its being close to the Severn, standing on its eastern side.

It became, of course, subject to the Romans on the conquest of the country by them, and many relics of that great nation have been found here, burial urns, coins, etc.

After the Romans left the island the city was besieged by the West Saxons, and obliged to surrender, after a gallant defence that left three of its princes slain. The conquerors changed its name to *Gleau-Cester*, from whence Gloucester is derived.

Wulpher, the son of Penda, founded in it the monastery of St. Peter, and the founding of a monastic building was in that age the first step towards civilising the people near it; the city was consequently so much improved that at the beginning of the eighth century the venerable Bede declared that it was considered one of the noblest cities in the kingdom. Gloucester, however, suffered repeatedly from fire and from the ravages of the Danes, and in 1087 it was almost entirely destroyed during the war between the adherents of William Rufus and Robert of Normandy. Its castle was built in the time of the Conqueror, who frequently kept Christmas here, as did William Rufus in 1099.

The Welsh next attacked the county, and ravaged its lands with fire and sword to the gates of Gloucester.

Henry II. held a great council here to consider the best means of quelling the

wild Welshmen's attacks; with what success we do not know.

Several battles between Henry III. and the barons were fought near Gloucester, the peers being enraged at his appointing a foreigner to the office of Constable of the castle. In 1319 Edward II. came to Gloucester, and entertained the abbot, and eight years afterwards his dead body was brought to the cathedral for burial; he had been most cruelly murdered in Berkeley Castle. In the cathedral is his monument, on which his effigies lie; his body is in kingly robes of alabaster; the tomb of marble; and the workmanship overhead is curiously cut in freestone.

In 1378 Richard II. held a Parliament at Gloucester, and Henry V. held the last ever summoned here: it was in the Abbey of Gloucester that Henry VI. made oblations before setting out for France—a child of eight years old.

In 1641-2, Gloucester sided with the Parliament and defied the king, in consequence of which the ancient walls of the city were destroyed shortly after the Restoration.

The site of the castle is now occupied by the county gaol.

In Gloucester, we are told by an old writer, were twelve churches, "whereof the cathedral is of great antiquity and beautiful architecture, with a fine Gothic pinnacled tower; an east window, said to be the largest in the kingdom, and traceried walls of the choir." *

Another unfortunate prince besides Edward II. lies in Gloucester Cathedral; the chivalrous, generous crusader Robert, Duke of Normandy, defeated at Tenche-

* From "Abbeys and Castles."

braye when he claimed the English crown, and imprisoned by Henry I. at Cardiff, where his eyes were put out—a barbarous precaution to prevent his ever becoming king. He died at Cardiff, and was buried in Gloucester Cathedral. His effigy, made of the incorruptible Irish wood, lay cross-legged with sword and buckler on his tomb. The statue was loose, and could be lifted off the tomb.

There is a curious whispering gallery above the high altar.

The second Bishop of Gloucester, John Hooper, was one of the victims of Mary Tudor's persecution. He was twice committed to the Fleet Prison: the last time in 1553; and refusing to recant, was condemned to die at the stake. It was thought that he would have suffered with Rogers, a prebendary of St. Paul's, but he was led back to his cell, and orders were given that he should be taken to his episcopal city to suffer amongst his own people.

Next morning he was awakened before daylight, and taken by six of the Queen's Guards to the Angel Inn, St. Clements. It then stood in the fields. From thence he was conveyed to Gloucester, and there

burnt, with "dreadful torments," February 9th, 1555.

But the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. He did not die in vain, and now a memorial statue near the place where he suffered attests the grateful veneration in which his memory is held in his old see.

The view of Gloucester from the tower of the cathedral is very fine, and the town has some neat buildings.

Gloucester and Tewkesbury supplied one ship for the defence of England against the Spanish Armada.

Henry III. was crowned here at ten years old, and the Dauphin Louis was excommunicated in the cathedral.

To Gloucester we owe the first Sunday Schools, established by Robert Raikes, printer, a native of the town, and the Rev. Thomas Stock, who thus upheld the old reputation of Gloucestershire; for there were four mitred abbeys in the county, at Gloucester, Cirencester, Tewkesbury and Winchcomb; and as no other county had more than two, Gloucestershire was supposed to be especially holy, and the proverb, "As sure as God's in Gloucestershire," arose from this impression.

THORNBURY CASTLE.



HIS fine castle stands in a most picturesque and beautiful district of Gloucestershire, on the banks of a rivulet two miles westward of the Severn, and in a green vale with the shady hills of the Forest of Dean near it. It is a palace, or castellated dwelling; there was no keep,

and the dungeon was moved to the Porter's Lodge.

The plan of Thornbury Castle, as far as completed, was this: A large arched gateway admits us to a spacious quadrangle, with cloisters round it for stables, or perhaps for the occupation of troops when the castle was garrisoned. This quadrangle is commanded by a strong tower, on one side of which is a wall, and another door opening into a smaller court communicating with the state apartments, which are in

a line next the tower, and have finely decorated oriel windows.

On the principal gatehouse is the following inscription: "THIS GATE WAS BEGUN IN THE YEARE OF OUR LORDE GODE MCCCCXI. THE JJ YERE OF THE REYNE OF KINGE HENRI THE VIII. BY ME EDW. DUC OF BUKKINGHA, ERLLE OF HARFORDE, STAFFORDE, AND NORTHAMTO." To this inscription is added the motto of the Duke, "DORSUEVAUNT" (Thenceforward).

A survey of the castle in 1582 gives the following account of it in its best days. "The great hall was entered by a porch; it had also a passage to the great kitchen. In the middle of the hall was a hearth to hold a brazier. The great kitchen"—how immense kitchens were in those days!—"had two large chimneys and one smaller; within it was a privy kitchen used for the duke's cooking only, and over it a lodging for the cook. The chapel was entered from the lower end of the great hall." "The upper part of the chapel is a fair room, for people to stand in at service time; and over the same are two rooms, with each of them a chimney, where the duke and duchess used to sit and hear service in the chapel; its body having twenty-two settles of wainscot about the same for priests, clerks, and quisters. The garden was surrounded by a cloister, over which was a gallery, out of which a passage led to the parish church of Thornbury, having at the end a room with a chimney and window looking into the church, where the duke used sometimes to hear service. There were thirteen lodging rooms near the last-mentioned gallery, six below, three of which had chimneys, and seven above, four of which had chimneys. These were called the Earl of Bedford's lodgings."

The tower and the buildings annexed were the residence of the duke and duchess; and connected with the duke's chamber were the jewel-room and the muniment-room.

"From the upper end of the great hall is a steyer (staircase) ascending up towards the great chamber. Leading from the steyer's head to the great chamber is a fair room, paved with brick, and a chimney in the same, at the end whereof doth meet a fair gallery, leading from the great chamber to the Earl of Bedford's lodgings. The lower part of the principal building of the castle is called the New Building. At the west end thereof is a fair tower. In this lone building is contained one great chamber, with a chimney therein; and within that is another room with a chimney, called the duchess's lodging. Between the two last rooms was the duchess's oratory. Connected with these two last rooms was another, which formed the foundation of the tower, with a chimney. From the lodging of the duchess, a gallery, paved with brick, led to a staircase which ascended to the duke's lodging above."

The constant recurrent mention of chimneys in this survey shows us how luxurious the duke's home must have been, for though chimneys were known in 1200, few houses had any till the reign of Elizabeth; they were only seen in palaces or religious houses.

The manor belonged in Saxon times to Brihtric, a Thane, who in his early youth had rejected the hand of Matilda of Flanders. The anger of the lady was roused, "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," and she vowed revenge for the insult. The time when she could keep that cruel vow came at last. Her husband, on ascending the throne of England, gave her the estates of the man who had scorned her. They were of great extent, including Avening, Tewkesbury, Fairford, Thornbury, Whitenhurst, and the honour of Gloucester. The queen then caused the unhappy Saxon to be seized at his Manor of Hanelye, and conveyed as a prisoner to Winchester. She had been for fourteen years the wife of the Norman William, and seven years had passed between Brihtric's rejection and her marriage, yet

she had not forgotten or forgiven the gallant young envoy from Edward the Confessor, who had, in her youth, appeared at the court of her father, Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, and involuntarily won her love. His personal beauty was remarkable, his complexion being so fair that he received the name of "Snow" from it. The old chronicler says that she "sent a messenger to him to ask his love, and was refused." Twenty-one years had passed since that cruel humiliation had befallen Matilda, but it rankled still. Brihtric, the son of Algar, died in prison, it is not known how, and was privately buried. It is supposed that the city of Gloucester resented the cruel fate of its lord, for Matilda (simply because it was Brihtric's city) deprived it of its charter and civic liberties.

On the death of Matilda the estates of Brihtric fell, of course, to William and to the Crown.

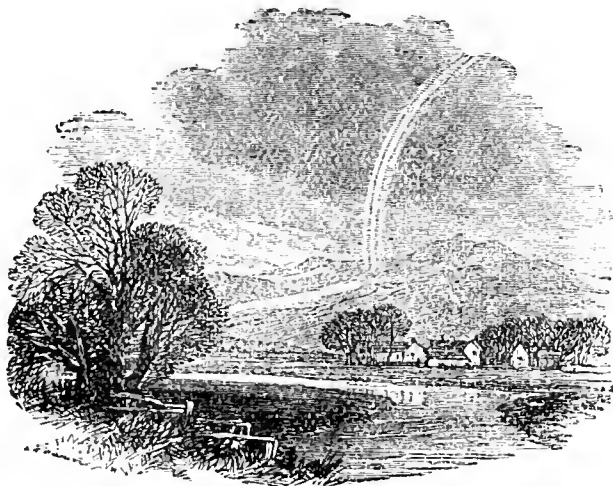
Rufus gave it to Robert Fitz Haymon, whose daughter and heiress carried it to the Clares, Earls of Gloucester. Through the last co-heiress of this line the castle passed to Ralph, Lord Stafford, whose descendant, Humphrey, Earl of Stafford, was created Duke of Buckingham.

The fate of the second and third dukes of Buckingham are well known. How the

weak and wicked second duke joined Richard III. in his schemes of usurpation, and in falsehood and disloyalty to the poor young princes of York; how, dissatisfied with all the rich rewards the usurper had given him, he joined in a conspiracy to place Richmond on the throne, and marched with an army of Welshmen by the right side of the Severn, seeking for a ford; but the river had overflowed its banks, the Welsh deserted him, and he had to take refuge with a servant, who betrayed him to Richard, and how he was immediately beheaded, is well known.

The third unfortunate duke was the founder of the present Thornbury Castle. He began it in the second year of Henry VIII., when he was high in favour and in office. But he had not completed it when he was attainted in 1521, and it, of course, was never finished. The duke had false friends at court, and was, like his father, betrayed by his servants. He was executed in 1521.

With him expired the office of High Constable of England, for Henry declared that it gave too much power to a subject, and that in future he would hold it himself. The baton of the duke is possessed by his descendants, for the office had long been held by the De Bohuns.



BERKELEY CASTLE;

AND THE DEATH OF EDWARD II.



BERKELEY CASTLE, a perfect specimen of Norman castramentation, is not a ruin, as most of our picturesque castles are, but is in good repair. It stands on an eminence on the south-east side of the town of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, and commands a wide sweep of view over the adjoining country and the Severn.

The fortress consists of a keep, and various embattled buildings, surrounding a court about 140 yards in circumference.

In this court is the exterior of the baronial hall—a noble room in excellent preservation; adjoining is the chapel. There are many apartments in the castle, but they are very gloomy, except where modern windows have been put in them. The entrance to the court is by a machicolated gatehouse. The keep has one square tower, and three semicircular ones; that on the north—the highest point of the castle—was rebuilt in the reign of Edward II., and is called Thorpe's tower, because a family of that name held their manor by the tenure of "castle guard;" that is, they were always liable to be called on to guard this tower, whenever defence might be required.

In one of the towers of the keep is the dungeon; in shape it resembles the letter D. It is 28 feet deep, and is without light or any aperture for air, except through the trap-door in the floor of the room over it. There is a deep dry well in its floor.

The Roman method of pouring fluid mortar into the middle of the walls occurs in this keep. The great staircase leading

up it is composed of large stones, and on the right of it is a sort of gallery or passage leading to the isolated and strong chamber in which the unhappy Edward II. was murdered.

Many pieces of furniture of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. are found in the rooms, among which is a state bed occupied by Elizabeth on her visit here, when she and her retinue hunted so violently, that "27 stagges were slaine in one day," much to the annoyance of Lord Berkeley, who instantly disparked the ground. The hunting and visit were supposed to have been contrived by Leicester to irritate the earl, and bring him into conflict with the queen.

There is a bedroom, called Admiral Drake's room, in which are the bedstead, chairs, and washhand-stand—all of ebony—which the great navigator used during his voyage round the world.

The apartments which have a horrible kind of fascination are the dungeon we have just described, in which it is said Edward II. was first confined with circumstances of atrocious cruelty, and the bedroom in which he was murdered. We perceive, on entering the inner quadrangle, a square tower of two stories attached to the keep, and on a platform of a few steps up, stands an early English arch, supported by a still older Norman label-moulding. A long flight of steps from thence gives access to the level of the base court of the keep; and at the side of these steps is the narrow gallery or gangway of which we have spoken, that leads to the room. It is covered with a rude timber-shed roof.

An old chair, a four-post bed, and, in a recess, an old pallet-bed, are all the furni-

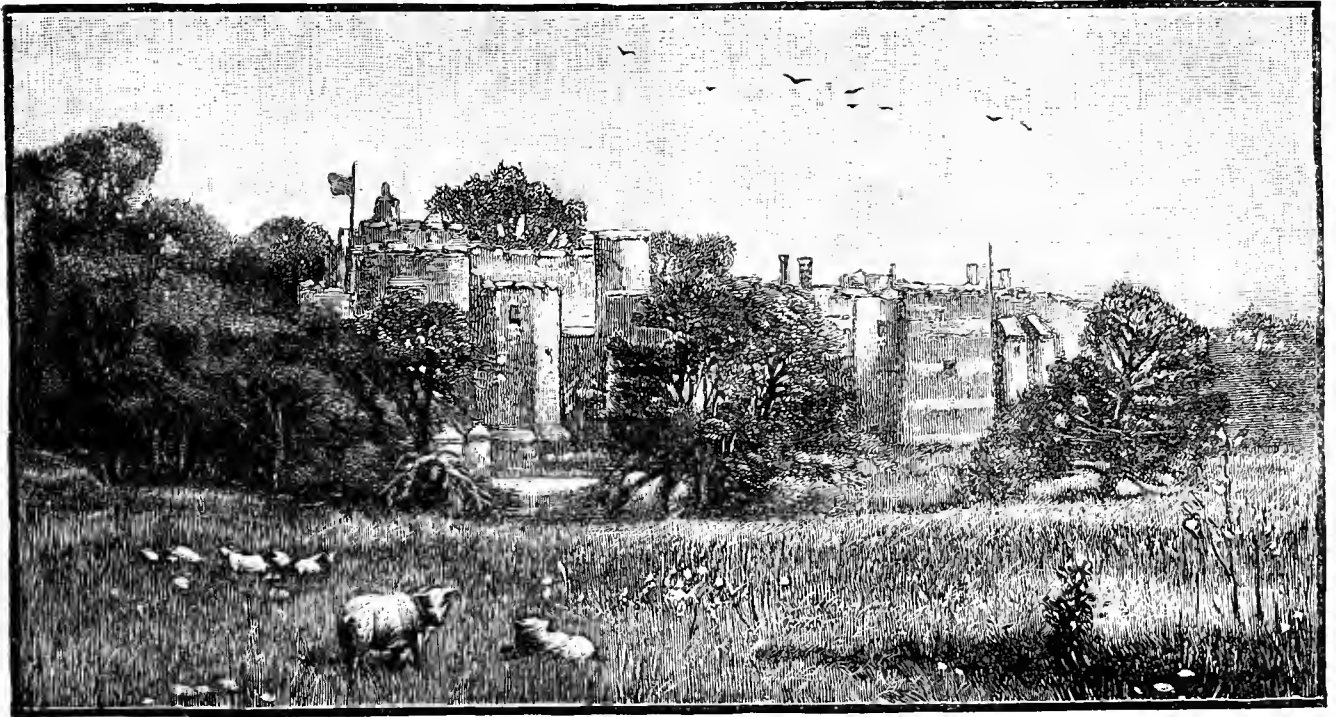
ture of this chamber. A bust of the wretched king stands in a recessed window seat.

Horace Walpole says of the death chamber, "The room shown for the murder of Edward II., and the shrieks of an agonizing king, I verily believe to be genuine. It is a dismal chamber, almost at the top of the house, quite detached, and to be approached only by a kind of footbridge, and from that descends a large flight of steps that terminate on strong

gates; exactly a situation for a *corps de garde*."

The story is an inconceivably tragic one. The dissensions of the king and queen ended in the infamous Isabella, with her lover Mortimer and three thousand men at arms, landing on the coast of Suffolk for the ostensible purpose of removing the favourite Spencer from the king.

She no sooner appeared than there was a general revolt in her favour; the bishops of Ely, Lincoln and Hereford brought her



BERKELEY CASTLE.

all their vassals, and Robert de Wateville, who had been sent to oppose her, deserted to her with his forces.

Edward vainly attempted to collect an army; he was obliged to leave the capital, and the populace, who were extremely brutal, rushed into frightful excesses when left unrestrained.

They seized the Bishop of Exeter, as he was passing through the city, beheaded him, without any form or pretence of trial, and threw his body into the Thames.

The king had hoped to find safety at

Bristol, for he had placed the garrison under the command of the elder Spencer, a very aged and excellent man, but the soldiers mutinied and delivered him up to the rebellious barons, who condemned him at once to death, though he was in his ninetieth year, and they could literally find no fault in him, except being the father of the favourite. He was hanged on a gibbet in his armour, his body was cut up and thrown to the dogs, and his head was sent to Winchester, where it was set on a pole and exposed to the insults of the people.

His son shared his fate soon after. The king, disappointed of succour, and miserable at the fate of his friends, endeavoured to escape to Ireland, but he was driven back by contrary winds, discovered and taken to his enemies, who carried him to London, and confined him in the Tower.

A charge was then brought against him, but nothing worse was or could be urged than his incapacity for governing, his indolence, his love of pleasure, and being swayed by evil counsellors. His deposition was voted by Parliament, a pension was assigned him, and his son Edward, a boy of fourteen, was declared king; the queen being appointed regent during his minority.

The deposed sovereign survived his misfortunes but a very short time. He was sent from prison to prison, an object of scorn and contumely to his inhuman keepers. He was first committed to the custody of the Earl of Leicester, but this gentleman showing some marks of respect and pity for the king, he was taken out of his charge and delivered to Lord Berkeley, Sir John Maltravers, and Sir Thomas Gournay, who were to guard him alternately, each for a month at a time.

However Lord Berkeley may have treated him—we believe it was courteously—the two latter gaolers practised every kind of cruelty on him; as if his sufferings were their sport. Among other acts of brutal mockery, it is said they shaved him in the open fields, using ditch water for the purpose. It seems incredible that a nation famous for its love of fair play could have permitted such conduct to a monarch whose greatest fault was only his violent friendships. He had borne all former indignities with wonderful patience, but at this last insult all his fortitude forsook him. He burst into tears, and said that the time might come when he would be better attended. The hint may have proved fatal, for as time went on, and a reaction in Edward's favour began to set in, the monsters had cause to fear that another revolution might expose them to the king's well-merited wrath, and they resolved to

destroy him at once. They therefore repaired to Berkeley Castle, where Edward was then confined, and put him to a most cruel death, hoping that, as there would be no external marks of violence, they might pretend that it was a natural one; but his horrid shrieks were heard, and suspicion was aroused, which was afterwards confirmed by the confession of one of the murderers. Gray has thus written of this tragedy:—

“ Mark the year and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roof that
ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king.
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven.”

The king's body was left without burial, as Isabel threatened “her displeasure,”—of a terrible nature truly,—if any attempt was made to remove the corpse. But Edward had been a great benefactor to Gloucester Cathedral, and the abbot had a true friendship for him, and courage enough to dare the fury of the She-Wolf of France. He marched with a procession of his monks to Berkeley, and demanded the body of the king; threw over it a black velvet pall with the arms of the abbey embroidered on it, and bore it off, singing with the monks the dirge for the dead. They buried the murdered sovereign in the cathedral; and then miracles were performed at his grave; the abbot encouraging them as a means of bringing the people back to their loyalty to the dead king. This was very politic, and was the first thing that shook the singular popularity of that monster in woman's form, Isabella.

The king had left also some touching lines, written during his captivity, which no doubt were rescued and made known by the friendly priest. We give them from Miss Strickland's life of Isabella of France.

“ On my devoted head
Her bitterest showers,
All from a wintry cloud
Stern Fortune pours.

View but her favourite
 Sage and discerning
 Graced with fair comeliness,
 Famed for his learning;
 Should she withdraw her smiles,
 Each grace she banishes,
 Wisdom and wit are flown,
 And beauty vanishes."

After the murder the king's heart was enclosed in a silver casket, and sent to Isabella, who actually, when she died, had it placed on her bosom in her coffin! Lord Berkeley was acquitted of any actual participation in the king's murder, but shortly afterwards he entertained the fiendish Isabella and her Mortimer at the castle.

Gournay was subsequently arrested at Marseilles, and beheaded on shipboard; "it was supposed," according to Hume, "because some nobles and prelates in England were anxious to prevent any discovery he might make of his accomplices;" probably to screen especially Adam, the bishop of Hereford, who was the creature of Mortimer and the queen, and wrote to the knight who had the custody of the king, "*Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est*," purposely omitting the punctuation, so that the words were capable of giving two meanings, either to slay or spare the royal prisoner, and thus ensuring the writer's safety if the crime were ever discovered. Maltravers many years afterwards cried for mercy, and obtained it.

The Lord Berkeley, whose knightly fame was thus endangered by assassins, was a man of great wealth and power. He kept twelve knights to wait upon his person, and each knight was attended by two servants and a page. He had twenty-four esquires, each having a servant and a horse. His family consisted of 300 persons besides the husbandmen of the estate who were fed at his board.

The castle has had many royal guests—John, Henry III., Queen Elizabeth, George IV., when Prince of Wales, and William IV., when Duke of Clarence.

In the reign of Henry V. a law-suit began between Lord Berkeley and his

cousin, the heiress of the family, which lasted 192 years! During the suit the plaintiff's party several times besieged the castle.

In the civil wars Berkeley was garrisoned for Charles, and kept the adjoining country in awe, but it was at last besieged by the army of the Commonwealth, and surrendered to it. There are bullet holes in the west door of the church, supposed to have been made by the besiegers.

Part of the old fosse is still to be seen to the north of the castle. It is now dry, however, and lovely elms and other trees grow in it. A terrace nearly surrounds the building, and to the west of it is a fine bowling green shut in by very ancient yew trees cut into a grotesque form.

The church adjoining the castle is a fine early structure; the groining is very curious, having on its several bosses and panels a united set of emblems of the Holy Trinity, with an extraordinary mixture of monkish satires; the fox preaching to geese, a monkey holding a bottle, etc. Attached to the south side of the church is the mortuary chapel of the Berkeleys, a richly groined building with a stone screen. It contains some fine monuments of the family. The altar end has the tomb of Sir Henry Berkeley and his wife, who died in 1613, and under an arch opening into the south side of the chancel is a magnificent monument—an altar tomb richly decorated—on which are the effigies of an Earl of Berkeley and his son. It is divided into fourteen niches with floriated canopies, under which are figures on pedestals—the Virgin and Child, St. Christopher, Our Lord, etc., etc.

The churchyard contains a monument to the Earl of Suffolk's jester, who appears to have been lent to Lord Berkeley. He was buried June 18th, 1728, and was the last of those men who wore the motley of the fool, adopting the part for a living. At the end of the monument are the arms of the earl and on one side this inscription:—

"My lord that's gone, himself made much of him."

On the opposite side are the lines written by Lord Berkeley's chaplain, Dean Swift :—

“ Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men call him Dicky Pearce ;
His folly served to make men laugh
When wit and mirth were scarce.
Poor Dick, alas ! is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry ?—

Dickies enough he left behind
To laugh at by-and-by.”

The village of Berkeley is very picturesque, the park of the castle beautiful, and the place is celebrated for a far better memory than a murder, for here was born and is buried Dr. Jenner, the introducer of vaccination.

Tewkesbury Abbey.



Tewkesbury Abbey, in the western part of Gloucestershire, was founded early in the eighth century by two brothers who were Dukes of Mercia. In the tenth century it became a cell to Cranbourne Abbey, in Dorsetshire. In the twelfth century it was enlarged and liberally endowed by Robert Fitz Hamon, and then, as it had become the larger monastery, the monks of Cranbourne left Dorsetshire, and took up their abode at Tewkesbury. At the dissolution of the monasteries it was a Benedictine abbey, and very rich. Its annual revenue was £1,598, a large sum in that age. A great and last battle was fought May 4th, 1471, within half a mile of Tewkesbury, between the Red and White Roses. Margaret of Anjou and her son, the Prince of Wales, were present in it. Margaret, who seems to have been a better general than Somerset, who was the commander-in-chief of her army, did not wish to fight there, but urged him to march on into Wales and join Jasper Tudor and his forces. She had already tried to do so at Gloucester, but the men of the town had fortified the bridge, and would not allow

her to cross. Then she had marched to Tewkesbury ; but wished still to press on, as her forces were inferior in number to the Yorkists. But Somerset was obstinate ; he declared that he would “tarry there and abide such fortune as God should send,” and “taking his will for reason,” he pitched his camp in the fair park, and there entrenched himself, sorely against the opinion not only of the queen, but all the experienced captains of the army.*

The battle was consequently fought there, and lost, partly through the treachery of Lord Wenlock. He remained sitting on his horse in the market-place of Tewkesbury, when his aid was most required to drive back Richard of Gloucester, to whom the victory was due. Richard led the van of the Yorkists, and was confronted with the Duke of Somerset, who had taken up so strong a position, fenced by dykes and hedges, that it seemed impregnable. But Gloucester practised the ruse by which the Conqueror had gained the battle of Hastings. After an attack and a short combat, he drew back as if in retreat. Somerset—rash as he was obstinate—left his position to pursue the Yorkists ; Gloucester instantly turned, and attacked the Lancastrians so furiously and unexpectedly,

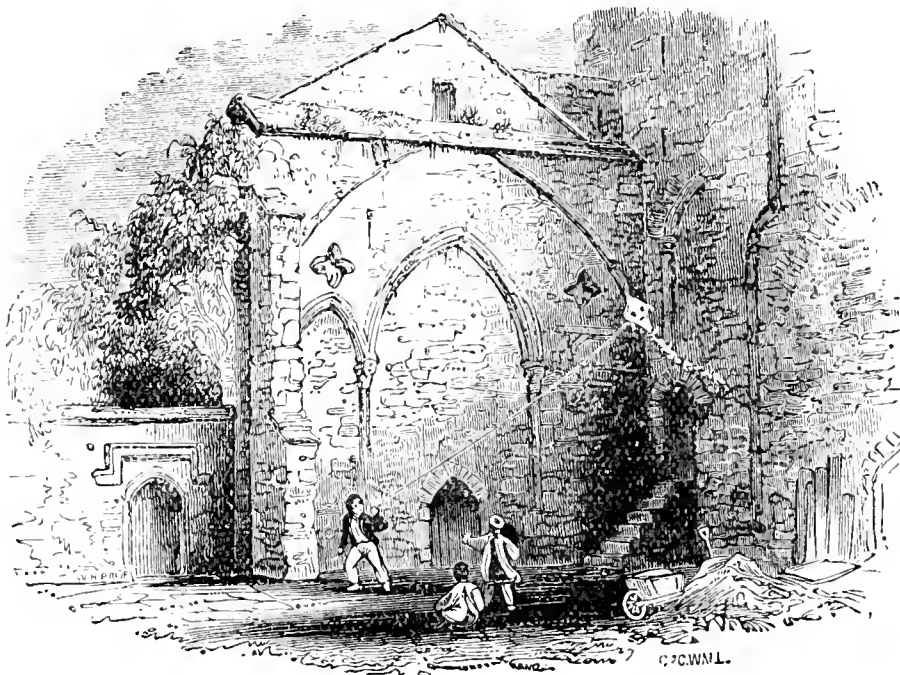
* Hall. Holinshed.

that they were driven back to their entrenchments, the Yorkists entering with them. If Wenlock had then charged, he might have saved the day; but he remained motionless, and Somerset, infuriated at his treachery or cowardice, rode up to him and crying, "Traitor," dashed out his brains with his battle-axe. The men under his banner fled and increased the confusion. The Lancastrians were unacquainted with the ground, and when Somerset's men were driven down the hill by King Edward's charge, into the meadow where the Avon falls into the Severn, the

weight of the hinder horsemen pushed the foremost into the river, and many more were drowned than those who fell by the sword.

Queen Margaret beheld the flight of her troops with passionate indignation, and was obliged to be forcibly restrained from rushing into the thick of the fight, but at length she fainted, and was carried from Tewkesbury Park to a small nunnery near, where Prince Edward's wife, Anne of Warwick, the Countess of Devonshire and Lady Katherine Vaux had remained.

The Prince of Wales, whose valour could



TEWKESBURY ABBEY.—THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

not retrieve the day, surrendered to Sir Richard Crofts. The Yorkists knew that the king had issued a proclamation, that whoever brought the prince to Edward should receive a hundred pounds reward and the Prince's life be spared. "Nothing mistrusting the king's promise, Sir Richard brought forth his prisoner, being a goodly, well-featured young gentleman of almost feminine beauty." * King Edward demanded sternly of the captive, "How he durst so presumptuously to enter his realm

with banners displayed against him." "To recover my father's crown and my own," was the calm reply. Edward, enraged, struck him in the mouth with his gauntlet, and the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester at once stabbed him to death. Our readers will recall Shakspeare's wonderful lines, in Clarence's dream when there passed him,—

"An angel, with bright hair,
Who shrieked aloud, 'Clarence is come,—false,
fleeting, perjured Clarence—
Who stabbed me in the field at Tewkesbury.'"

The spot where Edward Prince of Wales fell was long known as the "Bloody

* Hall.

Meadow." In the battle the Earl of Devonshire, Lord Wenlock, Lord John Beaufort, nine knights, and 3,000 Lancastrians were slain, the Duke of Somerset, Lord St. John, and about a dozen knights and esquires were dragged from the church, where they had taken sanctuary, and beheaded, May 6th.

Queen Margaret and Anne of Warwick were taken prisoners, and made ride in the triumphal procession with which Edward IV. entered London. Queen Margaret was sent to the Tower, and the day she entered it her unfortunate husband, Henry VI., was murdered in his prison. Thus the direct line of the house of Lancaster was utterly extinguished.

At the time of the dissolution the townspeople obtained the stately abbey church

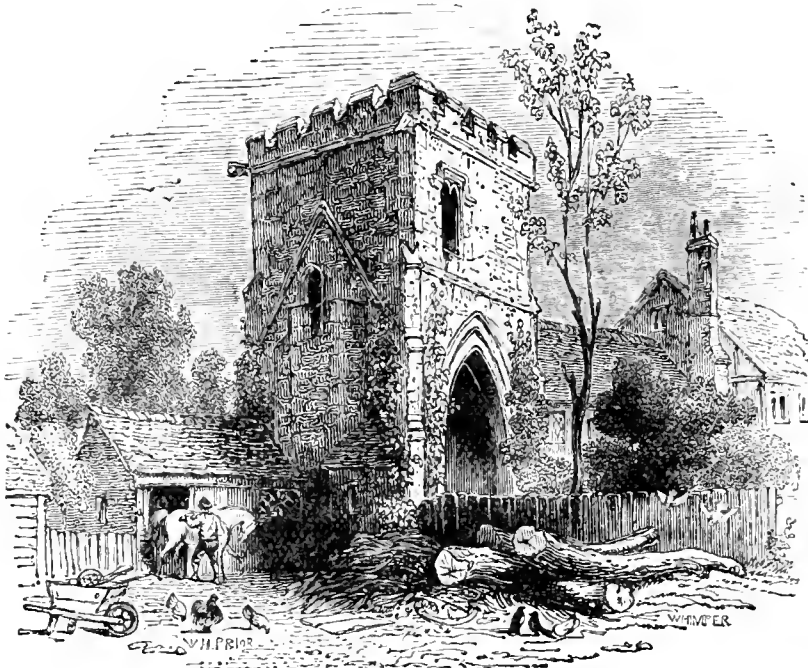
for the use of the parish. In it are buried Brictric, King of Wessex, Norman Fitz Hamon, Earl of Gloucester, Prince Edward, son of Henry VI., George of Clarence, his murderer, and his wife Isabel, the daughter of Warwick the king-maker.

The church is in the early Norman style, and has a central tower; the roof is finely groined and carved. The choir is hexagonal, and there are several chantries at the east end. Some of the monuments are for those who fell in the battle.

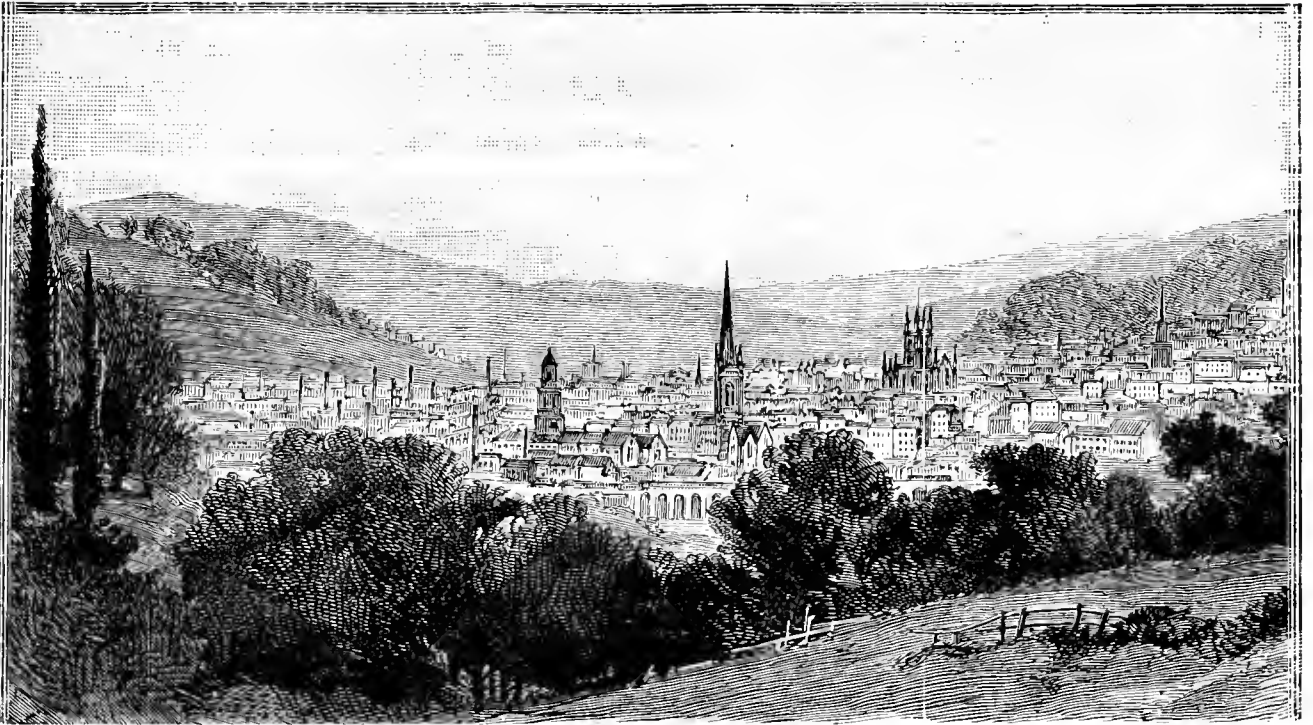
Tewkesbury was famous for its mustard in the sixteenth century.

"His wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard," says Shakspeare.

But to the nation now Tewkesbury is always associated with the last cruel battle of the Roses.



THE ANCIENT GATE.



VIEW OF BATH, FROM NEAR THE ABBEY CEMETERY.

BATH.



THE city of the waters in Somersetshire is very picturesque, when beheld from the lovely hills that surround it; and so also are the terraces, seen from the royal park, and rising one above the other up the side of the picturesque hill, the Royal Crescent, Lansdown, etc. The Avon, winding along rather sluggishly in the warm valley where it now takes its course, has green banks, and possesses a certain charm in its name that interests and wins us.

Bath is situated in an amphitheatre of hills, and takes its name from the hot medicinal springs to which tradition says it owes its foundation. The tale of the discovery of the curative power of the

waters is probably well known. Bladud, the son of the ancient British king Lud Hudibras, became a leper. The awful disease of course unfitted him in the eyes of his family and people from inheriting the throne; he was banished from the palace, and had to seek a home and food to live. His dress, which was royal, he offered to a swineherd, with the little money he possessed, in exchange for his peasant's garb, and induced the boy's master to let him herd his pigs, that fed in the great forest which covered the Somersetshire hills at that period. As a natural consequence he infected the pigs with his disease; and became very miserable at the thought that when the owner of the swine came to inspect them he would be at once discharged. He was walking behind the herd of swine in sad thought one day, when they all ran down the hill and plunged into a sheet

of water in a hollow of the woods. He noticed that they constantly repeated these baths, and that in a few weeks the leprosy had left them. Taking example by their instinct he plunged himself into the water, which was quite hot, and in a very short time was healed of his leprosy.

The lad then resolved to return to his family. He found a great feast going on at the palace—every one was gay and happy—all had forgotten their young prince's fate, except one; his mother sat with a sad, far-away expression in her eyes beside the king. Bladud had drawn the hood of his cloak over his face, so as to conceal it. He had kept a ring the queen had given him: he now stole forward and, unperceived, dropped it into the goblet from which she drank. The next time she raised the cup to her lips the ring fell against them. She took it out, looked at it, and exclaimed, "Our son is here." Bladud then came forward, was recognised; was found quite free from leprosy; and in time succeeded his father on the throne. The legend adds, that he built a town round the healing waters that had saved him from a cruel death, in commemoration of what they had done for him, and also for the benefit of his people. But in spite of this tradition it is believed that Bath was a Roman city, though probably the Britons may have had a settlement there, and knew the value of the waters.

That it was a Roman city of some importance is proved by the quantity of Roman remains, the altars with inscriptions, the tessellated pavements, urns, vases, coins that have been found or disinterred in the country round Bath and in the city. The Romans were extremely fond of hot baths, and therefore would have preferred the warm hill-sheltered situation, and the waters always warm, to any other place in Britain. It was, doubtless, one of their chief stations.

A community of monks existed here from the earliest times of Christianity; and the abbey was built by King Offa, of Mercia, in 775, and refounded by King Edgar.

In the insurrection of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, against William Rufus, both the town and abbey were burned and destroyed.

And then a strange thing occurred. A monk of Tours actually bought the ruined city of Bath from Rufus for the sum of 500 marks! His name was John de Villula. Like many of the Churchmen at that time he was a skilful physician, though probably not of the profession of leechcraft, as he is called by the historian Warner a quack. He lived in Bath, where he had made a large fortune by healing the invalids who came for the waters. He could not have belonged to an order vowed to poverty. It was doubtless with great regret that this intelligent man saw the beautiful Roman city where he had lived and toiled, reduced to ruins. As we have seen, he bought it of Rufus, and then he set himself the task of restoring it.

By his liberality and wonderful power of organising he achieved this great work. He restored its chief edifices, and the church and monastery. He then resolved to get the See of Wells removed to Bath, and he succeeded in this also.

Henry I. was capable of appreciating the talents and patriotism of Villula—and we are inclined to think that Matthew Paris may have been mistaken when he wrote that Villula had "anointed the king's hand with white ointment," *i.e.* bribed him. Henry Beauclerc was able to comprehend the great aims and public spirit of the wealthy monk; he confirmed all the existing privileges of the city, and added new; and in 1106 Villula—the first Bishop of Bath—gave the whole of his possessions with wonderful generosity to the monastery, reserving to himself and his successors in the see only the right of appointing the prior, who was to rule the new priory.

Bath Cathedral was founded by Bishop Oliver King in the reign of Henry VII.

"Lying at Bath," we are told, "and musing or meditating one night late, after his devotions and prayers for the prosperity

of Henry VII. and his children (who were all in most part living), to which king he was principal secretary, and by him preferred to his bishopric, he saw (or believed he saw) a vision of the Holy Trinity, with angels ascending and descending by a ladder, near to the foot of which there was a fair olive tree supporting a crown, and a voice that said, 'Let an Olive establish the Crown, and let a King restore the Church.'* He interpreted this dream as calling on him to restore the Church, for Olive answered to his Christian name, Oliver, and King to his family name. Most certain it is," Harrington continues, "he was so transported with his dream for the time, that he presently set in hand with the church (the ruins whereof I rue to behold even in writing these lines), and at the west end thereof he caused a representation to be graved of this his vision of the Trinity, the angels, and the ladder; and on the north side the olive and crown, with certain French words, which I could not read, but in English is the verse taken out of the Book of Judges, chap. ix. :—

'Trees going to choose their king,
Said, Be to us the Olive King.'†

The window to which Harrington refers is, at the present day, one of the glories of the cathedral; it represents the dream which led to the re-erection of the building.

* Harrington's "*Nugæ Antiquæ*."

† Harrington.

But Bishop King died and left his work unfinished, and the Reformation arrested all architectural ecclesiastic work, and in Harrington's time the church, which had become dilapidated, lay in a ruinous state.

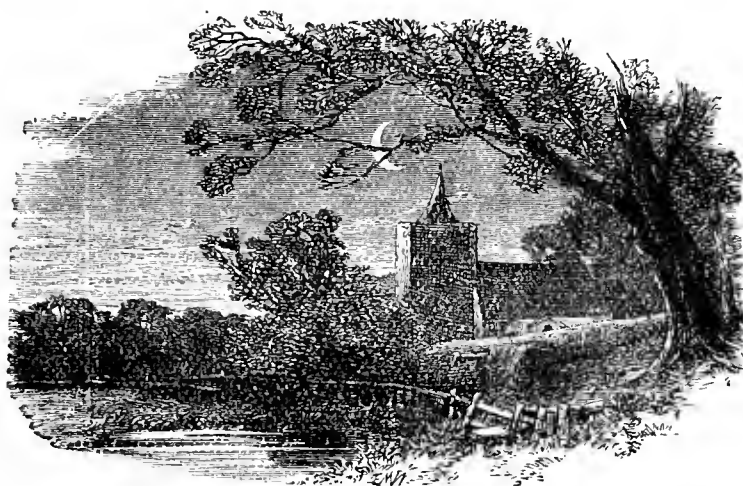
Harrington was the favourite godson of Elizabeth, and a poet; his fancy had probably been caught by Bishop King's dream, and he resolved to try if he could get the church restored and completed. An opportunity soon came for him to make an effort in its behalf.

Bishop Montague, at Bath, on his Visitation, was caught in a shower when walking with him in a grove near the ruins. Sir John Harrington advised him to take shelter in the church, and led him into the north aisle, which was roofless. The bishop observed that it did not shelter him from the rain.

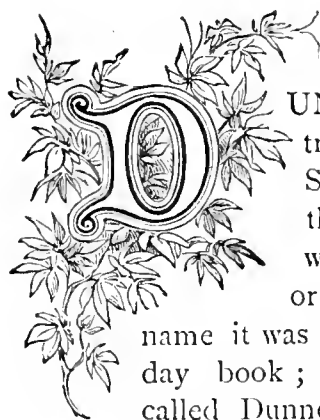
"Doth it not, my lord?" said Harrington; "then let me sue your bounty toward covering our poor church; for if it keep not us safe from the water above, how shall it ever save others from the fire beneath?"

The bishop accepted the appeal very kindly. It was his first visitation, and therefore it could not be looked on as a reproof.

He at once resumed Oliver King's work, and nearly completed the cathedral, which was finished in the reign of James I. At first it was a noble building, light and elegant, and was called the Lantern of England; but so-called improvement has taken from it all claim to the picturesque.



DUNSTER CASTLE:



A HEROIC MOTHER AND SON.

DUNSTER was a fortress of the West Saxon kings during the Heptarchy. It was then called Torre, or Tower, by which name it was entered in Domesday book; afterwards it was called Dunne's Torre (tower on the downs), now Dunster.

The Mohuns were the first possessors of Dunster Castle, and they took the side of the Empress Maud against Stephen. On the failure of male heirs of Mohun, the castle was sold to the Luttrell family.

The present castle is an Elizabethan building, with a richly wooded park behind it, very picturesque and delightful.

It was garrisoned by the Royalists in the civil war of Charles I.'s time, and was taken by the Marquis of Hertford in 1643.

In 1644-5 the Parliamentarians, who were quartered at Taunton, marched to Sir Hugh Windham's house at Saundle, and plundered it, not even sparing the women, whose clothes they tore off their backs. Sir Hugh escaped at the back door at the beginning of the assault, and sent a message, requesting help, to Colonel Windham, who was holding Dunster Castle for the king. The Cavalier, with only thirty horse, instantly rode to his assistance; found the plunderers gone, but pursued them, and came up to them in a field near Nettlecombe. They were 250 strong, but the Cavaliers attacked and defeated them, taking five prisoners and fourteen horses, besides ammunition.

A story equalling any in the old Greek or Roman times is told of the siege of Dunster Castle by the Parliamentarians in 1644-5. The Roundhead general sent the following message to the governor:—

"If you will deliver up the castle, you shall have fair quarter; if not, expect no mercy. Your mother shall be in front, to receive the first fury of your cannon."

They had, evidently, taken the old lady prisoner, either at her own house, or travelling.

The Governor, in the spirit of an ancient Spartan, answered:—

"If you doe what you threaten, you doe the most barbarous and villainous act was ever done. My mother I honour, but the cause I fight for, and the masters I serve, are God and the king. Mother, doe you forgive me, and give me your blessing, and lett the rebels answer for spilling that blood of yours, which I would save with the loss of mine own, if I had enough for both my master and yourself."

His mother replied:—

"Sonne, I forgive thee, and pray God to bless thee for this brave resolution. If I live I shall love thee the better for it; God's will be done."

But God's will was to spare this heroic mother and son. Lord Wentworth, Sir Richard Grenvill, and Colonel Webb came to their relief; rescued the brave and honourable lady, relieved the fortress, took 1,000 prisoners, and put the Parliamentarians to flight.

In 1650 a celebrated Roundhead was imprisoned here for seven months—William Prynne—because he had written against Cromwell and his party.

There was once a Benedictine priory here, founded by the Mohuns—a cell, as it was called, of St. Peter's, at Bath. It was adjacent to the church, and some remains of it exist.

The church, which is a fine specimen of Perpendicular architecture, was built by Henry VII., as a token of gratitude to the

inhabitants for the aid they had rendered him at Bosworth Field.

Most of the churches in Somersetshire are in the style of the reign of Henry VII., when architecture had reached the very acme of perfection in the Florid Gothic style. It is quite probable that they were rebuilt by him in gratitude for the county's attachment to his house.

The hobby-horse is not yet actually gone by; it exists still here. On the first of May, "hobby horsing" prevails here, or at least did some few years ago. A number of persons, carrying grotesque figures of men and horses, of a sufficient size to cover them, walk about the town, and then go to Dunster Castle, where they are entertained, and receive a gift of money.

GLASTONBURY.



THE Island of Avalon! How many memories of poetry and romance the name awakens! A glory of apple blossoms as we approach it, explains its lovely name, for an apple was *avale* in Saxon.

But we are at the foot of an eminence called Weary-all-hill, and we pause, and in our mind's eye see the Eastern traveller, weary and worn, who slowly mounts it, followed by a few monks. It is Joseph of Arimathea, sent from Gaul by Philip to carry the tidings of salvation to Albion, and if possible to overthrow the horrid Druidical religion.

We see him strike his staff into the ground and hear him say, "Here will I build a temple for the worship of Christ, my Lord." And the staff bursts into white blossoms, and behold the Thorn of Glastonbury. But the spot proved too small for the site of a church, and the missionaries moved forward and built their lowly temple, of wattles and wreathed twigs, in mystic Avalon.

There is still a Chapel of St. Joseph. Did the holy Jew really bring the Gospel to

Britain? It does not seem impossible, when we remember how far the Apostles travelled and preached; and of one fact there is no doubt: it was at Glastonbury that the tidings of salvation first reached the ears of the British people. In the most ancient charters of the monastery are these significant words applied to the abbey, "the fountain and origin of all religion in the realm of Britain."

Hither also came St. Patrick from Ireland, believing, no doubt, the legend of St. Joseph, and anxious to see the hallowed spot where he had taught, though there was no monastery there then, and the few priests who served the lowly chapel burrowed in caves and wretched huts. Here the saint of the Green Isle spent his latter years, and raised Glastonbury into a regular community of monks.

About the year 530 St. David, Archbishop of Menavia (uncle of King Arthur), with seven of his suffragans, came to Glastonbury, and enlarged the buildings there by the erection of a chapel to the Holy Virgin.

In 708 Ina, King of Wessex, rebuilt the whole, and lavished his wealth on St. Joseph's Chapel. He garnished it with silver and gold, and filled it with costly vessels and ornaments. The place grew in

magnificence, and about a century and a half afterwards Glastonbury,—still further enlarged—was called “the pride of England and the glory of Christendom.” One proof of its pre-eminence is that it furnished superiors to all the religious houses in the kingdom.

The celebrated and undoubtedly gifted Dunstan was born within the precincts of the abbey, and received the tonsure within its walls. He left it for the court of Athelstane, but seems to have been disgusted with court life and returned to Avalon, where, near the abbey, he built himself a cell or hermitage with an oratory attached, where he dwelt, spending great part of his day in devotion, and the rest in making crosses, censers, or vestments for the abbey; for Dunstan was a skilled artist and a fine musician. It was in this hermitage that tradition said he had his contests with Satan, who (the *Golden Legend*, printed by Caxton, tells us) appeared to the hermit in the form of a beautiful woman.

Dunstan introduced the Benedictine order of monks into England. They were at first very unpopular on account of the severity of the discipline that they insisted on, and the laxity of the Saxon priesthood. Dunstan’s conduct to Edwy and Elgiva has scarcely any excuse; his cruelty to the unhappy queen none at all. He was banished in Edwy’s reign, but returned to rule with extraordinary power over Edgar, and is supposed to have persuaded the king to build a palace near Glastonbury at a most lovely spot, still called Edgarley. By the privileges Edgar conferred on Glastonbury, the abbey was raised to great dignity. Its abbots were virtually rulers of the Island of Avalon; neither king nor bishop might enter it without their permission.

The monks elected their own superior; they were rich, and twice a week the poor of the whole country round were relieved at their gates; and when the last abbot rode forth he was attended by a hundred followers. This good man died on the scaffold, one of Henry VIII.’s numerous victims;

refusing to surrender his monastery, he was condemned for high treason, and hanged with two of his monks on Tor Hill.

The kitchen of the abbey, some fragments of the church, and the chapel of St. Joseph alone remain now; and of the origin of the kitchen the following anecdote is told. The abbot had offended Henry VIII., and the king sharply reprovved him for his sensual indulgences in food and wine, which he asserted disgraced the abbey, and added that he would burn the monk’s kitchen. The abbot replied haughtily that he would build such a kitchen that all the wood in the king’s forests would not suffice to burn it; and he forthwith built the one whose ruin we see. Thus runs the story, but the architecture of the kitchen is of an earlier date, and the speech would scarcely have been made to the despotic Tudor.

Of the great church and its five chapels, there remain only some walls, windows, pillars and other fragments, and those large crypts which contain the tombs of many illustrious persons.

Of the workmanship of the builders of the abbey, enough remains to show that the edifice was in the best Norman style. A little westward from the church is the Chapel of St. Joseph of Arimathea, which is nearly entire, and has a large, handsome crypt; the arches of the windows are semi-circular and adorned with the lozenge, zigzag, and embattled mouldings; underneath are interlaced semicircular arches springing from slender shafts, and ornamented with zigzag mouldings and roses, crescents and stars in the spandrels; the doors, north and south, are very much ornamented.

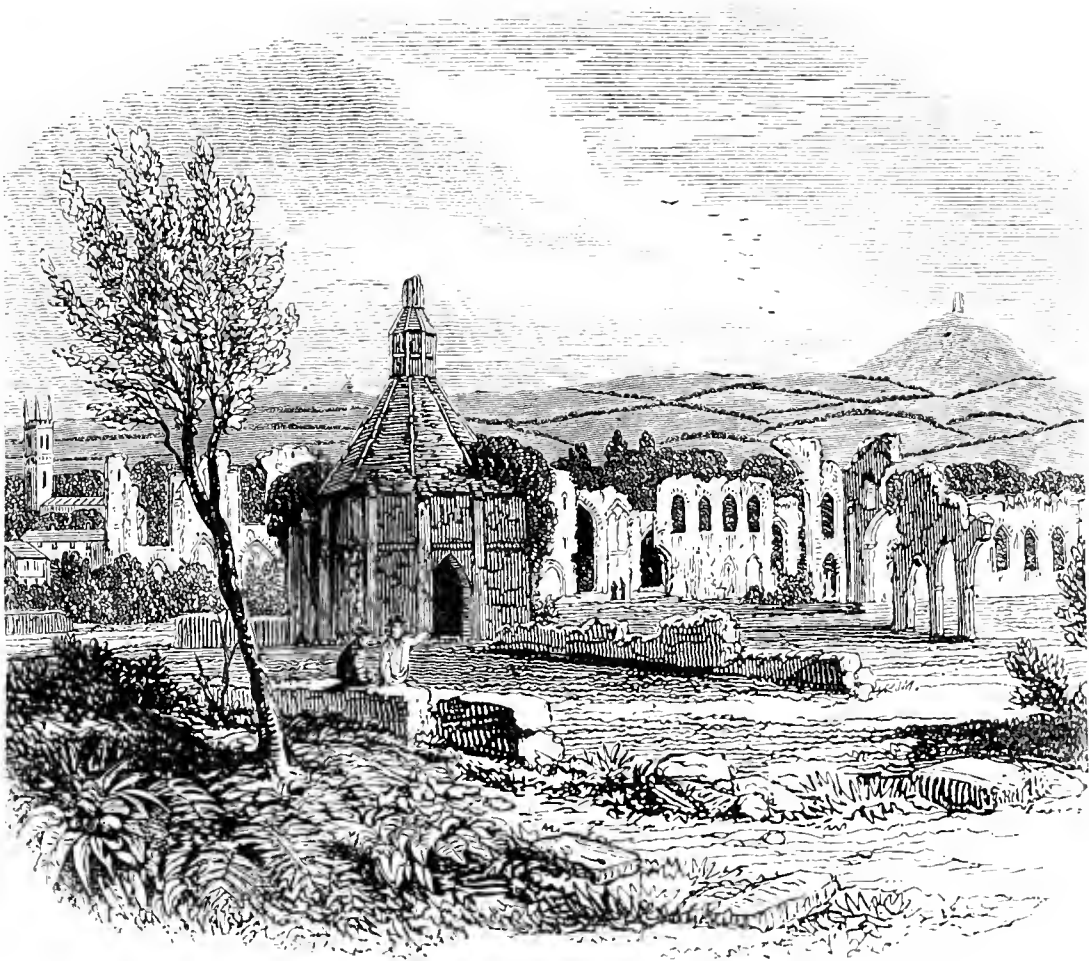
Of the monastery a stone edifice said to be the abbot’s house remains, and near it, amongst ruins, the famous kitchen. It has been described as an octagon included in a square; four fireplaces fill the four angles, having chimneys over them in the flat part of the roof. Between these rises an arched octagonal pyramid with a double lantern for the egress of the smoke. There

are eight carved ribs within, that support the vaults, and eight funnels for letting out steam through the windows, within which, in a smaller pyramid, hung the bell to call the poor people to the almonry.

Not far off the kitchen stood the refectory, dormitory, and great hall. North-eastward of Glastonbury, on the very high hill on which Abbot Whytyny suffered, stands the Tor or Tower of St. Michael. It serves as

a landmark to sailors in the Bristol Channel, as in clear weather it can be seen a long way off.

At the foot of the lofty tor on the north side rises the Blood or Chalice well, and somewhat higher, south-westward, rises another spring; both are medicinal, "strongly impregnated with iron and fixed air." Asthma and dropsy, scrofula and leprosy are the diseases they were said to cure.



GLASTONBURY.

King Arthur, wounded in one of his battles, was taken to Glastonbury to be cured of his wounds by these healing waters. And after his last fatal battle, that of Camlan in Cornwall, in which he fell, he was conveyed by sea to Glastonbury to be buried. In course of time the spot where he slept was forgotten; but a Welsh bard singing to Henry II., as he passed through Wales on his way to Ireland, of the great British

king, declared that Arthur slept between two pyramids at Glastonbury. When the king returned to England he told the abbot what the bard had sung, and search was at once made for the grave. One of our chroniclers, Giraldus Cambrensis, was an eye-witness of what ensued, and has recorded it.

Digging down seven feet below the surface, a huge broad stone was found with a

small thin plate of lead in the form of a cross, bearing in rude letters the Latin inscription: "Hic jacet sepultus Inclytus Rex Arturius in Insula Avalonia." Nine feet deeper they found the trunk of a large tree hollowed out for a coffin, in which lay Arthur, and by his side Guinever. The bones of the king were of extraordinary size; the skull was covered with wounds, ten distinct fractures were counted, one of great size, probably the fatal blow. The beautiful Guinever's form was singularly whole and perfect. Her burnished gold hair fell in plaits on her shoulders, but when touched fell instantly to dust.

The bodies were again interred, but Edward I. and his queen desired to look, if possible, on that noble king, and the remains were again solemnly exhumed. The skulls were then placed in the Treasury, to remain there, and the skeletons were returned to their grave, Edward enclosing an inscription recording his visit. The beautiful monument erected over Arthur and Guinever was destroyed at the Reformation.

Here also are buried Coel, king of Britain, father of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, Edmund the Elder, King Edgar, Edmund Ironside, St. Joseph of Arimathea (it is said), St. Patrick, St. Dunstan, and Gildas, one of our earliest historians.

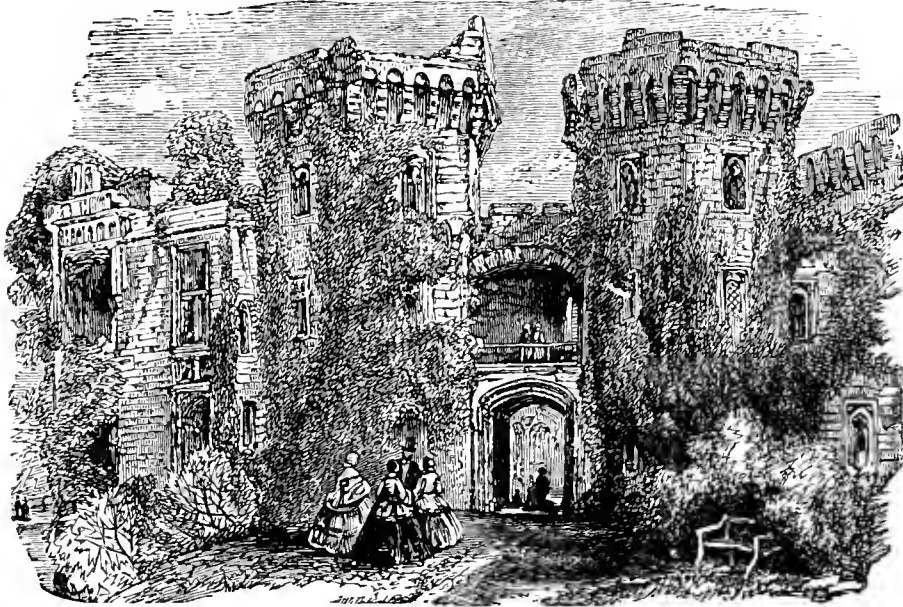
Avalon is no longer an island; for the marshes that surrounded it with water have been drained, though within memory many miles of land between Glastonbury and the sea were inundated during the winter.

The Glastonbury thorn still blossoms about Christmas; frequently on Christmas Day. It also blossoms again in May. Aubrey, the Wiltshire antiquary, tells us that a Mr. Hinton grafted a bud of the Glastonbury thorn on a ordinary thorn at his farm-house at Wilton, and it also blossomed at Christmas. In Parham Park is a similar tree. This thorn is supposed to have been brought by some pilgrim from the East.

TO AVALON.

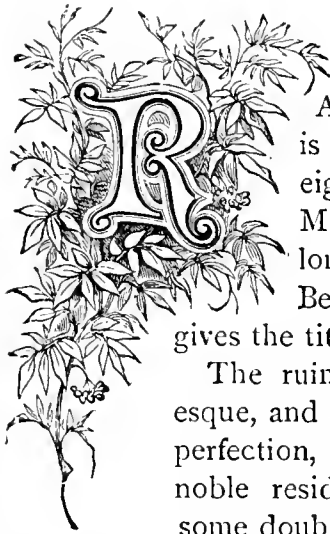
O three times famous Isle, where is that place that
might
Be with thyself compared for glory and delight,
Whilst Glastonbury stood? exalted to that pride,
Whose monastery seemed all others to deride,
Oh, who thy ruin sees whom wonder doth not fill
With our great fathers' pomp, devotion, and their
skill?
Thou more than mortal power (this judgment
rightly weighed)
Then present to assist, at that foundation laid,
On whom for this sad waste should justice lay the
crime?
Is there a power in fate, or doth it yield to time?
Or was their error such that thou couldst not pro-
tect
Those buildings which thy hand did with their zeal
erect?
To whom did'st thou commit that monument to
keep,
That suffereth with the dead their memory to
sleep?
When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy Joseph's
grave,
From sacrilege had power their sacred bones to
save;
He who that God in man to his sepulchre brought,
Or he who for the faith twelve famous battles
fought.
What! did so many things do honour to that
place,
For avarice at last so vilely to deface?
For reverence to that seat which had ascribed been,
Trees yet in winter bloom and bear their summer's
green.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.



RAGLAN CASTLE.

RAGLAN CASTLE.



RAGLAN CASTLE is situated at about eight miles from Monmouth, and belongs to the Duke of Beaufort, to whom it gives the title of Baron.

The ruins are very picturesque, and the castle, when in perfection, must have been a noble residence. There is some doubt as to when it was founded ; but the best authority says, that it was built by Sir William Thomas and his son William, Earl of Pembroke.

Sir William Thomas was one of two brave squires—David Gam was the other—who gave their lives to save that of their king at the battle of Agincourt ; Henry knighting both, as they lay dying on the field. The Earl of Pembroke was beheaded at Banbury in 1469.

In a direct line with the building were three gates ; the first of brick, from which the white gate, which was built of squared

stones, was reached by the ascent of many steps.

At some little distance on the left hand stands the tower Melin-y-Gwent (the yellow tower of Gwent) which in height and strength surpassed almost every other tower in England. It was six-sided ; the walls were ten feet thick of square stones ; it was five stories high, and commanded a most beautiful view of the adjacent country, which is very picturesque. It was battlemented, but the battlements were only eight inches thick, and not equal to sustaining cannon shot. This tower was joined to the castle by a splendid arched bridge having an out-wall, with six arched turrets with battlements all of square stone. It adjoined a deep moat thirty feet broad. Here Lord Herbert, the famous scientist, who became the second Marquis of Worcester, had artificial waterworks, which by means of steam he made spout up to the height of the castle.

At the commencement of the rebellion some country men, in the interest of the Par-

liament, came to search the castle for arms ; it was not then garrisoned. Lord Herbert admitted them, and "brought them over the high bridge"—of which we have spoken—"that arched over the moat between the castle and the great tower, wherein Lord Herbert had newly contrived certain waterworks, which, when the several engines and wheels were to be set a-going, much quantity of water through the hollow conveyances of the aqueducts was to be let down from the top of the high tower." These engines were set to work, and the rustics, who had never heard the noise and roar of steam engines, were so terrified that they ran away as fast as they possibly could, and only drew breath outside the castle, being told that the lions had got loose ; for the earl had—as was the custom then—a menagerie within his courts. The water could also be so managed as to wash away by its sudden rush any assailants in the courts. Mr. Macdonald has given a very clever and amusing picture of life in Raglan Castle at that time in his "St. Michael and St. George."

The position of these waterworks, as described by a contemporary, can be even now traced ; for there are in the stonework "certain strange mysterious grooves" on the side of the wall facing the moat, which mark the spot where steam was first used in England.

The castle gate has a tower on each side, with battlements ; within was the pitched stone court ; on the right hand of it was the closet tower ; straight on was the way to the kitchen tower.

About the middle of this was the passage into the hall, a very stately one ; it was sixty-six feet long and twenty-eight broad ; the roof was geometrical, and built of Irish oak, with a large cupola on the top to light it.

There was a lady's parlour, which was finely wainscoted, and had curious carvings in it.

There was also a gallery, a hundred and twenty-six feet long, having many windows, affording beautiful views.

In a large inner court was a marble fountain called the White Horse, which was continually fed with clear water.

Through a gate under a large square tower we pass to a bridge leading to the bowling green, from which there is a lovely prospect. The park was full of grand old oaks and noble beeches, and was well stocked with deer.

From the commencement of the civil war, Raglan was garrisoned by the Earl of Worcester, at his own expense. Charles I. created him a Marquis, and in 1642 he raised a force of 1,500 foot soldiers and 500 horse, of which he gave the command to his son. This nobleman was in intellect far before his age ; his knowledge of science was beyond that of any of his time. He invented the steam engine, and made it practically of use, as we have seen, in raising water for the castle.

King Charles sought a refuge here after the defeat at Naseby, and remained the guest of the marquis from July to the middle of September, 1645. Nine months afterwards the troops of the Parliament besieged it.

Fairfax's lieutenant wrote to the marquis, saying,—

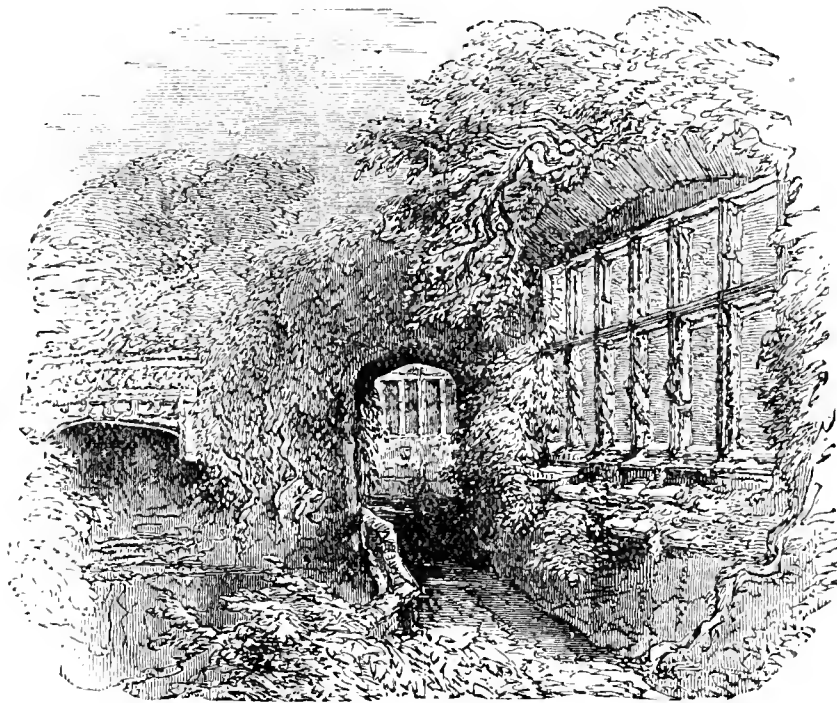
"His Excellency, Sir Thomas Fairfax, having now finished his work over the kingdom, except this castle, has been pleased to spare his forces for this work," and summoned him to surrender it. The marquis was eighty-five years old ; his gallant son was absent, we believe in Ireland, but the old nobleman was not likely to yield without a struggle. He answered, "that he made choice (if it soe pleased God), rather to dye nobly than to live with infamy."

Never was a siege more bravely resisted ; the aged marquis defended the castle with such pertinacity and resolution that, when at last, he was compelled to surrender it, it was by an honourable capitulation for the garrison ; the siege had lasted nearly three months. The marquis, his forces and household marched sorrowfully forth, Lord Worcester going to

London, where, with dishonourable violation of the terms of capitulation, he was seized and imprisoned by the Parliament. His health failed in the close air of the city, and when, dying, he received information that the Parliament would permit him to be buried in the family vault of Windsor, he exclaimed cheerfully, "Why, God bless us all, then I shall have a better castle when I am dead than they took from me whilst I was alive."

Afterwards the woods around Raglan were cut down, the lead stripped off the castle,

and it and the timbers taken to Monmouth, to be from thence sent to Bristol to rebuild the bridge there that had been burnt down. The lead that was thus taken from the family was sold for £6,000. The loss in the house and woods amounted to quite £100,000. The library was one of the finest in Europe, but the Parliamentarians destroyed it. The great tower, where Lord Herbert had carried on his scientific experiments, was undermined and then propped with timber, which was set on fire; it fell down in a heap of ruins.



THE ROYAL APARTMENTS.

The roof of the hall could not be taken down, and remained for twenty years intact.

About thirty vaults and three arched bridges besides the tower bridge remained to nearly the present time.

The second marquis died after the Restoration. He was buried in Raglan Church, and had expressed an intention of having his steam engine, or, as he called it, his water-commanding engine, buried with him; but we do not know if his intention was carried out.

There is something touching in the devoted loyalty of the first marquis; but he was only one of many who gave up all for their king; and we cannot look at the ruins of this beautiful castle without a feeling of admiration and regret for the fate of the first Marquis of Worcester.

Sir Walter Scott has given us a song that is a perfect echo of the reckless gallantry and generosity of the Cavaliers. We close with it our reminiscence of Raglan Castle.

THE CAVALIER.

WHILE the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray,
My true love has mounted his steed and away
Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er down :
Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights for the Crown !

He has doffed the silk doublet, the breastplate to bear,
[hair,
He has placed the steel cap o'er his long flowing
From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs
down,— [Crown !
Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights for the

For the rights of fair England that broadsword he draws,
Her king is his leader, her Church is his cause ;
His watchword is honour, his pay is renown,—
God strike with the gallant that strikes for the Crown !

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all
The round-headed rebels of Westminster Hall ;
But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town,
That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown !

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes ;
There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scotland's Montrose !
Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey, and Brown,
With the barons of England, that fight for the Crown ?

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier !
Be his valour unconquered, resistless his spear,
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown
In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and her Crown !

WIMBORNE MINSTER.



HIS ancient town is called Wimborne Minster to distinguish it from Wimborne All Saints' and Wimborne St. Giles's in the same county. It has a fine minster or collegiate church. It is situated in the eastern part of Dorsetshire, in a lovely vale on the Allen, near its confluence with the Stour ; there is a bridge over either river. Wimborne is a very ancient town, and was a Roman station of importance ; for they made it their winter camp ; their summer station being at Badbury Rings. The appellation of the town was then *Vindogladia* ; its present name is thought to have been derived from *Win*, the ancient name of the Allen, and *bourne* a rivulet. But *Win* also signifies "battle," and a great one was fought near the town in 901. When Edward the son of Alfred succeeded to the kingdom, his first cousin Ethelwald the Atheling seized the castles of Wimborne and Christchurch, carried off

a nun from her convent at Wimborne and married her. Edward the Elder was not a man to permit such conduct to pass with impunity. He marched at once, with his forces to Badbury, near Wimborne, where he encamped. Ethelwald was in the town with his followers, "the men who had submitted to him," and had fortified all the approaches to the town, declaring that he would either live or die there. But he was not steadfast in this resolution, for in the night he fled, and his wife followed him. Edward ordered him to be pursued, but they could overtake neither him nor his bride ; they both reached Northumbria safely, and were cordially received by the Danes, who acknowledged Ethelwald as king of England. But he found it vain to oppose Edward the Elder's power, or to evade his pursuit, and fled to Normandy.

He landed, however, a few years afterwards in Essex, marched into Suffolk, and was defeated and slain at Bury St. Edmund's.

The nunnery from which he had won

his wife was one of the first built in England. It was founded by Cuthberga, daughter of Kenred, king of the West Saxons, and sister of his successor, Ina.

Cuthberga had in 705 been betrothed to Egfrid, king of Northumberland, but having previously vowed herself to a religious life, she took refuge, before the wedding day, in the nunnery of Barking, in Essex. Returning to her native place eight years afterwards, she founded the nunnery of Wimborne in 713, and completed it in ten years' time; here she passed the remainder of her life, and was buried, 727, in the church, where her festival during those ages was celebrated on the last day of August. The nunnery was destroyed by the Danes. It was succeeded by a deanery or college of secular canons established by Edward the Confessor, though it is thought that this college had been in existence at the same time as the nunnery, and was merely restored by the Confessor. He, at any rate, amply endowed it, furnishing it with a dean, four prebendaries, three vicars, four deacons, and five singers. Henry VIII. spared the college, as his grandmother, the Countess of Richmond, had been one of its benefactors; but it was dissolved by the government of Edward VI. The famous Reginald Pole, afterwards Cardinal, and Archbishop of Canterbury, was appointed Dean of Wimborne in 1517. The revenues of the college or deanery were taken by the Duke of Somerset after the dissolution.

Queen Elizabeth restored the portion remaining to the corporation of the college, and added greatly to it, but required an annual rent, which was remitted by James I.

Some of the lands were, however, set apart by Elizabeth for the support of the Grammar School that had been founded by Margaret, Countess of Richmond, though now called Queen Elizabeth's School.

The minster is very ancient, and it is said was partly dedicated to the Virgin

Mary, partly St. Cuthberga. Its shape is cruciform; it is one hundred and eighty feet long, and is divided like a cathedral with chancel and choir, aisles and crypt, transepts, nave, and long aisles.

The exterior shows two square towers, one in the centre and one at the west end, and three porches. From the top of the centre tower rose once a lofty spire; the following is an account of what happened to it.

"I will not," says Mr. Coker, in his survey of Dorsetshire, "overpasse a strange accident which in our dayes happened unto it (the Minster), viz., Anno Domini, 1600 (the Choire beeing then full of people at tenne of clock service, allsoe the streets by reason of the markt), a sudden mist arising, all the Spire Steeple being of a very great height was strangeliie cast down, the stones battered all the lead, and broke much of the timber of the roofs of the Church, yet without anie hurt to the people; which ruin is sithence commendable repaired with the Church revenues, for sacriledge hath not yet swept awaye all; being assisted by Sir John Hanham, a neighbour gentleman, who, if I mistate not, enjoyeth revenues of the Church, and hath done commendable to convert parts of it to its former use."

The belief is that the spire was undermined by the concussion of the bells.

The minster once contained ten altars of alabaster and other costly materials; the high altar was remarkably splendid. At the foot of the altar were two oblong monuments of grey marble.

The first storey of the original tower shows three Norman windows; the centre one is of the earliest pointed arch; the windows at each side of it are circular with clustered shafts and rudely sculptured capitals. The second storey has seven round arches, intersecting one and another. The whole is coloured by the mellow tints of red or iron sandstone, and the ivy creeping round it forms a very picturesque adjunct. The upper part of the tower is far inferior to

the lower; the pinnacles are clumsy and the parapet heavy.

The east window is very elegant and uncommon. It has three lights separated by clustered shafts of Purbeck marble rising up in a lancet form, until suddenly they break off into a circular head. The centre light is surmounted by a quatrefoil; those on each side by a sexfoil.

Round the centre light runs a moulding of unusual shape, with zigzag ornamentation.

On the south side of the altar stand three ancient stalls crowned with lofty finials. On the opposite side, on the ground, is a fine brass, representing a king in his robes with crown and sceptre. At the feet is an escutcheon charged with a cross fleury, and in the centre a plate with this inscription in Latin: "In this place reposes the body of St. Ethelred, king of the West Saxons, who fell by the hands of the Pagan Danes, on the 23rd of April in the year of our Lord, 873."

Cuthberga is buried here; and one of the grey marble monuments near the altar is the tomb of Gertrude, second wife of Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, and mother of Edward, Earl of Devonshire, the Edward Courtenay of Queens Mary and Elizabeth. The Marquis of Exeter was beheaded by order of Henry VIII., 1538. His wife was also attainted, but was pardoned, and survived her husband twenty years.

The monument has been much mutilated, and the brass on which the inscription was is only a fragment. The Earl of Devon has put in above it a decorated and very handsome stained glass window.

The other grey monument has on it the recumbent effigies in alabaster of John de Beaufort, grandson of old John of Gaunt, and his wife. He was created Duke of Somerset in 1443, and died the next year. Margaret, his wife, was the only daughter of Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, and mother to Henry VII.; whose sister the duchess was. This sister of a king

erected this monument to her parents, and endowed the free school of the town.

The male effigy is in rich armour; a pointed helmet with a coronet is on his head, a collar of SS round his neck; a dagger on his right side, and the hilt of a sword on his left, inscribed I.H.S.; the garter is round his knee, two angels support his head, and a lion lies at his feet. His gauntleted left hand rests on his breast, his right hand clasps his wife's. She is dressed in a long robe with a veil and a coronet on her head, which is also supported by two angels, and at her feet an antelope. She holds a string of beads. The duke's helmet still hangs over the monument. The Duke of Beaufort has placed in the arch above the monument some fine stained glass, with the heraldic emblazonments of the Beauforts, Somersets, and Richmond.

In the south aisle beneath an arch is a raised black marble coffin, painted with heraldic shields, and guarded by iron railings, which contains the remains of a very eccentric old gentleman, named Ettrick, the first Recorder of Poole. He had a conviction (probably created by some dream) that he should die in 1691, and had his coffin thus prepared, and the date cut on it. But his previsions proved false; he survived till 1717, and the alteration of the date on the coffin is visible. He fixed it in position with his own hands; for in a fit of anger, caused by some offence the people of Wimborne had given him, he had vowed to be buried neither *in* their church nor *out* of it, neither *above* their ground nor *below* it. In order to keep this paradoxical vow he obtained permission to place his coffin within the thickness of the wall, and on a level with the pavement. He left a sum of twenty shillings a year for the repairs in trust with the corporation of Poole.

The nave of the minster is now used as the parish church.

The library is very curious; it is reached by a winding staircase from the vestry, and

is a plain plastered room, round two sides of which are massive shelves, containing tarnished, worn old books of all kinds and all colours (sadly faded), in strong bindings, but now dropping to pieces with age. Here are black-letter books, manuscripts, a fine old Polyglott Bible, and many other copies of the sacred volume in the original languages and early English translations.

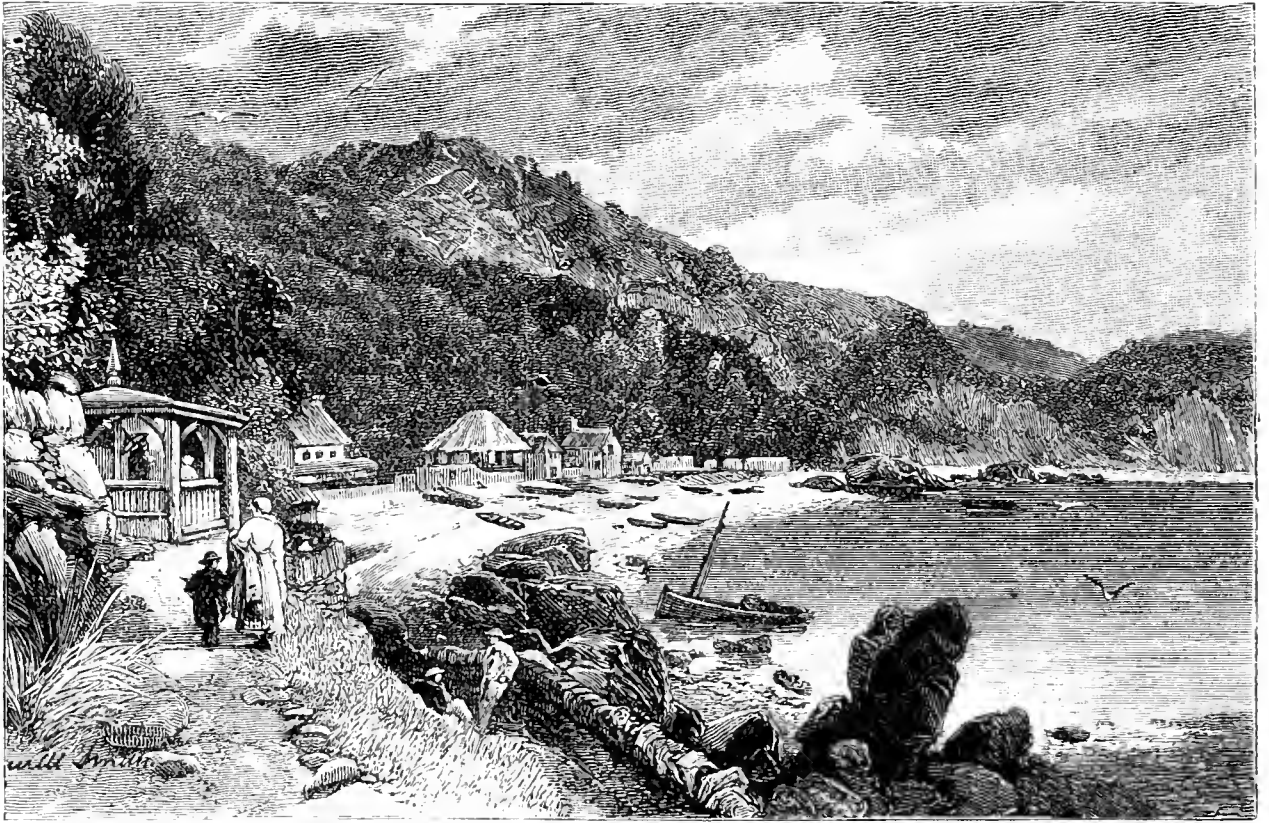
But the peculiarity of the library is that the books were chained to the shelves. Each volume had a chain screwed on to one side of the cover (as Bibles had in churches at the beginning of the Reformation, and they are still seen in some very old churches), and at the end of the chain was a ring; this ring was slipped on an iron rod that ran along the edge of each shelf, and was padlocked at the end; there was a portable reading desk and stool, which the reader brought to the required spot, drew the chained book on the desk, and read it there. Now, the festoons of rusty iron chains hanging thickly from the shelves have a most singular appearance.

There is a fine copy of Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World" here, with a round hole burned through more than a hundred of its pages. This mischief is said to have been done by Prior, the poet—who is supposed to have been born at Wimborne. He used to read here, and one winter evening, poring over his book, he fell asleep, and the candle in the tin

sconce having burnt nearly out, fell upon the middle of the open book and burnt slowly the hole mentioned. The smell of smouldering paper woke the poet, who at once extinguished it, with no little dismay, we may be sure. He repaired it as well as he could by pasting pieces of paper over the places. The hole burnt was about the size of half a crown, and on these round pieces he transcribed the missing words from memory; they are therefore in the handwriting of Prior.

How precious books must then have been! How great the change in their value and use since those days! Their great cost and the difficulty of obtaining many important works made them of immense value, and the manner in which they were studied created what Bacon called, "a full man." Has their great diffusion been of as much or more benefit to the student, than when they were under this careful guardianship in the days of Queen Anne and Matthew Prior, the poet? We will hope so, but we are always glad when we see a proper value placed on books; the preserved thoughts and words of the great writers who have gone before us especially. Prior's studies at Wimborne Minster, as a poor youth, resulted in his advancement to the political post of secretary to two congresses—that at the Hague and Ryswick,—he was also secretary to the Embassy in France, and gentleman of the bedchamber to William III.





BABBACOMBE BAY, SOUTH DEVON.

BABBACOMBE BAY AND ANSTEY'S COVE.



THE whole coast of England is more or less picturesque—especially the rock-bound and sublime coast of Cornwall and the Devon coast. Babbacombe Bay is one of the lovely spots on that of South Devon. Here bold and richly tinted rocks surround the blue waters, as if embracing the sea, and the yellow sands bring Ariel's song to mind:—

“Come unto these yellow sands,”
while over every peak of rocky cliff ivy

and lichen climb, and in every cranny are ferns and wild flowers.

An open sea, too, lies before us, and the extreme beauty of sea and shore charms the gazer.

Babbacombe is a suburb now of Torquay; and there are pleasant villas there on the top of the cliff, separated from too near neighbourhood to the height by a wide tier of walls. A road runs down to the shore.

The sea view from Babbacombe extends to Lyme Regis, and is very fine. The little port of the bay, called Petit Tor, is at the north of it, and the rocks round and near it are of bright red sandstone. The pure bracing air and lovely scene make Babba-

combe a spot to be sought and remembered.

A short walk over the cliffs leads from Babbacombe to Anstey's Cove. This is a most lovely spot, with rocks around it vividly tinted, and a promontory to the left of marble in jagged peaks, the work of the billows. Opposite, on the right, is a wooded and lofty hill.

One can scarcely gaze at the ocean from these lovely shores without thinking of Shakspeare's exquisite lines on England :—

"England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune. . . .
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England."

SOUTH DEVON.



BEAUTIFUL exceedingly " is South Devon, with its hills and moors, and its proverbially long lanes. It is a land of flowers too ; the soft mild humid air suits even such hothouse plants as the azalea, which here grows to the size of a shrub.

How lovely those long lanes are, sunk in the hills ! Tradition says that they were thus cut to hide the wain going home with its treasures, from the greedy eyes of Saxon freebooters. But now, trees bending from each hillside meet overhead, and wild honeysuckles and roses, entangled, droop from them ; while on the ground and in every coign of vantage spread the round green leaves that children call "pennies," and the foxglove, the meadow-sweet, and other wild flowers grow. The ferns are peculiarly beautiful and very varied, growing on every bank, and waving their graceful fronds at every opening where the sky shows through the greenery, and we can trace their delicate outline against the light.

The ferns of Devon are, in fact, one of its

features. The Rev. T. Ravenshaw, in his "List of the Flowering Plants and Ferns growing wild in the County of Devon," enumerates forty different ferns and fern allies. There are also in Devonshire more than 700 species and varieties of fungi, some beautiful in form and colour. The botanist will also find many rare plants in the hedge banks or meadows ; and the naturalist will find a rich variety of birds and woodland animals. We have seen in a hedgerow, constantly passed, though in private grounds, the great hole of a badger ; this animal is numerous on the borders of Dartmoor.

The rivers of South Devon run also remarkably picturesque courses.

Dartmoor has been called the land of streams, and one of the loveliest of them is the Dart. It rises in Cranmere Pool, a morass on the northern margin of Dartmoor, between Okehampton and Crockern Tor. This morass is on the top of a hill never known to be dry, and full of dangerous bogs.

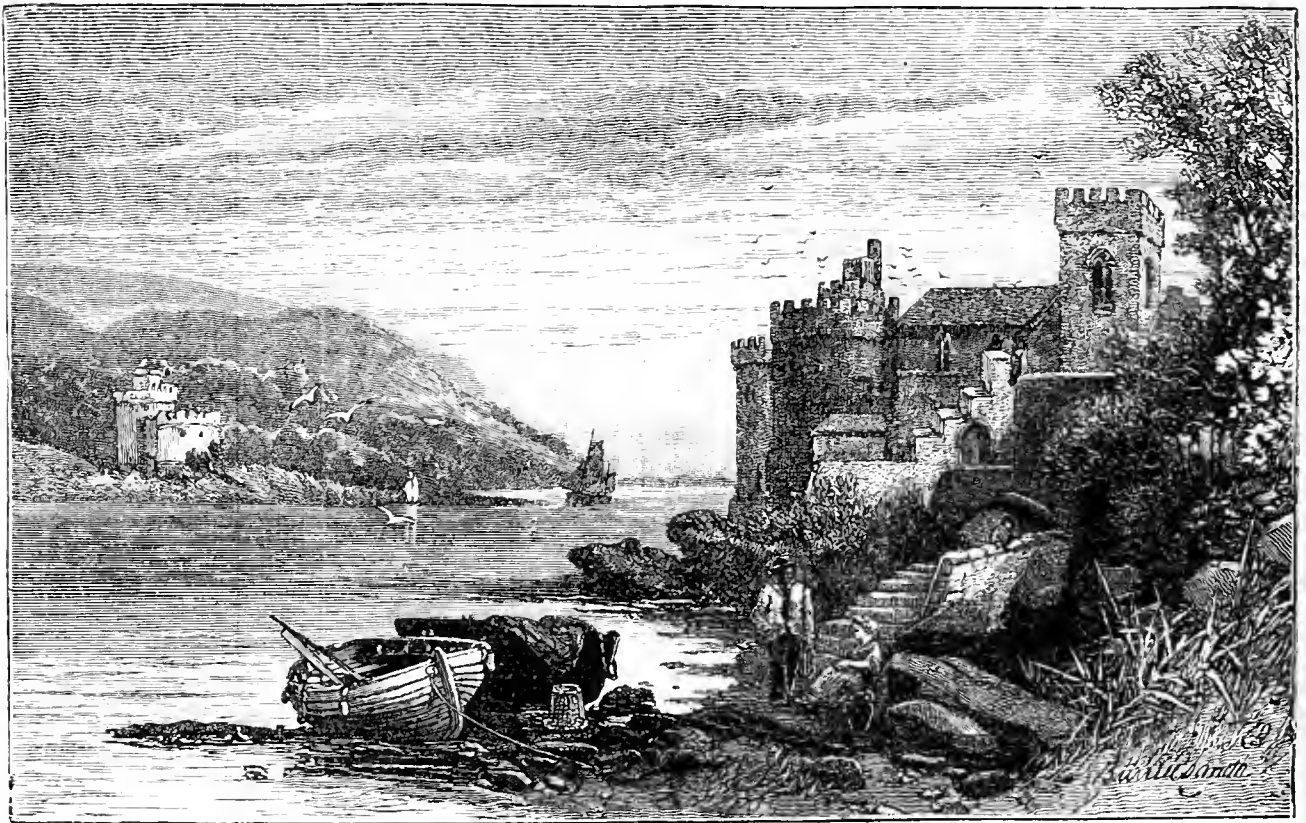
Dartmouth is one of the most picturesque havens in England. The waves of the British Channel spread wide and grand before the harbour, in which, at the mouth of the Dart, are moored the training ships

Britannia and Hindostan, where the young officers of the Royal Navy are educated for their profession. And up the south side of a very steep hill, that runs east and west for nearly a mile, the houses of the town are built. "Whereby," the antiquary Prince writes, "the houses, as you pass on the water, seem pensile, and hang along in rows like galley pots in an apothecary's shop"—not by any means a pleasant or very apt description; yet, from the sea the

houses still seem almost suspended. The hill to the left is embosomed in rich masses of trees. A little higher up again, to the left, Old Mill Creek runs for some distance by the side of lovely woods.

Dartmouth Castle stands on a point of land close to the sea. It has two towers; the circular one dates from the reign of Henry VIII. Opposite to it is Kingswear Castle, now restored and inhabited.

Many old memories hang about Dart-



DARTMOUTH CASTLE.

mouth harbour. It was here that Richard Cœur de Lion mustered his fleet for the Crusade; from thence, in 1347, a large armament sailed under Edward III. for Calais. In 1377 the town was plundered and partly burnt by the French, and from hence—a far pleasanter recollection—sailed the Pilgrim Fathers in the *Speedwell* and *Mayflower*, to found a new empire of Englishmen in a new world.

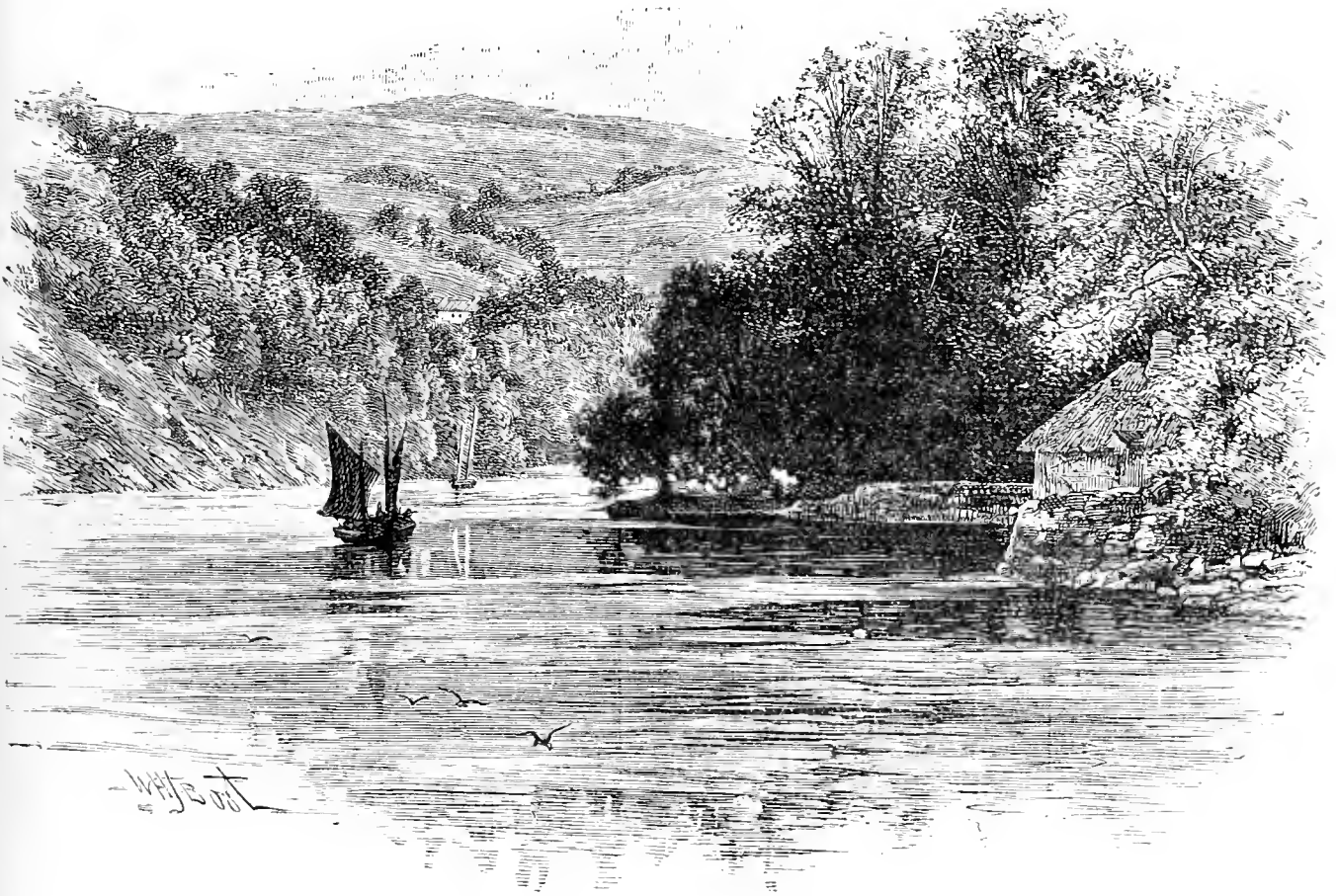
On the right, as we steam up the river,

on an eminence, we see Greenway House, once a dwelling of Sir Walter Raleigh's, where he is said to have alarmed his servant by smoking a pipe. The first potato, that most valuable gift that he bestowed on England, was planted here. It is still more interesting to learn that Greenway was the birthplace of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the half-brother of Raleigh. He took possession of Newfoundland in Elizabeth's reign, and was lost in a storm. The

last time his comrades saw him, before he disappeared from their sight for ever, in the mist and gloom of the evening, he held a Bible in his hand, and said cheerily, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land."

Just abreast of Greenway is a rock that rises from the bed of the river, and it is under water at high tide. As a vessel once struck on it, an iron beacon has been placed on it to show the danger when it is covered. It was formerly called the

"Scold's stone," a scolding wife being placed on it as a punishment by the men of Dittisham. She must have been in considerable peril at high water, unless released before the tide flowed. Plum trees grow in great abundance at the village of Little Dittisham, and the narrow and steep village road, winding up the hill, can be traced by cottage roofs between the trees. The rectory is buried in the thick foliage; above it rises "Fire Beacon Hill," 600 feet high, and



ON THE DART AT WAYNFLEET.

therefore well adapted to give the signal of danger and invasion. The tower of the church rises above the hill, and on this spot is found one of the loveliest pictures on the beautiful river.

As the steamer rounds Gora Point, we pass several mansions, surrounded by trees. Further on we come to Sandridge, an Italian villa, built by the first Lord Ashburton.

Here John Davis, the Arctic explorer, was born. He sailed from Dartmouth in

the little *Sunshine* (50 tons), and her small comrade, the *Moonshine*, in June, 1575, and discovered the passage that bears his name, between Greenland and North America.

By-and-by we get a glimpse of Higher Dittisham Church and the pretty cottages among the damson groves. This part of the river is called Long Stream. Then comes the picturesque village of Stoke Gabriel, in an amphitheatre of woods, slop-

ing to the stream, with the ivy-covered tower of the Church of St. Gabriel, and the fishing cottages gathered round it. A very old and large yew tree stands in this churchyard.

After leaving the few houses of the pretty hamlet of Duncannon, we reach the most picturesque part of the river—the woods of Sharpham, that make a fine semicircular sweep on our left. The whole of this hill is covered with the foliage of magnificent old trees; the woods sweep down to the river, and dip their branches in the stream. Nothing can exceed the lovely tints that paint

these woods in autumn; their richness, massiveness, and closeness to the river, make them a wonderful picture of sylvan beauty. Towards the end of them we come on a tasteful boathouse, and just below is the Bass rock, so named from the fine fish of that name caught here.

We think that the Dart here loses in a degree its picturesqueness, and we shall therefore bid it adieu. It will be long, however, ere its sparkling waters and overhanging woods will pass from our remembrance, and when a lovely river is mentioned, we shall think of the Dart.

PLYMOUTH.



It was a bright sunshiny day, though the wind was unusually high, the first and last time we stood on Plymouth Hoe, a spot which though by no means picturesque in itself, presents a most unrivalled panorama to those standing on it. At its eastern extremity is the citadel that is now used as a barracks; from its parapet a most extensive view is obtained of the town, with Stoke in the distance, and a little more easterly, and far off, are the summits of the Dartmoor Tors. To the east also the eye pursues the course of the Laira, as the estuary of the Plym is called, with the woods of Saltram on its southern bank, while, close by, the river falls into the Sound, which is only separated from the sea by the breakwater.

To the west lie the beautifully wooded slopes of Mount Edgumbe, and glancing

onwards we see the masts of some of the men-of-war in the Hamoaze, an estuary of the Tamar.

The town-hall of Plymouth is very fine, and its painted windows record the adventures of the West-country hero, Drake.

It was on the Hoe that Sir Francis Drake and the captains of the Fleet were playing a game of bowls, when that true-hearted mariner, Captain Thomas Fleming, came to him with news of the approach of the Spanish Armada, which he had seen—a mighty shadow looming over the sea—on the French coast, and had put on all sail and urged his vessel to the English shore at her greatest speed, to forewarn the nation of the advent of her deadly foe.

Philip of Spain had declared war against Elizabeth, and fitted out the most formidable fleet that ever put to sea to invade England. It consisted of 132 large ships, averaging 448 tons each, accompanied by numerous powerful galleys, armed with heavy guns, and smaller vessels of every description. This fleet carried a force of

32,639 men, of whom 8,776 were seamen, and 2,088 galley slaves. The remainder was formed of the best troops of Spain. Twelve of the great ships were called the Apostles, and a hundred priests were dispersed through the consecrated armament, that had been blessed by the Pope.

The Duke of Medina Sidonia, who commanded this mighty force, might well have reckoned on certain and complete victory over a nation which possessed so small a navy (the growth of only two reigns), utterly unequal, apparently, to contend with the powerful ships of Spain. Had his confidence proved well grounded, the probable fate of England may be divined from the fact that the cruel Spaniards brought with them strange instruments of torture (which are still preserved in the Tower of London), to be used on the conquered people. In Spain no doubt existed of the success of the expedition. Nursery songs and popular ballads already celebrated the anticipated victory. Our readers may be amused by reading the following translation of a little Spanish girl's song at this eventful period, written by a great Spanish dramatist:—

“My brother Don John
To England is gone,
To kill the Drake,
And the Queen to take,
And the heretics all to destroy;
And he will give me,
When he comes back,
A Lutheran boy,
With a chain on his neck;
And our Lady-Grandmama shall have
To wait upon her a Lutheran slave.”

LOPE DE VEGA.

The Lord High Admiral of Elizabeth's navy was Lord Charles Howard, of Effingham, a man who united caution with valour.

No sooner had the tidings of the sailing of the Armada (which were sent by a spy of Sir Francis Walsingham) reached him, than he left the Downs in all haste, with as many ships as he could procure, and twenty merchant vessels, and reached Plymouth on the 23rd of May, where he was joined by the man who had done much by his war-

fare against Spaniards in the American Seas to provoke the war—Sir Francis Drake.

We must be pardoned if we digress for a moment to say a few words about this English “sea king” of Elizabeth's days; for assuredly, with the exception of Nelson, England has no greater sea-worthy on her roll of fame. Drake, after repeatedly fighting with, and defeating the Spaniards in the West Indies, had, in 1587, with thirty sail of men-of-war, destroyed ten thousand tons of shipping in Cadiz Bay, which he called “singeing the King of Spain's whiskers.” He was a man of low stature, but well set, with brown hair, a fair complexion, and a cheerful open countenance. Elizabeth distinguished him by especial favour. She had knighted him after his return from his celebrated voyage round the world, undertaken in his own ship, and she warmly upheld the dignity she had conferred.

There is a funny story told, that Sir Bernard Drake, resenting the assumption by the new knight of the Drake arms, grossly insulted the brave sea captain. The queen instantly took up the quarrel, and bestowed a coat of arms of her own devising upon her favourite. It was “sable, a fess wavy between two pole-stars argent;” and for his crest a ship on a globe, attached to a cable which was held by a hand issuing from the clouds; to the rigging was suspended by the heels a *red wyvern*, the arms of the jealous Sir Bernard. No doubt this queenly and womanly “taking of his part” assured Elizabeth an entirely devoted servant in the admiral. And she had need of brave and loyal subjects.

But we must return to the fight with the Armada. As soon as he had victualled his fleet, which by this time amounted to ninety-nine ships, the Lord Admiral set sail and cruised about on the watch for the enemy between Ushant and Scilly, thus keeping the entrance to the Channel.

Meanwhile, Lord Henry Seymour, in the narrow seas, observed, with forty sail of English and Dutch ships, the movements

of the Duke of Parma. Throughout England, too, men watched anxiously; beacons were ready on every hill and lofty tower to warn the nation of the near approach of the Spaniards, who would be opposed by so unequal a force on the sea that few hoped the country would escape another invasion.

But by-and-by came a rumour that the Armada had been dispersed in the gales of wind which had recently prevailed; that the whole fleet had been destroyed; and that there was no longer cause for fear, or at least none for present alarm, as the attack could not be repeated till the summer of the next year.

In this, as in most reports, there was a mixture of truth and falsehood. The Armada had been overtaken by a storm off Cape Finisterre, and had received some injury, but not of any great importance. However, the English gladly believed the rumour, which relieved their anxiety; and Lord Charles Howard was ordered to dismantle four of his largest ships.

But the admiral strenuously objected to this proposal, and offered to maintain the ships at his own charge rather than to diminish his force. The event showed the correctness of his prevision. Distrusting the reported loss of the Armada, he sailed towards the Spanish coast to ascertain the truth for himself. He was still at some little distance from the land, when he received intelligence that the Spanish fleet, little injured by the gale, was on its way to England. There was not an hour to lose. The wind, happily fair for the return of the English admiral, was also favourable for the foe; and it must have been with no little excitement and anxiety that the Lord Admiral crowded all sail on his return to Plymouth.

He reached that port, however, in time to refit and revictual his fleet; for the weather was tempestuous, and the Armada had been again separated by a storm. On the 19th of July, a week after the return of the Admiral, Captain Thomas Fleming

sailed with all speed into Plymouth Harbour to announce that the Armada was at hand, and the news was brought, as we have said, to the Hoe when the gallant seamen were playing. They finished their game before returning to their ships; these men were not to be scared by a Spaniard. But the tidings roused all England. Every headland and hill, every beacon turret on the church towers sent up a fiery warning to call the people to arms; and every church steeple clashed out the loud alarm. In the animated strains of Macaulay,—

“Swift to east and swift to west
The ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael’s Mount it shone;
It shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniards saw,
Along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range,
Those twinkling points of fire.”

But the land preparations for defence were never required. No foeman’s footstep was again to press English soil; and Englishwomen might still boast for many an age that they had never seen the smoke of a foreign invader’s camp.

Lord Charles Howard put to sea instantly in the very teeth of the wind. A strong sou’-wester was blowing, and a man of feeble will might have found it impossible to clear the Sound in that wind; but the Lord Admiral succeeded in achieving the feat (though with six ships only) a few hours after the news reached him.

The next day, several other ships contrived to follow him, and at length, with fifty-four sail, he stood off-shore, awaiting the foe.

Very soon the great fleet of Spain was discovered, sailing up Channel before the wind; and never before had the English seas borne so terrible an armament. It extended in a line seven miles broad, and the ships looked, we are told, “like castles on the sea,” while “the ocean,” in the excited language of Lediard, “seemed to groan under the weight of their heavy burdens.”

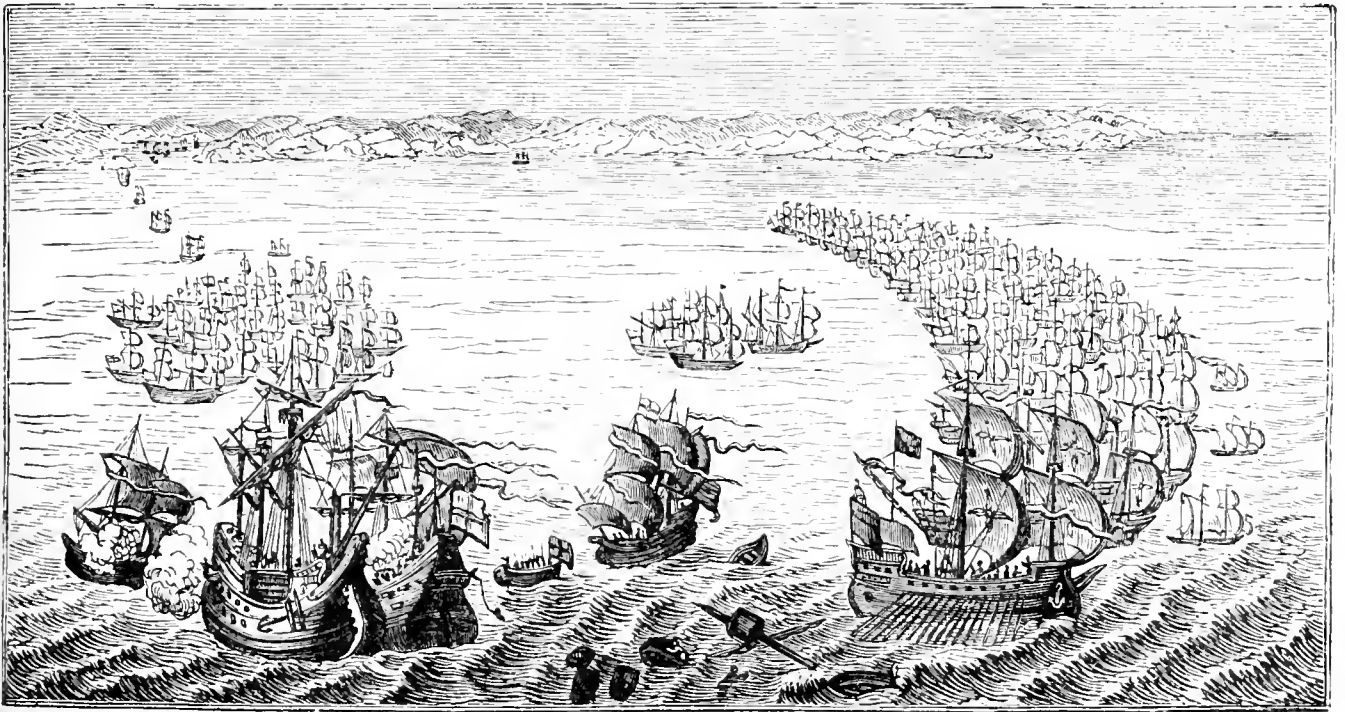
The Lord Admiral did not attempt

rashly to stay their course: he waited for the remainder of his fleet, not yet out of the Sound, resolving to attack their rear when the line should gradually become separated.

On Sunday, July 21st, having a fleet of one hundred sail, Howard ordered a pinnace, well named the *Defiance*, to attack the Spaniards, intending to follow her instantly with his own ship, the *Ark Royal*.

And thus began one of the boldest, most important, and apparently most unequally

contested of our great sea-fights. Lord Howard attacked a large ship, which he mistook for the Spanish Admiral's, and fought her gallantly, till several others dropping astern, and coming to her aid, the prudent admiral drew off for a time. Meanwhile the gallant Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher were fully engaged with the rest of the fleet, and it soon became apparent that the light well-handled ships of England, though of such inferior size, were, through their rapid manœuvres and swifter



THE SPANISH ARMADA ATTACKED BY THE ENGLISH FLEET.

(From the Tapestry in the House of Lords, destroyed in the Fire at the Houses of Parliament.)

sailing, more than a match for their ponderous adversaries, whom they attacked continually, and always with success.

As the day closed, the admiral signalled to recall his fleet, deeming it prudent to wait for the forty ships which still lingered in Plymouth Sound.

As night darkened over the scene of the contest, the wind increased, and blew strongly, the sea was troubled, and the sky dark, and several of the Spanish ships ran foul of each other, and were much injured.

Sir Francis Drake, who had closely followed the Armada, took a galleon during the night, her crew having deserted her on account of her having lost her foremast and bowsprit, and he, also, with great gallantry attacked a large galleon that had got separated from her companions; it was commanded by Don Pedro de Valdez, who yielded to the valour of the Englishman. Drake had been accompanied in his daring chase by the *Ark Royal*, the *White Bear*, and the *Mary Rose*; and thus it chanced that when morning dawned, the admiral

and his immediate followers were a long distance a-head of the body of the fleet, but they were not attacked by the Spaniards, nor did any fighting again take place till July 23rd, when the second engagement began.

The wind had now gone round to the north-east, and the Spaniards were consequently compelled to engage Howard's fleet; they bore down, therefore, at break of day on it. But the English, seeing their intention, tacked to the westward.

And then, divided and confused, with no apparent order of battle, the sea-fight began. The English shot told fatally on the huge targets offered by the sides of the galleons; while, owing to the diminutive size of the English ships (and we cannot help thinking to the bad gunnery of the Spaniards), the Spanish shot passed harmlessly over them, frequently striking the Spanish ships instead of those of their foes. Apart, however, from the manifest want of skill of the Spanish mariners and gunners, much of that day's success must be ascribed to the marvellous gallantry of the English, and to the way in which they handled their ships in a heavy sea, with the wind chopping round incessantly to every point of the compass.

Eighteen vessels of Lord Charles Howard's small fleet had been furnished by volunteers, and were the ships of English gentlemen who were willing to spend gold and blood in the cause of national liberty. One of these, a pinnace called the *Delight*, was commanded by a gentleman named William Cope, who performed prodigies of valour. He had the honour of falling gallantly in the action, and has thus placed his name for ever on the roll of England's glory. A noble death in a just cause! There were numerous others who fought, perhaps as bravely, but whose names, as they survived the contest, have not come down to us.

The English took a large Venetian ship, and several other prizes, and fought till their ammunition was exhausted, and the admiral had to send on shore for a fresh

supply. Unable, therefore, to continue the engagement on the 24th inst., it was impossible to obtain a decisive advantage, but the admiral took the opportunity afforded him by the pause in active measures to put his fleet in better order for battle. He divided it into four squadrons—the first to be commanded by himself in the *Ark Royal*; the second, under Sir Francis Drake, in the *Revenge*; the third, under Sir John Hawkins, in the *Victory*; the fourth, under Captain Frobisher, in the *Triumph*.

And now the Armada and the pursuing English fleet had sailed so far up the Channel, that the invaders could see the shores of the beautiful Isle of Wight, and the distant spires on the mainland. A calm had hushed the hitherto raging waters, but Sir John Hawkins had contrived to lay the *Victory* alongside of a Portuguese galleon. A single combat ensued between the ships, both fleets looking on; the Spaniards scornfully sure, no doubt, of their comrades' victory,—for had not the storms and the difficulties of these hateful English waters alone rendered them unable to overcome so weak a foe?—the English proud of the daring of their champion.

It was a well-contested fight on both sides; and many a brave heart lay hushed on either deck as it ended; but the English boarded the *St. Ann*, swarming up her sides like an army of ants, and in a few moments the brave captain yielded his sword to Sir John Hawkins—the flag of Spain descended, and the white flag and red cross of St. George fluttered from the mast of the *St. Ann*. A ringing shout of victory—the terrible “hurrah” of the English—rose on the air, and was heard by the fishers and the anxious watchers on the shore; while the indignant Admiral of Spain ordered three of his largest galleases to the rescue of the Portuguese ship. Soon the huge vessels (towed to the spot by galleys) were pouring in a broadside on the apparently doomed Englishman. But Howard came to the aid of his brave officer, also towed by the galleys of his

fleet, and the *Royal Ark* and the *Golden Lion* attacked the three galleases.

It was a fearfully unequal fight. The vessels were soon hidden from the anxious eyes of the English by a dense cloud of smoke; but when it dispersed, the cheers of the English seamen announced that the galleases were driven off, and that the *Sz. Ann* was lost to Spain.

No decisive engagement followed this

glorious fight, for the admiral had resolved, with his usual prudence, not to bring on a general battle till the Armada reached the Straits of Dover. And the English on shore still beheld with anxiety the mighty fleet of Spain majestically sailing along their coasts, while slowly in the rear followed the avenger.

At length, on the 27th July, the Armada anchored off Calais, having the English



THE SPANISH ARMADA.

fleet (which had gathered as it advanced till it numbered one hundred and forty sail) to the westward.

Lord Charles Howard, to draw the foes from their anchorage, converted eight of his oldest vessels into fire-ships, and as soon as night had closed in on the 28th, he sent them, under the command of Captains Young and Prowse, amongst the Spanish ships. When as close to the

Armada as they could well approach, the English set light to the combustibles these ships contained, and as the red flames rose in the gloom of the soft summer night, a panic seized the Spaniards, and they put to sea in haste—but only to encounter the *Revenge*, *Victory*, *Mary Rose*, and *Dreadnought*, which immediately attacked them. This last encounter was decisive. The Spaniards were completely defeated. A

galleon called the *St. Matthew* was captured; another of the ships, named after the Apostle, the *St. Philip*, was cast away on the coast; and the Duke of Medina and the remains of his fleet were pursued round Scotland and Ireland by the Lord High Admiral till the 7th of August, when he returned to England with his victorious fleet.

The elements, also, had continued to fight for England. Off the coast of Ireland, ten more ships of the Armada were lost—altogether, forty large vessels never returned to Spain. The poor remainder reached their own shores in wretched case about the end of September; and Philip's confident hope of conquering England was crushed for ever by the sea-fights in the English Channel between his gigantic fleet and our gallant defenders.

The queen went in state to St. Paul's Cathedral, to return thanks for the safety of her kingdom and herself; and in grateful homage to Him who alone fights for His people, she caused a medal to be struck, bearing on it a fleet scattered by a tempest, and the legend—

“He blew with His winds, and they were scattered.”

A large bronze statue of Sir Francis Drake by Boehm (a replica of one given to Tavistock by the Duke of Bedford) was erected by public subscription on Plymouth Hoe, in 1884, and was unveiled by Lady Drake, as the representative of the family, on February 14th. There is now a National Memorial of the defeat of the Armada erected, which has medallion portraits of all the heroes of that great fight round the pedestal, with a figure of Britannia at the top. Plymouth and the west country are very proud of their great captains, amongst whom are reckoned some of the greatest of the subjects of Elizabeth.

We add Macaulay's spirited ballad on the event.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

Attend all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise :
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days,

When that great Fleet Invincible against her bore
in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of
Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer
day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to
Plymouth Bay ;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight on the waves lie heaving many
a mile ;
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
grace ;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close
in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along
the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's
lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the
coast ;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inward
many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old
sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him
sound the drums ;
His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an
ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of
Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance
the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon
swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient
crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay
lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that
famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's
eagle shield :
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned
to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the
princely hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight : ho !
scatter flowers, fair maids :
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants,
draw your blades :
Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye breezes waft
her wide ;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our
pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the
purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er
again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn
to Bedford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the
day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-
flame spread ;

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone; it shone
on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each
southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire;
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's
glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's
sunless caves:
O'er Longleat's Towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the
fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the
rangers of Beaulieu:
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out
from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton Down;
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into
the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of
blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal
city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answer-
ing fires;
At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling
spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud
the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
louder cheer;
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,

And the broad stream of flags and pikes dashed
down each roaring street; [the din,
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still
As fast from every village round the horse came
spurring in:
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the
warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant
squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those
bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they
started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they
bounded still,—
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they
sprang from hill to hill:
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Dar-
win's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills
of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the
boundless plain; [sent,
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide
vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle.

DARTMOOR.



DHIS elevated ex-
tent of heath,
morass and rock
measures thirty
miles across from
north to south,
and twenty from
east to west; it is computed
to contain 100,000 acres. It
is 1,700 feet above the sea-
level, and many of the tors
are still higher, Cawsand Bea-
con being 1,792 feet above the level of the

ocean. Dartmoor was given by Edward III. to his son the Black Prince, when he invested him with the title of Duke of Cornwall, and it still belongs to the Duchy.

It is a sublime waste, and the air pure, fresh and sweet that breathes across it, is as stimulating as champagne. One's spirits rise in the freedom and vastness of the great moor.

Its most striking characteristics, however, are the granite tors, piled mass upon mass of rock, upon the summit of its highest

elevations and the wild impetuosity of its streams sweeping along narrow passages at the foot of the crags.

There are also charms for the antiquarian on Dartmoor, in the remains of altars, logans and cromlechs, scattered over it, showing that it was once a sacred spot for Druid worship; names testifying to the same fact belong also to many of the tors, as Bel-tor, Mis-tor, Ham-tor, and others. Very rude are the materials of which these relics are formed, proving their great antiquity, and carrying our thoughts back for centuries to the day when the British priests burned incense to Bel or Baal, to the moon, the planets and the host of heaven; and sacrificed human victims to their false gods.

This high moor is, of course, greatly exposed to tempests; the peaks of its lofty tors intercept and draw to them the rain clouds, and great quantities of rain consequently fall during the year.

Thick mists also at times cover Dartmoor, and come on so suddenly, that people overtaken by them often lose their way and recover it with difficulty, while some have been unable to regain it, and have perished on the waste.

Nevertheless the moor is a very healthy place, from the great purity and invigorating ozone of the air, and it is said to be a fact, that no one born and bred on the moor ever died of pulmonary consumption.

There are few trees on Dartmoor, except Wistman or Whistman's Wood. It is situated about a mile north of Two Bridges, which is nearly in the centre of the moor, upon the side of a steep hill opposite Blair Down, forming the side of a valley through which a branch of the beautiful river Dart runs.

These remains of an ancient forest are supposed to have been one of the sacred groves so essential to Druidical worship, and which were full of evidences of cruelty, bodies of men being often nailed to the trees and suffered there to decay. It has been asserted by a writer on Cornwall, that

Wistman's Wood is nearly in the same state now that it was at the time of the Norman Conquest.

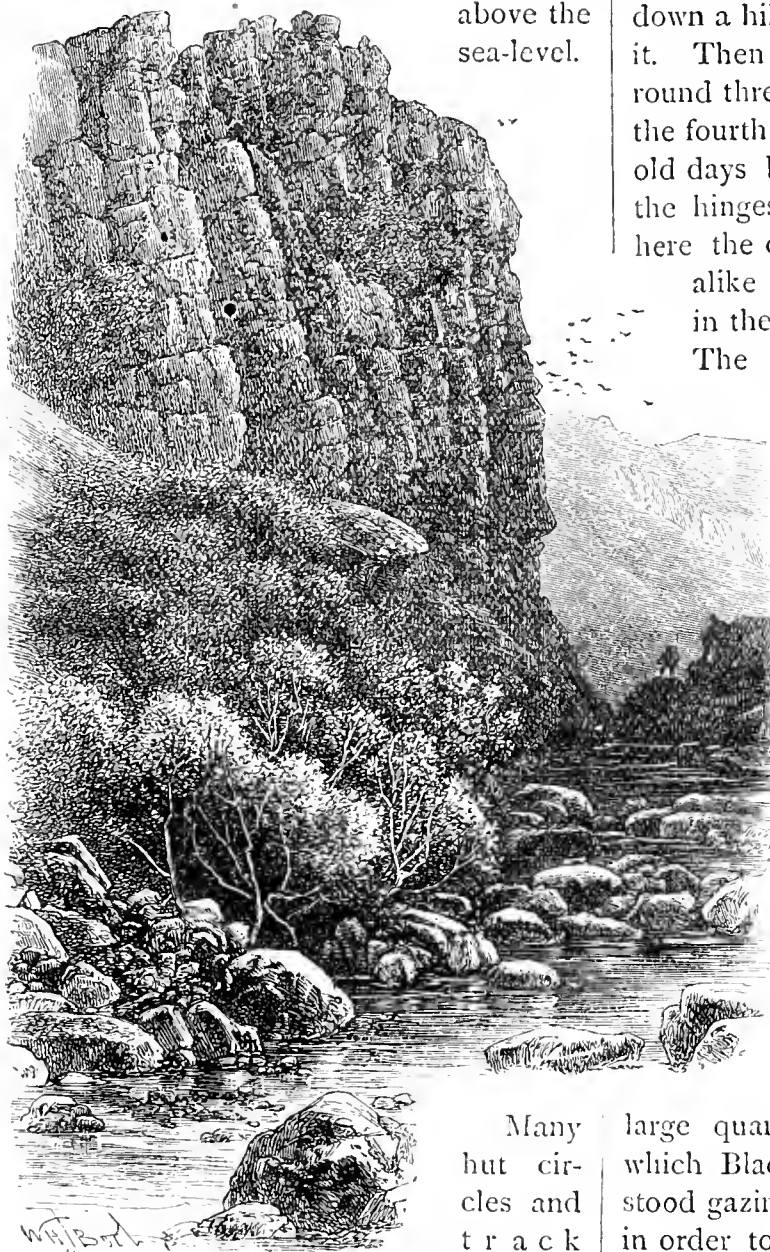
The ascent to it is strewn with immense masses of granite, and starting from among them, wildly scattered, is a grove of diminutive oak trees, that look as if hundreds of centuries had passed since they first grew in Wistman's Wood; they are none of them above twelve feet high, and they spread wide arms at their tops, and their moss-covered branches twist and coil into each other in most fantastic fashion. Among these rocks and trees adders find a habitation. Wherever heath and bog do not interfere, the soil of the moor is good, and the pasturage fresh and juicy. Cattle and sheep are reared here, and the delicacy and flavour imparted by the herbage has made Dartmoor mutton famous for its excellence.

The Dartmoor Government prison is well known by name. It was built in 1808, for prisoners of war, but is now a jail for convicts, who are employed in all sorts of useful work, especially in reclaiming the moorland waste and bringing it into cultivation. One of these convicts occasionally escapes, but is almost invariably re-taken, as the moor is long to cross, and the paths bewildering.

Close to Wistman's Wood rises Crockern Tor. It is the spot where the ancient stannary parliaments were held. The chief tin miners of Devon were by their charter obliged to meet on the summit of this tor, when the commission was opened, the jury sworn and preliminary business settled, the court then adjourning for final decisions to one of the stannary towns. This court was held as late as 1749. The tables and seats of the stannators were hewn out of the rock, or composed of great blocks of stone. Few vestiges of them remain, but perhaps a ridge of stones on one part of the tor, and many loose ones lying about may be relics of this parliament. About two miles from Ashburton, behind Welstor Villa, is a gate leading across the

common to Buckland Beacon, from which a magnificent view is obtained. Regaining the road at a ruined building called New House, a wicket gate will give access by a horse track to Rippontor, a very lofty hill

1,549 feet
above the
sea-level.



THE DEWERSTONE.

Many
hut cir-
cles and
track
lines will
be found

on the commons. On the west side of the tor stands a logan stone, the logging powers of which still remain.

From Rippontor we may journey to the beautiful vale of Widecombe; here rural beauty is the chief thing to arrest our attention, but it is of the most exquisite kind.

There are beautiful spots all along the margin of Dartmoor, and one of the most delightful of these is Goodameavy, a very old house, said to have been one of Sir Francis Drake's earlier habitations. We must descend an exceedingly steep road down a hill overshadowed by trees to reach it. Then we see a granite house running round three sides of a large oblong yard, the fourth side of which was closed in the old days by tremendously strong doors,—the hinges of them are still visible,—for here the cattle of the farmer were shut in alike from Cavaliers and Roundheads in the civil wars of Charles I.'s reign.

The walls of Goodameavy are very thick, and the windows run into the wall as loopholes of castles do; the deep apertures are too high up for window seats, or they would make good ones. But the chief beauty of the place is the famous Dewerstone Rock that rises within the grounds.

One approaches it by a lovely walk through green park land, beside a bright little salmon stream that goes dancing and singing on its way beneath the mighty cliff.

The ascent is made easy by a tramway, formed by the granite miners; for the Dewerstone Rock supplied from a large quarry in its side, the granite of which Blackfriars Bridge is built. As we stood gazing up at it, our host told us how, in order to open the quarry, the men had to be at first hung over the cliff in iron stirrups with chains round their waists, till they had excavated a good foothold, and we shuddered at the thoughts of the risk thus run. But they made a good tramway downwards, rather winding round the cliff, and of course, when the work ceased, left it for the landlord, as well as a wooden house erected for the foreman of the works; but this last has been nearly destroyed by

mischievous sightseers from Plymouth and the neighbourhood, who were allowed to visit the Dewerstone, and repaid the courtesy by breaking up everything they could.

Every step of the ascent up the Dewerstone reveals a new beauty to the eye. We look down on woods from which rises the thin blue smoke of the charcoal-burner's hut, and out beyond on the dancing river, on fertile lands and distant sea—a perfect landscape. We reached a broad path running round the huge cliff, where seats are placed, and gazed out with enraptured eyes on the lovely scenery; the sea distinctly visible; and from the summit (called the Eagle's Nest), we were told the Eddystone lighthouse can be seen on clear days. We did not mount to the summit, but could quite believe what a sweep of landscape it commands.

In making a new lawn, and turning the pathway round another, the possessors of Goodameavy discovered buried beneath it the skeleton of a gigantic man. He had evidently been very long buried; for nothing but the skeleton was left—though impressions of the buttons of his coat were left in the clay bed in which he slept. Who was he? A buccanier, murdered perhaps by his companions? or one who fell in the civil war?

There was nothing to tell the story of that skeleton; but it must have had a mystery attached to it, or it would not have been buried in the woods of Goodameavy. A watch—large and old-fashioned, but not quite a “Nuremburg egg”—was also found in the grounds.

The lady of the house, of great accomplishments and refined taste, has cultivated flowers everywhere, and not one of the least charms of the place was the bed of tall shrub-like azaleas that grew in the open air on the lawn. Groups of them, five or six feet high, are gathered close together in a flowery circle. The Auracanian pines here are also very beautiful, both male and female trees growing side by side; the latter excessively graceful, as certainly the “puzzle monkey” cannot be considered. Our hostess's father, an admiral in the navy, introduced the tree to England.

Both Devon and Cornwall are rich in flowers; the soft warm climate permitting their cultivation in the open air, and enabling them to live nearly through the whole of the English winter.

Through the moor that we pass when driving into Plymouth, runs the pure stream of water that Sir Francis Drake had carried into the town. Tradition says that he summoned the water to follow him, when he rode into Plymouth, a distance of ten or twelve miles, and the stream obeyed him, trickling after him at his horse's heels. “Warrior” (or, as the people call him, “Waryer”) Drake is still thought to have had some knowledge of magic by the country people.

The church, to which the carriage took us across the moor on Sunday, has a cross and steps under an old tree outside it, on which, in the earliest days of the Reformation, the preacher used to preach to the people. An old-world county is sweet Devonshire, full of interest for the artist and the antiquarian.

TAVISTOCK ABBEY ;

AND THE STORY OF ELFRIDA.



TN the tenth century a magnificent abbey for the order of St. Augustine arose on the Tavy. Orgarius, Earl of Devonshire, may have been its original founder, but it has also been ascribed to his son, Ordulph. Orgarius, tradition tells us, began Tavistock on account of a dream he had had, and dedicated it to St. Mary. He began it in 961, but did not live to finish it. It was completed in 981 by Ordulph, his son, and endowed by him with the manor of Tavistock and many others. Ordulph was nephew to King Ethelred, and is said to have been a giant able to stride across a river ten feet wide.

But Orgarius had not only a gigantic son, he had a daughter of such surpassing beauty that England rang with her praises. Edgar, the king, heard of the wondrous beauty of Elfrida, and sent his favourite thane, Athelwold, to the castle of her father, the Earl of Devonshire, to ascertain if report spoke truly of her. But her fatal beauty bewildered Athelwold, and he wooed her for himself instead of his master, representing to Edgar when he returned to court, that Elfrida was not beautiful but rich, and therefore a good wife for a subject, but not for a king. Edgar consented to his favourite's wedding her. But some time after the king was told how he had been deceived, and insisted on paying Athelwold a visit in his far-off Devonshire home. The unhappy courtier craved permission to precede his royal lord, that he might arrange matters for the king's visit. It was granted. Athelwold hastened at

the speed of life or death, and kneeling before his wife confessed his fault and besought her to aid him in prolonging the deception ; if she would conceal her charms by dress or by an awkward bearing he might owe her his life. But love was a stranger to Elfrida ; and she was secretly enraged at the loss of a crown. Instead of seeking to obscure her beauty, she dressed herself magnificently and becomingly, and as she hoped, the royal Edgar was captivated. A day or two after Athelwold was found murdered in a wood, and soon after Edgar married his widow. The union, begun in crime, led to terrible results, even to eclipsing the glory of the royal house for ever. The king survived his marriage only six or seven years ; died at the age of thirty-two, and was buried at Glastonbury, which he had greatly enriched.

The abbey founded by Elfrida's father flourished greatly, and seems to have had learned monks within it, for we read that soon after its re-establishment (it had been burnt down by the Danes) the abbot established a school for the study of Saxon, which was getting disused and corrupted. As soon as printing was introduced, the abbey established a press, from which many books were issued, amongst them a Saxon grammar.

Richard Barham, the thirty-fifth abbot, obtained from Henry VIII., in 1513, the privilege of sitting in the House of Peers.

The next abbot resigned the abbey to Henry at the dissolution of the monasteries on being allowed £200 per annum for life.

The lands were granted by Henry VIII. to John Lord Russell, whose descendants still possess it.

The revenues of the abbey, when given up, amounted to £9020 5s. 7d.; but this is scarcely a fair statement, for the abbot and priors, foreseeing their fate, had set the rents low, and the fines very high, retaining the latter for the purpose of having some support when cast out on the world.

A considerable addition was made to the wealth of the abbey by the following singular circumstances.

"It is left us by tradition," says Risdon, "that one Childe of Plimstock, a man of faire possessions, having no issue, ordained that wherever he should happen to be buried, to that church his lands should belong. It so fortuned that he, riding to hunt in the forest of Dartmoor, casually lost his companie and his waye; likewise, the season being so cold, and he so benumbed therewith, that he was enforced to kill his horse, and having so killed him to creep into his inside to get heat, which not being able to preserve him, he was there frozen to death; and so found, was carried by the Tavystoke men to be buried in the church of the abbey, which was not so secretly done but that the inhabitants got knowledge thereof, which to prevent they resorted to hinder the carrying of the corpse on the bridge, where they concluded necessity compelled them to passe. But they were deceived by guile. For the Tavystoke men forthwith builded a slight bridge and passed on at another place, without resistance, buried the body, and enjoyed the lands; in memory whereof the bridge beareth the name of Gyle bridge to this day."

Neither bridge nor abbey is now in existence, although there are still some remains of the latter—part of the walls, the refectory, the still-house, Ordulph's tomb and a small gateway. Some huge bones, said to be those of the giant brother of Elfrida, are still preserved in Tavistock Church.

The printing press set up in Tavistock Abbey was the second put up in England.

Tavistock is delightfully situated on the

western bank of the Tavy, from which it takes its name. The rich vegetation, the gardens and meadows, and the grand foliage of the old trees surrounding it are a strong contrast to the wild and dreary moor, so near it. The remains of the old abbey, still to be seen, attest its former magnificence. The north or principal gateway now supports a building containing the Tavistock Library; the refectory is used as a Unitarian chapel: considerable portions of the old battlemented walls remain, and near the vicarage is a gateway over a vaulted passage between two towers. One is called Betsey Grimbals tower, from a tradition that a woman of that name was once murdered here; and the Still House, also at the back of the Bedford Hotel, has an elegantly carved porch with four lofty pinnacles. Most of these ruins are covered with ivy, and are very picturesque.

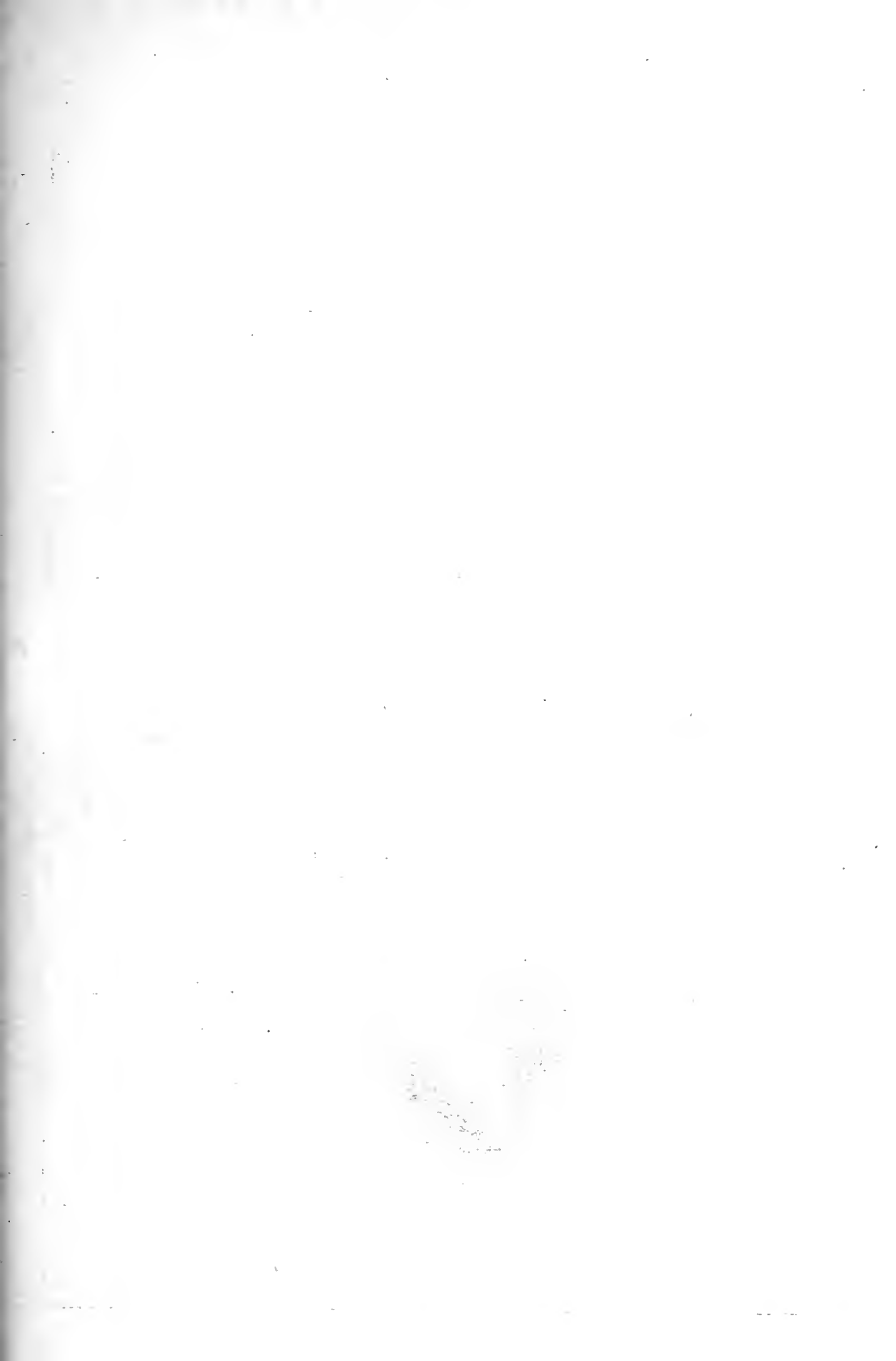
In 1591, when the plague raged in Exeter, the summer assizes were held at Tavistock, and thirteen criminals were executed on the abbey-green.

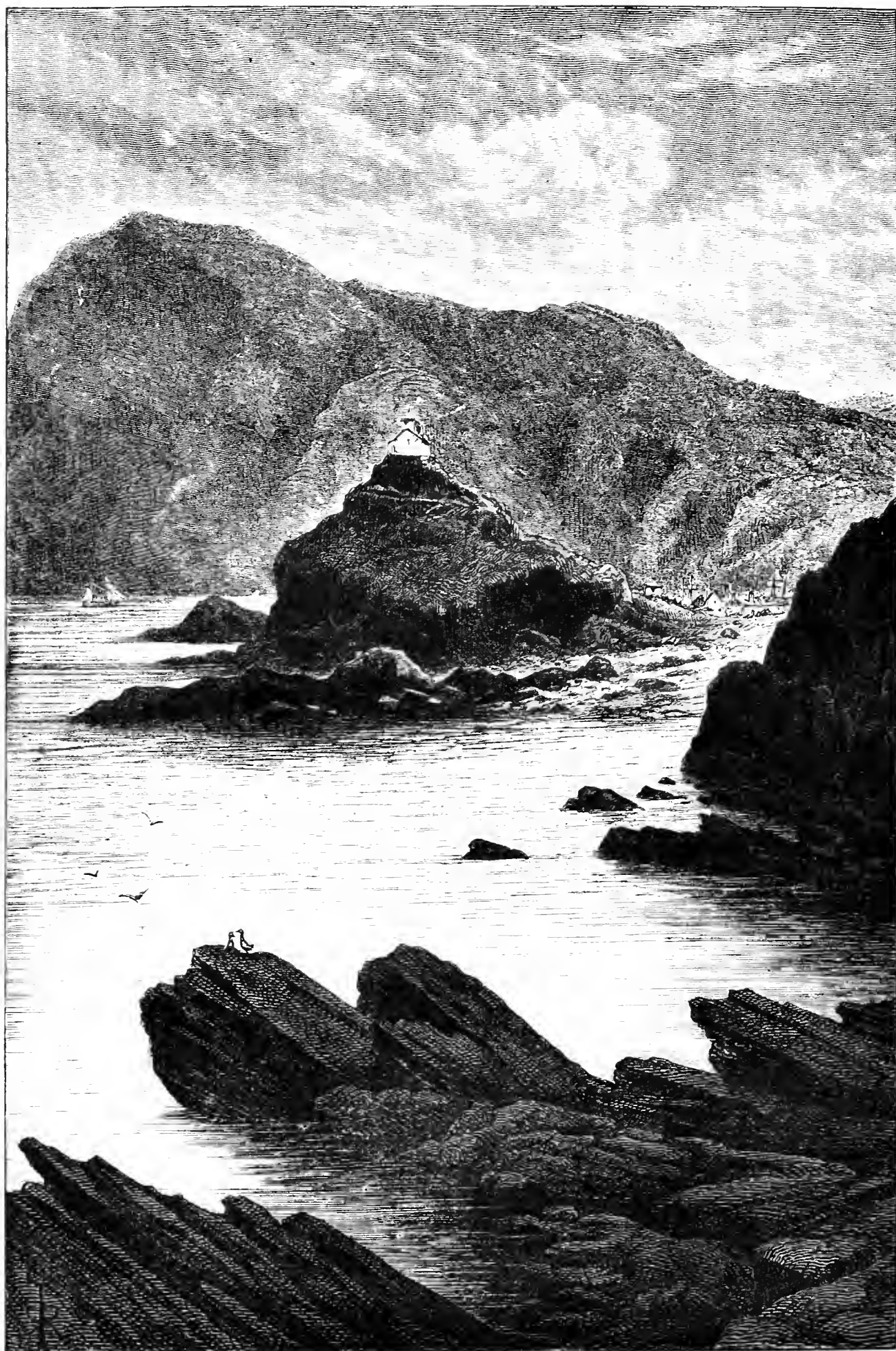
At the commencement of the civil war, Tavistock was the scene of much contention. Its representative in Parliament then was John Pym; he and the Earl of Bedford and most of the citizens were in favour of the Parliament, while the county gentry were extremely loyal. Fitzford, a castelated mansion in the neighbourhood, held out for the king, but was taken by Essex. Prince Charles—afterwards Charles II.—held several councils at Tavistock, while Plymouth was blockaded by the Royalists and Exeter by the Parliamentarians. Tavistock is a very ancient borough; it sent members to one of the first Parliaments of Edward I.

The patriotic Lord William Russell was member for Tavistock.

The town is not incorporated, but is governed by a portreeve, who is the returning officer for parliamentary elections. He is chosen annually at the court leet of the lord of the manor.

Tavistock is one of the principal stannary





ILFRACOMBE.

towns of the county, and several mines are working very successfully in its vicinity.

The whole district, including many parts of Dartmoor and the valley of the Tamar, is rich in minerals.

There is a large iron foundry carried on

at Tavistock, and a smelting establishment at Crowndale, where Sir Francis Drake was born.

Sir John Glanville and the poet Browne, author of "Britannia's Pastorals," were born at Tavistock.

ILFRACOMBE.



IN the iron-bound, rocky coast of North Devon is picturesque Ilfracombe. It is built on heights of rock, with one main street running to the sea, and ending in the rocky height or promontory called Capstone Hill. A finer sea-view, varied by broken rocks on the shore, and hills sloping to the sea, can only be found on the shores of this beautiful county and its sister Cornwall. The side of the Capstone Hill is a mere precipice overlooking the ocean, but round the height a walk has been enclosed with rails, and is called the Capstone Parade, where the visitors to the place find a delightful promenade, with the fresh breezes from the sea bringing health on their wings, and the lovely view delighting the eye and the mind.

On the north side of the Capstone Hill a building was erected in 1888, called the Victoria Parade, where a band plays in the evening—a time when the quiet summer sea and setting sun add charms even to music.

The Tors Walk, extending along the seaward heights, is beautiful, and there is a promenade pier on which also a band plays. Ilfracombe is a delightful holiday sojourn, and the bathing, once dangerous from the

dashing of the waves against the rocks has now been improved.

The sands and beach have beautiful pebbles on them, and other sea spoils, and the Wildersmouth, which is the name given to a series of recesses formed by the rocks and open to the sea, is well worth visiting. But the visitor must be careful to ascertain whether the tide is near running in, as otherwise the expedition might be attended with danger, as the caves can only be entered by way of the sands, and the tide comes in rapidly.

Madame D'Arblay, the celebrated author of "Evelina," was nearly lost in the last of these recesses in 1817. We think her narrative pictures the coast and its dangers so well that we will let her tell her own story, premising that she had a little dog with her while she explored a cavern in the last recess. This little animal called her mistress's attention to her danger, pulling her by the dress and whining.

"When I descended," writes Madame D'Arblay in her diary,—“for this recess was on a slant,—how was I confounded to find the sands at the bottom opening to the recess, whence I had entered this marine chamber, were covered by the waves; though so gentle had been their motion and so calm was the sea that their approach had not caught my ear. I hastily remounted, hoping to find some outlet at the top by which I might escape, but there was none. . . . I now rushed down to

the sea, determined to risk a wet jerkin, by wading through a wave or two, to secure myself being shut up in this unfrequented place; but the time was past! The weather suddenly changed; the lake was gone and the billows mounted one after the other as if with enraged pursuit of what they could seize and swallow. I eagerly ran up and down, from side to side, and examined every nook and corner, every projection and hollow, to find any sort of opening through which I could pass—but there was none. . . . This was an alarming moment. Alone, without the smallest aid or knowledge how high the sea might mount, or what was the extent of my danger, I looked up wistfully at Capstone and perceived the iron Salmon; but this angle of the promontory was so steep as to be utterly impracticable for climbing by human feet, and its height was such as nearly to make me giddy in considering it from so near a point of view. I went from it, therefore, to the much less elevated and less perpendicular rock opposite; but there all that was not slate that crumbled in my hands, was moss from which they glided. There was no hold whatsoever for the feet. I ran therefore to the top, where a large rock, by reaching from the upper part of this slated one to Capstone, formed the chamber in which I was thus unexpectedly immured. But this was so rough, pointed, sharp and steep that I could scarcely touch it. The hole through which Diane (the dog) had crept was at an accidentally thin part, and too small to afford a passage to anything bigger than her little self. . . . I darted about in search of some place of safety, rapidly and all eyes, till at length I espied a small tuft of grass on the pinnacle of the highest of the small rocks that were scattered about my prison; for such now appeared my fearful dwelling-place. This happily pointed me to a spot that the waves had never yet attained; for all around bore marks of their visits. To reach that tuft would be safety; but the obstacles I encountered were terrible. The roughness of

the rock tore my clothes; its sharp points cut now my feet and now my fingers, and the distances from each other of the holes by which I could gain any footing for my ascent increased the difficulty. I gained, however, nearly a quarter of the height, but I could climb no further; and then found myself on a ledge where it was possible to sit down, and I have rarely found a little repose more seasonable. But it was not more sweet than short; for in a few minutes a sudden gust of wind raised the waves to a frightful height, whence their foam reached the base of my place of refuge and threatened to attain soon the spot to which I had ascended. I now saw a positive necessity to mount yet higher, *coûte qui coûte*; and little as I had thought it possible, the pressing danger gave me both means and fortitude to accomplish it; but with so much hardship that I have ever since marvelled at my success. My hands were wounded, my knees bruised, and my feet were cut; for I could only scramble up by clinging to the rock on all fours. When I had reached to about two-thirds of the height of my rock, I could climb no further. All above was so sharp and perpendicular, that neither hand nor foot could touch it without being wounded. My head, however, was nearly on a level with the tuft of grass, and my elevation from the sands was very considerable. . . . I was rejoiced to have reached a spot where there was sufficient breadth to place one foot at least without cutting it, though the other was poised on such unfriendly ground that it could bear no part in sustaining me. Before me was an immense slab, chiefly of slate, but it was too slanting to serve for a seat—and seat I had none. My only prop, therefore, was holding by the slab, where it was of a convenient height for my hands. This support, besides affording me a little rest saved me from becoming giddy, and enabled me from time to time to alternate the toil of my feet."

Whilst Madame D'Arblay was in this terrible position the little dog returned to

her, and in her care for the animal she partially forgot her own danger.

While she was soothing the terrified dog, however, she tells us that the sea had gained a considerable height, and a few minutes afterwards all the horrors of a tempest seemed impending. "The wind roared around me, pushing on the waves with a frothy velocity that to a bystander, not to an inmate amongst them, would have been beautiful. It whistled with shrill and varying tones from the numberless crevices in the three immense rocky mountains, by whose semicircular adhesion I was thus immured; and it burst forth at times in squalls, reverberating from height to height, or chasm to chasm, as if the 'big mouthed thunder

'Were bellowing through the vast and boundless deep.'

A wave, at length, more stupendous than any which had preceded it, dashed against my rock, as if enraged at an interception of its progress, and rushed on to the extremity of this savage chamber with foaming impetuosity. This moment I believed to be my last of mortality, but a moment only it was; for scarcely had I time, with all the rapidity of concentrated thought, to recommend myself, my husband, and my poor Alexander humbly but fervently to the

mercy of the Almighty, when the celestial joy broke in on me of perceiving that this wave which had bounded forward with such fury was the last of the rising tide. In its rebound it forced back with it, for an instant, the whole body of water that was lodged nearest to the upper extremity of my recess, and the transporting sight was granted me of an opening to the sands: but they were covered again the next instant, and as no other breaker made a similar opening I was still for a considerable time in the same situation, but I lost hope no more. The tide was turned."

It was night, however, before the lady was rescued. Then her son, his friend, and a boatman discovered her, but for some time found it impossible to help or to reach her. At length, however, she was able to descend from her unpleasant and dangerous position.

The recess has since changed entirely, as these nooks of rock and caves constantly do from the action of the sea.

Ilfracombe had a market granted to it by Edward I., and it contributed six ships and eighty-two seamen to his fleet in 1346.

It was from Ilfracombe that Colonel Wade and the fugitives from the lost battle of Sedgemoor, in 1685, endeavoured to escape, but were prevented by the arrival of a man-of-war.



WILD EXMOOR;

AND THE STORY OF THE DOONES.



WASTE of great extent, wild, desolate, and silent—this is Exmoor. Attempts have been made to reclaim the wild and the forest, but in vain. The moor defies the efforts of man; the peat and the heather still rule over it, and its natural grandeur and ruggedness remain. The part called the forest also seems quite as irreclaimable. Many years ago, some person tried to build a splendid house here, but it stands now empty and deserted, a vacant dwelling soon to fall to decay.

But there is a little oasis in this wild moorland; it is Simonsbath, a place with some green plantations near it and a few cottages in this wild but beautiful tract. It is situated on the bright little river Barle, and is surrounded by some fine old trees originally planted to shelter a rough inn that once stood there.

It takes its name from a deep crystal pool, just above the village, in which it is said that an outlaw named Simon used to bathe. The seat of F. Knight, Esq., M.P., the owner of Exmoor, is here also.

Three rivers rise near Simonsbath—the Barle, the Exe, and Badgworthy Water. The last is most beautiful; a walk from it brings us to Badgworthy Wood, a romantic spot where rocks rise over the varied and lovely ferns and brushwood, and deep glens are overshadowed with trees. It is delightful to be roving here and listening to the song of the birds, and the soft frou-frou of the leaves, while the gorgeous colours of the wild flowers and ferns charm the eye. At the upper end of the wood is a little streamlet over which there is a rustic bridge. This

stream, which slides over a long rocky fall, is called the Water Slide, and is the spot where John Ridd, in Mr. Blackmore's celebrated story, climbed to meet Lorna Doone. The banks are rich in ferns, and the whole scene lovely. Following the path by the hillside up the valley, we reach the Doone Glen, immortalised in the same work. It is a valley, in the centre of which a high mound of earth rises, and divides it in two; it was here that those remarkable outlaws, the Doones, dwelt; but a few stones half-buried and in the ground are all that now remain of their houses. They were (apart from fiction) a band of outlaws and robbers, who were supposed to have come from the North in the time of the Commonwealth, and to have settled in this wild spot. The times were too disturbed and troubled for the Government to be able to remove or exterminate them, and the people of the neighbourhood, who paid them blackmail, were terribly afraid of them. They consequently grew bolder and more savage year by year, till they robbed a farmhouse at Exford, and finding only a little child in it, they tossed her up and caught her on their swords, killing her for mere sport. A maid-servant, who, in fear of her life, had abandoned her charge and hidden herself in an oven, heard them say to the child,—

“If they ask who murdered thee,
Say 'twas the Doones of Badgerec.”

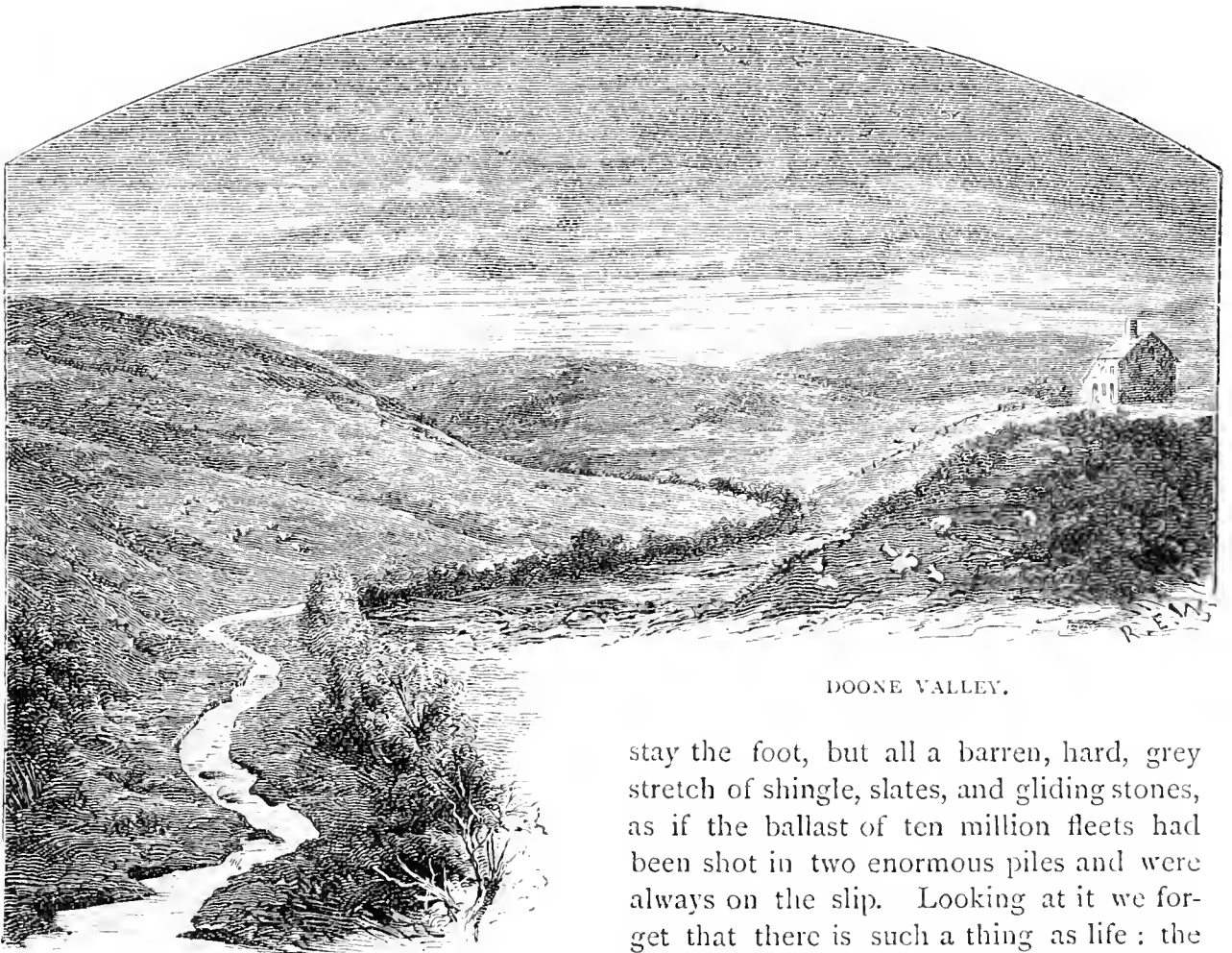
This monstrous crime roused the farmers; they gathered together every man they could get, and proceeded in a body against the Doones' Glen.

After a severe fight they succeeded in destroying and taking prisoners the whole band; those that survived were tried and

executed, and thus Exmoor was cleared from its bandits for ever.

From these picturesque scenes we turn to one that is their exact opposite, and yet worthy of the same epithet. We are at Heddon's Mouth, which has been so admirably described by Mr. Blackmore that we shall give our readers his graphic sketch of it.

"A narrow, winding, rocky ravine where slabs, and tors, and boulder stones seem pasturing on the velvet grass, or looking into the bright trout stream which leaps down a flight of steps without a tree to shade its flash and boom. This narrow but glad dingle, as it nears the sea, bursts suddenly back into a desert gorge cleaving the heights that front the Bristol Channel.



DOONE VALLEY.

The mountain sides from right to left, straight as if struck by a rule, steeply converge like a high pitched roof turned upside down; so steep, indeed, that it is hard to climb them. Along the deep bottom gleams a silver cord, where the cramped stream chafes its way, bedded and banked in stone, without a blade of green. From top to bottom of this huge ravine there is little growth, no rocks, no cliffs, no place to

stay the foot, but all a barren, hard, grey stretch of shingle, slates, and gliding stones, as if the ballast of ten million fleets had been shot in two enormous piles and were always on the slip. Looking at it we forget that there is such a thing as life: the desolation is not painful because it is so grand.

"The brief noon glare of the sun on the drifts where the storms have channelled it; the great desert shade stealing back to its lair in the early afternoon; the solemn step of evening stooping to her misty cloak below, I know not which of these is the most impressive and mournful. There is no sound here of tide, or bird, or beast; all is silence, except the moan of the melancholy winds."

There is thus a mingling of savage scenery with beauty on Exmoor. The heather that purples the hill-sides and the dancing streams are always lovely. There are great numbers of birds on the moors. Stone chats, wheatears, and water-ousels or dippers are seen here early in the year, and the blackcock is plentiful in the Doone Valley.

Herds of ponies run wild on Exmoor, and sometimes, but rarely, we see in the Badgworthy Valley the wild red deer. There are still herds of them here, but they are now carefully preserved by Mr. Knight.

After passing the Doone Valley the scenery softens and becomes more and more lovely, but it wants the wild grandeur of the moors, till passing Brendon village we come to Watersmeet, a most picturesque spot—the scene, in Whyte Melville's "Katerfelto," of the fierce struggle between Parson Gale and John Garnet. About this place there is also an historical story. When the unhappy Monmouth had been defeated at Sedgemoor, many of his followers sought refuge in the hills and wild wastes north of Devon. Amongst these fugitives was a Major Wade, who hid himself in a rocky cave close to Illford Bridge, in the valley of the East Lynn. Here a

compassionate peasant woman brought him food. She lived at Bridge Hill. Had her charity been discovered by the remorseless Colonel Kirke or his agents, she would undoubtedly have been hanged for it.

The clergyman of Brendon, a Mr. Powell, with a cruelty disgraceful to his profession—or it may be acting under royal orders—collected a party of Plymouth fishermen and scoured the woods in search of the hidden rebels, several of whom were found and shot. Major Wade was taken, brought to a farm called Farley, and shot in the farm-yard, by a sailor. The supposed dead body was left in the yard; the farmer had it carried into the house, and found that life was not extinct. Wade's wound was dressed, he was kindly tended, recovered, and escaped to Bristol. When a general pardon was proclaimed, he came forth from his concealment and rewarded with a small annuity the poor woman who had saved his life.

From Watersmeet, following a path through the woods, by many a deep pool and lovely waterfall, we reach Woodside Cottage, and at last Lynmouth, where the rivers unite and glide with the same murmuring voice to the sea.

LYNMOUTH AND LYNTON.



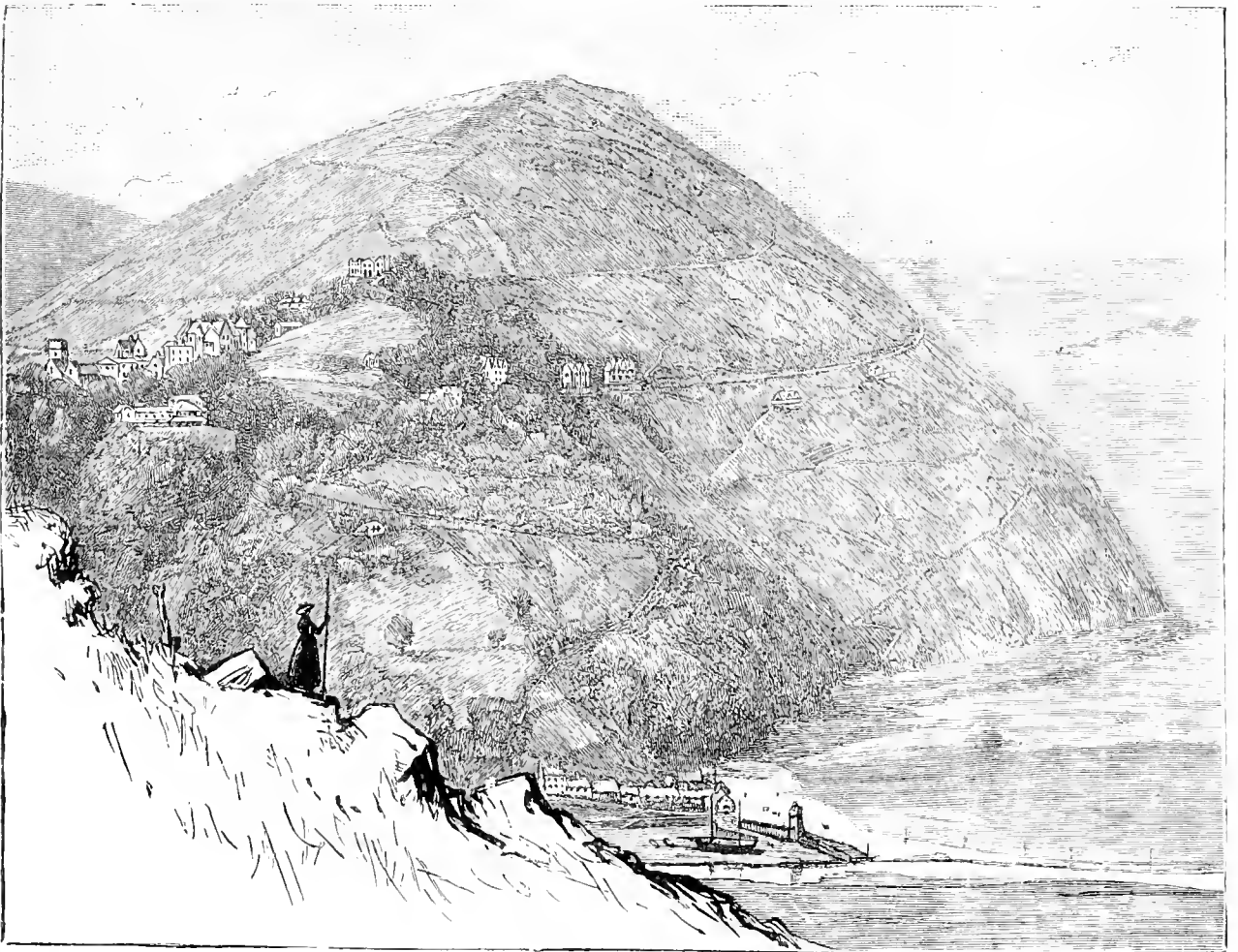
ONE of the most beautiful spots in England is Lynmouth, in North Devon, so named because here the two rivers, the East and the West Lyn, meet and roll together into the sea. It has been justly called the Switzerland of England. We have before observed that

our small island unites in itself, in miniature, the beauties of the world; and Lynton and Lynmouth form its Switzerland. But it has a beauty that the land of glaciers does not possess. It rests on the shores of the sea, that majestic "Severn Sea," that no Alpine lake can equal.

This lovely village nestles at the foot of the great hills, sheltered on either side by them; one a thousand feet high and the other nine hundred feet. The ascent to Lynton, which stands midway up the hills,

facing all aspects, and at a height of 430 feet, was tremendously steep, and was made by zigzag paths, but now a railway has been constructed that will be of the greatest service to the place, for visitors to Lynton have to go to Lynmouth for bathing, boating and sea-fishing, and the climb up the hill road used to be a severe tax on their lungs and pedestrian powers. They can now

take the train, the opening of which was graphically described some little time ago in the papers. We believe the place is indebted to the liberality of a private individual for this boon. Lynmouth is not a good bathing place; only a narrow creek is used for bathing; there are no sands or beach, and the rough, black boulders are slippery and dangerous, though picturesque.



LYNTON HILL.

The houses are embosomed in trees up the whole side of the hill, which faces east.

The air of Lynmouth is bracing, though it is warm, for high hills shelter it on the north, west, and east. No words can do full justice to the beauty of the neighbourhood; coast, sea, moorland and rivers are all most picturesque, while in Lynmouth the climate is not subject to changes from hot to cold, but is pleasantly warm and constant.

Lynton Church is situate in the centre of the village. There is a tradition about it very much resembling that of Hollington Church, near St. Leonards. It is said that it was intended to be built opposite Cherry-bridge, on the Barnstaple road, but while the workmen brought materials or worked by day, the Pixies—the Devonshire fairies—carried the stones away by night, till the builders grew weary of their fruitless labour

and erected it on the spot chosen by the Brownies.

The North Walk—the more picturesque of the two roads that lead to the famous Valley of Rocks—is one of the finest cliff walks in England. It was made by a Mr. Sanford in 1817. After walking along it for the distance of about half a mile, a great, rugged, and fantastically jagged tor appears on the left. It is the celebrated Ragged Jack with his companions. There is a legend attached to these tors. It is said that some Druids were dancing here on a Sunday, and making impious revelry, when Satan suddenly appeared in the midst of them and turned them into stone. We must suppose that Ragged Jack was an Archdruid—but what had Druids to do with Sunday? Very shortly after passing Ragged Jack, the Castle Rock comes into sight, and on rounding the last turn of the cliff walk we see before us the whole of the wonderful Valley of Rocks, with the Castle Rock on one side and the Devil's Cheese Ring on the other. It was in the Cheese Ring that Mother Meldrum lived when John Ridd sought her in "*Lorna Doone*." We will give "John Ridd's" description of it: "This valley, or 'goyal' as we term it, being small for a valley, lies to the east of Linton, about a mile from the town, perhaps, and away towards Ley Manor. Our home folk always call it the 'Danes' or the 'Denes,' which is no more they tell me than a hollow place, even as the word 'den' is. However, let that pass, for I know very little about it; but the place itself is a pretty one, though nothing to frighten anybody unless he hath lived in a gally-pot. It is a green, rough-sided hollow, bending at the middle, touched with stone at either crest, and dotted here and there with slabs in and out the brambles. On the right hand is an upward crag, called by some the 'Castle,' easy enough to scale, and giving great view of the Channel. Facing this from the inland side and the elbow of the valley, a queer old pile of rocks arises, bold behind one another, and quite enough to affright a

man, if it were only ten times larger. This is called the 'Devil's Cheese Ring,' or the 'Devil's Cheese Knife,' which means the same thing, as our fathers were used to eat their cheese from a scoop; and perhaps in old time the upmost rock (which has fallen away since I knew it) was like such an implement, if Satan eat cheese untoasted.

"But all the middle of this valley was a place to rest in; to sit and think that troubles were not, if we would not make them. To know the sea outside the hills, but never to behold it: only by the sound of waves to pity sailors labouring. Then to watch the sheltered sun, coming warmly round the turn, like a guest expected, full of gentle glow and gladness, casting shadow far away . . . and awakening life from dew, and hope from every springing bud."*

The Castle Rock is a huge rock on the top of a great heap of smaller ones. The summit is easily reached by a winding path and steps cut in the rocks, and when the height is gained the view of the sea, the cliffs and headlands is magnificent.

That a castle ever existed here is not credible; but tradition has declared that there was one, and that it was lost by the sins of a family, though no vestige of it nor any written account of it exists.

The tradition is, that one dismal winter evening, a monk, tall, dark, in a black robe and cowl, called at the castle and asked for food and shelter for the night, in the Virgin's name. The lady, who chanced to be in the hall, and who disliked his countenance, refused him the solicited hospitality, and the angry pilgrim cursed her. It is probable that there was in the lady some lack of hospitality, that she was mean, and uncharitable, so that evil was allowed to assail her; or it might have been that she detected the true nature of the monk, and therefore refused to help him. The curse was a peculiar one. "All thine shall be mine," said the pilgrim, "till in the porch of Holy Church a lady and a child shall stand and beckon."

* "*Lorna Doone*."

Years rolled on, and the next baron of the castle was of so greedy a nature, that he pulled down the Church of St. John, which then rose in the valley, for its materials, and took the holy vessels of the altar for his own use. One night, as he was feasting alone, and sacrilegiously drinking from the sacred chalice, the black monk appeared, told him his time of account was come, and that he must go with him. The baron's cries summoned the affrighted servants, but when they reached his room they found their lord lying on the floor a blackened corse. His only son, solemnly impressed by his father's fate, went on the Crusades and did many acts of valour against the infidels. But even to the Holy Land the black monk followed him, and never left him day or night. The unhappy man, driven nearly mad, sought to bury his trouble in drink. He grew a wild, dissolute gallant, and the mother and sister that he had left in the castle on the rock wept bitter tears over his fall, and were glad when death summoned them to the land where "the wicked cease from troubling."

Years afterwards the knight returned to his Devonshire home, and one Sunday morning, as he rode through the valley, he heard the church bells calling men to prayer. They reminded him of the days of his innocent childhood; of his mother's teachings, and lured him towards the house of prayer. The black monk sought to draw him back, with the whisper of false pleasures awaiting him; but as the sinner hesitated, scarcely able to wrest himself away from his evil associate, he saw in the church porch the forms of his mother and sister, clad in garments of light, and beckoning to him with their spirit hands. He tore himself from the grasp of the monk, rushed to the porch, and darting into the church, threw himself before the altar.

The black monk developed into a fiend, and stamping his foot there was an earthquake; the castle on the rock shook to its foundations and fell crashing into the valley;

the rocks rolled over, the Ring was formed, and where a smiling vale had been there remained the Valley of Rocks. Was this an allegory? Did the black monk personify an evil habit, so difficult to break?

Lee Abbey is a very beautiful place near Lynton, buried in woods and with charming views from it. It originally belonged to the De Whichehalses. During the persecution of the Protestants in the Low Countries by Philip II.'s Duke of Alva, great numbers of families fled for safety to England. Among these was Hugh de Whichehalse, who succeeded also in bringing his wealth with him. His son became one of the leading men in the West, and his granddaughter was one of the wealthiest heiresses of the time. A lover came to this young lady from the Court, wooed and won her love, and the wedding day was fixed; but the betrothed bridegroom never returned; he had found a fairer or a richer love. Jennefriedde Whichehalse was forsaken. On the very day that should have seen her wedded, they received the tidings that her false betrothed was married to the daughter of a foreign noble. There is in the Lee grounds a cliff called Duty Point, because here the coastguard watched for smugglers. It was the poor girl's favourite seat; to it she wandered on that unhappy day in her despair, and was never again seen alive. Either she threw herself into the sea, or she had walked too near the edge of the cliff and had fallen over. It was never known how the catastrophe happened, but the next day her body was found on the rocks below. Her enraged and heartbroken father sought for justice on her false betrothed in the London Law Courts; but what could they do for him? His time for revenge came, however, in 1642, when the civil war broke out. He instantly joined the Parliamentary army under Lord Essex, and at the battle of Lansdown, near Bath, recognised his daughter's false lover in the ranks of the Cavaliers; he sought him out and killed him, after a short but severe contest. De Whichehalse returned to his home, and was

there, almost alone, when his nephew came to him one evening from Ilfracombe, and told him that the Royal troops were advancing on the house. "Fly," he said, "at once." But there was some delay, and before they left the house the stables were surrounded by their foes. They managed to reach the sea-shore, however, by a secret path, and put to sea in an open boat, in a great storm. The *De Whichehalses* and the crew must have perished in it, as they were never again seen; and an oar of the boat was found on the shore the next day.

Descending from Lee Abbey we reach a beautiful cove called Lee Bay, which is very picturesque, with oak woods growing to the very edge of the cliffs. Duty Point is on the right hand as we approach the cove from the beach. The tide here is extremely strong and rapid, and bathing is very dangerous. Returning to the abbey lodge by which we left the grounds, and taking the road by the coast from thence, we shall shortly see a deep gorge on the edge of the path. This is called the Smuggler's Leap. Tradition says that a smuggler—Lynmouth was a favourite haunt of theirs—was riding through the Valley of Rocks at midnight, with a keg of spirits on each side of his saddle, when a mounted exciseman rode out of the shadow and called on him to surrender. The smuggler's reply was a pistol shot. It missed its aim, however, and he fled as swiftly as his horse would bear him through the valley; the exciseman followed him at full speed. They passed Lee Abbey, rode down the hill, round the corner, and up the opposite side. The smuggler glancing back, saw his pursuer close behind him, and just at the top of the hill he felt a hand upon his collar. Pulling himself violently away, his horse tottered for an instant on the edge of the precipice; he caught at the arm of the exciseman, and both riders and horses were precipitated into the gorge. Their bodies were found on the rocks, frightfully mangled. The dead man's hand still firmly clasping the poor exciseman's arm told their story.

A short distance onwards (that is a little

over a mile), we reach a most lovely bay, so surrounded by woods that it has been named Woodabay or Woody Bay. Here a great cliff runs out into the sea: it is Riddy Ball Point, and we see also the Yellow Stone, a point for conger fishing; the Castle Rock; Duty Point; Lee Bay; the Smuggler's Leap, while as we sail along the coast, we are struck by the wonderful colouring of the rocks.

There is a legend about Woody Bay, that is almost too strange for fiction and which has, we believe, already taken its place in a very clever collection of Cornish stories and legends by Mr. Hunt. It may belong to both counties.

There was a certain squire living near Woody Bay, who was a great gambler, and was therefore often in want of money. On one occasion when fortune had deserted him, and he was nearly penniless, he had recourse to burglary for a supply. It was the day before rent day, and he knew that the tenant of one of his largest farms would have the money in his house ready for the payment of his rent. He determined to break into his house and take the money. He would not be seen or recognised, and the farmer would still be obliged to pay his rent. With this villainous project in his head, he dressed himself in rough shooting clothes, took a pair of pistols, and set out for the farm. Here he tried to break open a window, but made so much noise that the farmer heard him, and shot him with a blunderbuss just as he was half-way into the house.

After this the ghost of the squire haunted the farm. Things went very badly with the farmer, his crops failed, his stock died, and it was all laid to the charge of the squire's ghost; so, in his despair the poor man applied to the parson of Trentishoe to lay the spirit. The parson came, but all his exorcisms were of no avail: the ghost still "revisited the glimpses of the moon," and ill fortune still befell the farmer. He applied for advice to a "wise man" living at Exeter. The wizard advised him to have *six* parsons instead of one, and the yeoman returned

home and followed his advice. Six parsons actually assembled at the spot where the ghost was wont to appear, and repeated together some powerful exorcisms, by which the spirit was banished, "until it had drawn a truss of sand by a rope of sand to the top of High Veer Point." The farm has never been visited since by the squire, who cannot succeed in his appointed task, and whose howls of rage when his sand ropes break are heard mingling oftentimes with the roar of the storm.

At Glenlynn is a scene that can hardly be equalled for picturesque beauty; we mean the water-falls and ferns of Mr. Riddle's place, the grounds of which are open to visitors three days in the week. Friends and artists, of course, are generally admitted.

On leaving the lodges we pass up the avenue for a few hundred yards, "under the shade of melancholy boughs" till at the fir tree we turn and behold a great body of water falling from a height of ten feet from the west side of an island, to which a wooden bridge on the right hand leads. There are delightful nooks in this island, the water rolling over the low rocks or stones

amidst and bordered by the most wonderful ferns.

Another bridge is seen immediately above the great fall, and the view up the West Lyn, with Lyn cliff in the distance, is very fine. There are two paths from this bridge, one on each side of the stream; by the one on the east bank we pass on our way up the glen, where we see lovely falls and deep pools, surrounded by the loveliest foliage.

The first fall is the "Horseshoe"; then comes the "Seven Falls," which are of sparkling rainbow-tinted waters falling amidst rocks and flowers and ferns. Following this really exquisite path up rocky steps and many turns, under thick trees, and by banks of wonderful ferns, we reach the upper end of the glen, and the "top waterfall." Here is a fine cascade, pouring over the rocks in grand style, and forming a sheet of water, with foam bubbles on it, casting its spray on every side.

Nothing can equal the delicious coolness of this glen on a hot summer's day, when the water sings its soothing lay, and the boughs shelter us, and the lovely ferns and wild flowers of Devon are everywhere around us; it is a very paradise of tender beauty.

MOUNT EDGCUMBE.



ALTHOUGH Mount Edgcumbe forms the western boundary of Plymouth Harbour, it is actually in the county of Cornwall.

It is one of the loveliest spots in England; standing on a peninsula on a finely wooded hill, it lies embosomed in beautiful trees, that the sun seems to love, as it gleams golden on their green summits of varied tints and hues. North of Mount Edgcumbe are Stonehouse and Devonport;

east of it Plymouth Sound; and south is the magnificent sea which forms the English Channel, with the stone breakwater stretching out to check and arrest the might of the great Atlantic waves.

All writers on England have expatiated on the marvellous beauties of Mount Edgcumbe, and Fuller tells us that the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, Admiral of the Armada, was so struck with it that he had resolved to take it for his own residence as soon as he had conquered England. He had not yet met Lord Howard of Effingham and the Drake!

"The underlying secret of Mount Edgcumbe," says a popular writer, "is its variety—a variety that time cannot wither or custom stale."

This is quite true; there is at Mount Edgcumbe every variety of the picturesque; hill and dell, lovely lawns and verdant meadows, and bold and rugged heights; above all it has the great charm of the sea about it, a charm of the picturesque surpassing all others. The drive through the park everywhere skirts the harbour or the sea, and is wonderfully picturesque and beautiful. In the grounds are Lady Emma's Cottage; the Ruined Chapel; Thomson's Leap; the Temple of Milton, the White Seat; the Amphitheatre; the Arch; and the Zigzag walks.

The house itself is a castellated building, parts of which date from the reign of Henry VIII., but it is all in perfect repair. The hall is very grand and has a minstrels' gallery; but the rooms are otherwise rather comfortable and elegant than imposing. There are some fine family portraits.

The Edgcumbes are of a very ancient Devonshire family. Richard Edgcumbe—the name was thus spelt at that period—Lord of Edgcumbe, in Milton Abbot, in 1292, was the direct ancestor of the present earl.

William de Edgcumbe married Hilaria, the heiress of Cothele, in the reign of Edward III. Cothele being in Cornwall, the Edgcumbes moved thither and resided at that beautiful spot for several generations, Richard Edgcumbe, grandson of the heiress and her husband, was an adherent of Richmond (afterwards Henry VII.). "He was," says Fuller, referring to this adhesion, "in the time of Richard III., so hotly pursued and narrowly searched for, that he was forced to hide himself in his thick woods at Cuttail (Cothele), in Cornwall. Here extremity taught him a sudden policy, to put a stone in his cap and tumble the same into the water, whilst those rangers were fast at his heels; who, looking down after the noise, and seeing his cap swinging

thereon, supposed that he had desperately drowned himself; and, deluded by this honest fraud, gave over their further pursuit, leaving him at liberty to shift over into Britain" (Brittany).

Having thus escaped, Richard Edgcumbe joined the forces of the Earl of Richmond, came to England with him and fought side by side with him on Bosworth Field, which was fatal to Richard III., and placed a crown on Richmond's head. Edgcumbe's valour in that battle was rewarded by Henry with knighthood on the field, and after the earl's accession to the throne, by the gift of Totnes Castle and lordship. Sir Richard held many high offices, and died at Morlaix, while ambassador to France, 1489.

Piers Edgcumbe, his son, inherited his father's courage and intellect, and also received knighthood on the field from Henry VIII., at the Battle of the Spurs. Sir Pier's son, Sir Richard Edgcumbe, built the present home of the family.

The Edgcumbes have preserved their high character as loyal and noble gentlemen, through all following generations. They were created Barons in 1748, and Horace Walpole has described the second baron as "a man of fine parts, great knowledge and original wit, who possessed a light and easy vein of poetry," and who was also an excellent artist.

He never married, and the title and estates passed to his brother George, who was created Earl of Mount Edgcumbe in 1789.

There is a very singular story of a trance in this family.

The Lady Edgcumbe, believed to be the mother of the first baron—created 1748—was supposed to be dead, and was buried in less than a week after she had expired. She was interred in the family vault. But the sexton had noticed a valuable ring on her finger, and resolved to take it. He went down into the vault, opened the coffin, and endeavoured to remove the ring; but it was small, and he

could not get it off. He pressed, pinched, and pulled, and suddenly the corpse sat upright and opened its eyes. The man ran off in an agony of superstitious terror. The lady arose after a pause, took the lantern and issued from the vault, which happily the man had been too much alarmed to close. Her husband, sorrowful and sleepless, heard her voice, and admitted her at once. She had, of course, been in a trance. Five years afterwards her son, Sir Richard, was born.

Cothele (also, as we have seen, the property of the Earls of Mount Edgcumbe) is an antique and beautiful historic hall, and is called one of the "gems" of Cornwall.

It is an embattled building round a quadrangle, situated on the south-east slope of Kingston Down, and overlooking a mass of ancient woods of oak, elm and chestnut that descend to the very banks of the river Tamar. It is of granite and was begun by the Sir Richard Edgcumbe of Henry VII.'s reign, and carried on slowly through that of Henry VIII. It was completed in Elizabeth's time. It is one of the best existing specimens of mediæval domestic

architecture in England, ranking with Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire. The banquet-hall at Cothele is 42 feet long by 22 feet wide. It has a fine timber roof of Henry VIII.'s time, with intersecting arches in its compartments.

The walls of the hall are hung with old armour—there is that which Sir Richard wore at Bosworth Field—gauntlets, petronels, battle axes, spears, swords and bucklers, matchlocks and pistols; horns and trophies of the chase. The windows are richly emblazoned with the arms of the great western families: here are the shields of Raleigh, Tremaine, Carew, Courtenay, etc.

The memory of the founder of the mansion is indeed "kept living in his ancestral halls, where shame has never trod," for the table at which he dined, the bed in which he slept, are still pointed out to the visitor. All the rooms are hung with fine tapestry, which one has to lift to enter them. The hearths have handsome grotesque andirons for the support of logs.

Cothele was visited by Charles II., George III., and Queen Charlotte; and also by Queen Victoria and the late Prince Consort.



LAUNCESTON:

ITS CASTLE AND HISTORY.



LAUNCESTON is a most picturesque town, clustering on the side of a hill that slopes to the little river Kinsey; while above it rise the grand tower of its old church and the ivy-clad ruins of its ancient castle.

Its old name was Dunheved, or "the swelling hill"; its modern name alludes to its church and castle, "the church-castle-town."

It was made a free borough by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and the townsmen hired the site of their guildhall from him at the rent of an annual pound of pepper.

Queen Mary incorporated it.

In old days Launceston possessed the privilege of sanctuary.

The ruins of the castle stand on the north side of the town, on a high hill, and cover a large extent of ground. The walls are ten or twelve feet thick; "the covered way between the walls is pierced with narrow windows, yet covers the communication between the base court and the keep or dungeon, which is built on a lofty taper hill, partly natural and partly artificial, 320 feet in diameter, and very high. The keep is 93 feet in diameter" (*Timbs*).

"The hill on which the keep stands," says Leland, speaking of the castle in his time, "is large and of a terrible height, and the ark [keep] of it, having three several wards, is the strongest, but not the biggest, that I ever saw, in any ancient work in England."

A stronghold of much importance it must have been in the days when it was built, and long after, for Roman coins have been found among the ruins, and un-

doubtedly those people would have held the fortress, valuable as it was from its commanding situation near the river Tamar. It appears to have been a British stronghold, repaired and enlarged by the Normans.

At the foot of the hill on which the ruins stand is a gate-tower, which strengthened the wall that once ran round the castle hill, though now a few fragments of it alone remain. Of the inner or second wall there are many more and interesting remains. The gatehouse has an Early English archway and grooves for a portcullis; it is in good preservation, and the ruins are kept carefully in order by the Duke of Northumberland, who is the hereditary High Constable of the castle. The north gate is also of Early English architecture. The duke has had the surroundings of the ruins and part of the old moat planted, and has given them as a public park to the town.

The building of the castle has been ascribed to William, Earl of Moreton and Cornwall, the son of Rufus's favourite, to whom 288 manors in Cornwall were given by the Conqueror. But the workmanship is of much earlier date; the keep, especially, is thought to be British.

The first event recorded of the castle is the displacing of Othomarus de Knivet, its hereditary Constable, for taking arms against William I., and the gift of it to the Earl of Moreton, who was created Earl of Cornwall at that time.

After the death of Earl Robert's son, the property reverted to the Crown, but was always given afterwards with the title, from which it was never detached. Edward III. constituted it part of the duchy.

In 1540 some *leather* money was found in the castle walls, but we do not know

what inscriptions there were on them, as they were not preserved, nor their impressions taken. It is remarkable, however, that Edward I. used leather for coins when erecting Carnarvon Castle, "to spare bullion."

In Leland's time several gentlemen of Cornwall held their lands by castle-guard of Launceston, being thus bound to repair and defend its fortifications.

During the civil war the castle was garrisoned for King Charles by Sir Richard Grenville, and was one of the last strongholds of the royal cause in this part of the country; it surrendered to Fairfax in 1646.

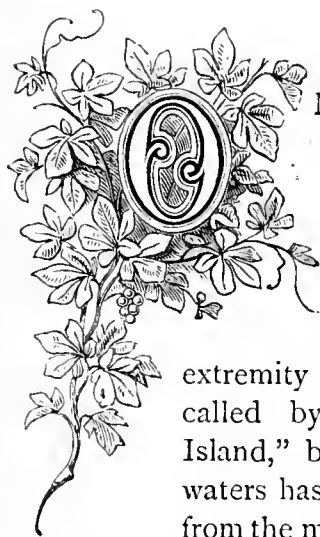
The church of Launceston is dedicated

to St. Mary Magdalene; it a really fine building, in the Perpendicular style of architecture, and was erected—in the centre of the town—in 1524 by Sir Henry Trecarrel, of Trecarrel, and has been admirably restored of late years.

It has a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and a stately west tower; on its walls are sculptured pomegranates, roses, and different shields of arms, the Prince of Wales's feathers, etc., etc.

The south porch has basso-relievos of St. Martin and St. George and the dragon. Beneath the east window is a statue of St. Mary Magdalene. Devout ejaculations in Latin are arranged on shields between the basement and the windows.

TINTAGEL.



ON the very brink of a tremendous precipice, 300 feet above the sea, is the ruined castle of King Arthur.

It stands on the extremity of a bold headland, called by the people "the Island," because the rush of waters has nearly separated it from the mainland. The castle occupied originally both its present site and the opposite hill, the two portions being united by a noble bridge, the foundations of which are still visible. Arches and steps cut in the rock remain, and walls of different elevations inclose wide areas, which were once royal apartments, but are now carpeted with turf, and roofless. Here the mountain goat grazes, and the children of the neighbourhood play.

Arthur was born in Tintagel, and kept his court in manhood here, at times, sur-

rounded by his famous knights. Fuller gives us this quaint account of the King of British chivalry.

"King Arthur," he says, "son of Uther Pendragon, was born in Tintagel Castle, and proved afterwards monarch of Great Britain. He may fitly be termed the British Hercules in three respects: (1) for his doubtful birth; (2) painful life—one famous for his twelve labours, the other for his twelve victories against the Saxons, and both of them had been greater had they been made less, and the reports of them reduced within the compass of credibility. (3) Violent and woe-ful death: our Arthur's being as lamentable and more honourable,—not caused by feminine jealousy, but masculine treachery—being murdered by Mordred near the place where he was born,—

'As if no other place on Britain's spacious earth
Were worthy of his end, but where he had his
birth.'

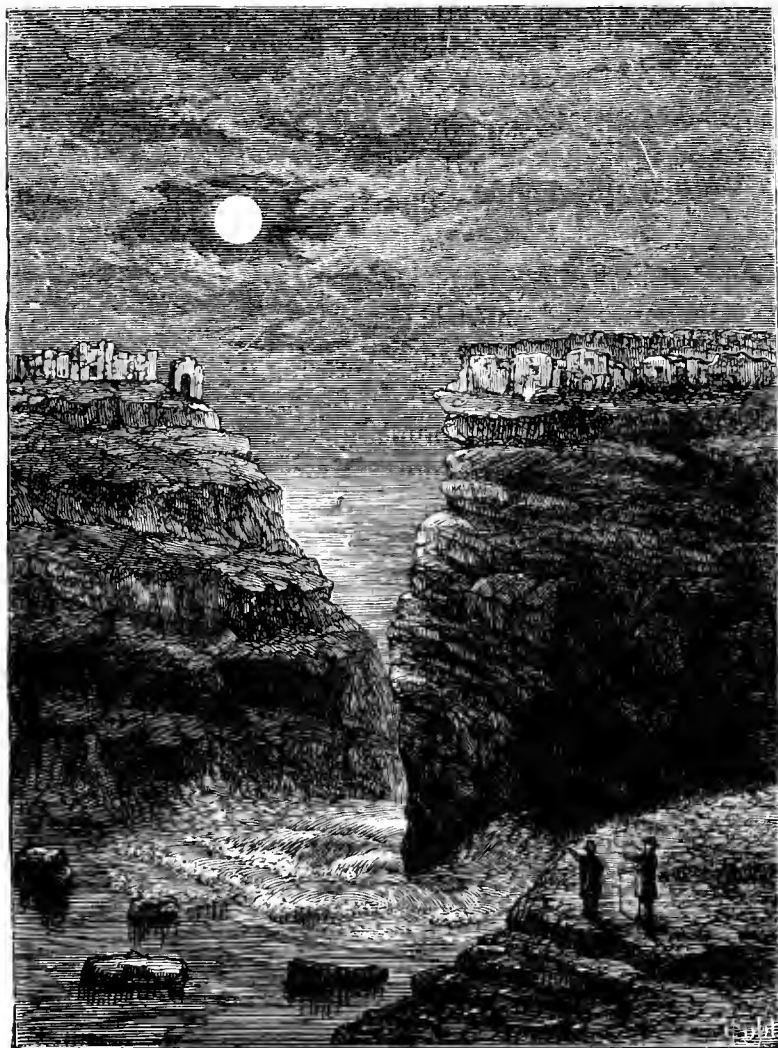
"After the Conquest, Tintagel was frequently the residence of royalty. It was

here that David, Prince of Wales, was splendidly feasted during his war with Henry III., in 1246."

Three centuries later, Leland speaks of it as "sore weather-beaten and in ruin."

The ruins of the ancient chapel on the island were investigated in 1860 by the Vicar of Tintagel.

"The chapel," says the *Building News* of Sept., 1860, "has been cleared, and the stone altar stands revealed in a perfect state, except that the slab (a ponderous block of granite) had been removed and was lying on the floor. This has been replaced. On either side of the altar is a grave lined with slate; but no bones were found in them.



TINTAGEL CASTLE.

That on the south side has a singular recess in it, constructed of granite, and intended apparently to allow of access by the hand to the interior of the vault, which may have been used as a receptacle for relics. The position of the chancel-screen is indicated by two recesses in the walls, north and south, from which it has been removed."

But the chapel must have been built very long after Arthur's time, for it is Transition

Norman in character, and probably dates from the middle of the twelfth century.

The vicar has also effected considerable repairs of Tintagel Castle, and converted the old sheep-walk up the side of the "island" into a good path.

Near Camelford is the place where Arthur fell mortally wounded, and his treacherous nephew, Mordred, was also slain.

Here fell in that terrible battle the re-

maining Knights of the Round Table, dying with their lord—one only survived.

When all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the wintry sea,
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonness around their lord.

—TENNYSON.

Sloven Bridge was anciently called Slaughter Bridge, because it was choked with dead by that fatal battle.

Boscastle is three miles from Tintagel, by a hilly road. To the left is a bold range of hills, said to have been the ancient boundary between the land of the Saxons and the Celts.

At Longbridge a stream is crossed, which about a mile inland falls over a steep rock, forty feet high, into St. Nectan's Keeve. A *keeve* is a basin; the bowl used by a miner in washing his tin-nuggets is called a keeve.

"There is another leap of about ten feet," says Mr. White, "and you may descend to it by returning to the outside of the rocks, scrambling down to their base, and along the narrow, slippery path leading into the

chasm. Here you see an arch below the edge of the keeve, in which a flat slab having lodged, the water, broken as it shoots through, falls a thin, flickering curtain into the pool beneath. The best view is from the farther margin of the stream, and to cross on the gravelly shallow below the pool will scarcely wet more than your shoe-soles. The effect is singularly pleasing. You are at the very bottom of the dell, in complete seclusion, with trees above on each side forming a screen that admits but a dim light; a glimpse of the upper fall through the arch, and the pretty noise of the falling water—no other sound audible save the occasional twittering of a bird. . . . Retracing your steps, you see where the stream flows past the massive slab of slate rock lying in its bed, and disappears in the brake. Then up the damp, weedy path to the top of the bank, where stand the walls of a cottage, once the habitation of two recluse ladies who lived in it some years—a mystery to the neighbourhood—and died without revealing their secret."

GLEN NECTAN.

IT is from Nectan's mossy steep
The foamy waters flash and leap;
It is where shrinking wild flowers grow,
They lave the nymph that dwells below.

But wherefore in this far-off dell
The relics of a human cell,
Where the sad stream and lonely wind
Bring man no tidings of his kind?

"Long years ago," the old man said—
'Twas told him by his grandsire dead—
One day two ancient sisters came,
None there could tell their race or name.

Their speech was not in Cornish phrase,
Their garb had signs of loftier days;
Slight food they took from hands of men,
They withered slowly in that glen.

One died,—the other's sunken eye
Gushed till the fount of tears was dry;
A wild and withering thought had she,
"I shall have none to weep for me."

They found her silent at the last,
Bent in the shape wherein she passed,
Where her lone seat long used to stand,
Her head upon her shrivelled hand!

Did fancy give this legend birth—
The granddam's tale for winter hearth?
Or some dead bard by Nectan's stream
People these banks with such a dream?

We know not; but it suits the scene
To think such wild things here have been;
What spot more meet could grief or sin
Choose at the last to wither in?

—THE REV. ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

BODMIN;

AND RESTORMEL CASTLE.



HIS picturesque old town is well described by its Cornish name, Bosuennar, or Bosuenna—"the Houses on the Hill," and owes

its origin to St. Petroc taking up his residence in the valley occupied by the present town.

St. Petroc dwelt in a hermitage that had been previously occupied by St. Guron, a hermit, who resigned it to the saint. He enlarged it, and three other devout priests joining him, they lived there according to the rule of St. Benedict. St. Petroc, who died about the middle of the sixth century, was buried at Bodmin. His shrine was preserved in a small chapel to the east of Bodmin. Athelstane founded a priory of Benedictine monks on the site of St. Petroc's hermitage. It fell to decay, but was refounded by Algar in 1125, and filled with Austin Canons, who continued in it till the Dissolution. The last prior was Thomas Vivian. In his time the monastery received large sums from the tin works in the neighbourhood. The prior had the right to hold a market and a fair, and possessed a pillory and gallows, from which we may conjecture that he had the power of life and death.

The site of the monastery and its large demesnes were given to Thomas Sternhold, whose name is familiar to us, united with Hopkins, as part-translator of David's Psalms into English metre. It was afterwards purchased by the Rasleighs.

Bodmin was once of considerable extent, for, in 1351, fifteen hundred of its inhabitants died of the plague.

Near Bodmin is Halgaver Moor, where a festival used to be held, when a sham

mayor was elected, before whom was brought some person "charged with wearing one spur only, or wanting a girdle, or some other 'felony.'" He was arraigned and tried with all the usual ceremonies, judgment was given in formal terms, and some ungracious but harmless prank formed the punishment. Hence sprang a proverb, "He shall be presented in Halgaver Court," spoken of a careless or slovenly man.

It is said that Charles I. once rode to Halgaver Court. From this time a festival was kept in July, somewhat resembling the Helston Furry; the population assembling and marching to Halgaver, on foot or on horseback, carrying garlands of flowers.

The celebrated Scarlet's Well is near Bodmin. The water is exceedingly pure, and its specific gravity is higher than that of any spring water. It can be kept for nearly a year perfectly good.

A real Mayor of Bodmin is the hero of a singular tale of treachery and mercilessness. It was in the reign of Edward VI. that the event happened. The West Country continued very faithful to the old form of worship, and an insurrection on the score of religion took place. The Mayor of Bodmin, Boyer, was suspected of supplying the rebels with provisions, and of being secretly disaffected. Sir Anthony Kingston, provost-marshal of the royal army, was dispatched into Cornwall to punish the insurgents, and he sent orders to Boyer to have a gallows erected opposite his own house by noon the next day; adding, that he would have the pleasure of dining with him, in order to be present at the execution of some rebels.

Boyer prepared a feast for his important guest, and Kingston was received with all

honour, and apparently enjoyed his dinner. But at the end, as he was drinking wine, he asked if the gibbet was ready. The mayor replied that it was. "Then," said Kingston, rising, "you must be hanged on it." And this was actually done. The unhappy Boyer went from his own table to the gallows, and the ruffianly provost exulted in his diabolical joke.

Another person, a miller, was also sentenced to be hanged. His faithful servant went to Kingston, and offered to suffer in his employer's place. "If you really like hanging, you shall enjoy it," was Kingston's brutal reply, and the man was hung with his master.

This story has been made the subject of a pretty poem by Henry Sewell Stokes.

The church, which is dedicated to St. Mary and St. Petroc, was built from 1468 to 1472, the tower and north chancel probably long before. It is the largest church in Cornwall, having a nave, chancel, and north and south aisles, separated by Early English arches. It is 150 feet long and 63 feet broad. There is in it an exquisitely sculptured marble font of the Norman times, and a piscina with eight apertures that has been long used as a receptacle for alms. Adjoining the chancel is the Chapel of St. Thomas, covered with ivy, and now used as a school-house.

Near Bodmin is Restormel Castle, a most picturesque object on the summit of a finely-wooded hill.

A circular wall, adorned with ivy and wild flowers, encloses an area of about 110 feet in diameter. Within it is a deep dry moat. A warder's tower juts out on one side, and a building on the opposite one was probably the chapel. There are the ruins of several rooms attached to the walls; but the best description of Restormel and its influence on the mind has been given by Mr. Stokes, in the following charming lines:—

"Day wanes apace, and yet the sun
Looks as if he had now begun
His course, returning from the west;
O'er Mawgan flames his golden crest,

Roughtor's dark brow is helmed with fire,
And the bluff headlands of Pentire
Like shields embossed with silver glow.
Glistening and murmuring as they flow,
Camel and Fowey seek different shores;
And north and south the eye explores
Two spreading seas of purple sheen,
That blend with heaven's own depths serene.
Inland, from crag and bosky height,
Hoar turrets spring like shafts of light;
While in the dales the deepening shades
Extend, and reach the forest glades.
Descending from the breezy down,
I turn from Bodmin's ancient town
And skirt the banks of Fowey's clear stream,
And through the osiers see the gleam
Of scales would please old Walton's eye,
Did he with baited line pass by.
From the fair, hospitable roof
Which Vivian reared, I keep aloof,
And pass, though few to leave would choose
Lanhydrock's stately avenues.
At last, as if some mystic power
Had in the greenwood built his tower,
Restormel to the gaze presents
Its range of lofty battlements:
One part in crypt-like gloom, the rest
Lit up as for a royal guest,
And crimson banners in the sky
Seem from the parapets to fly.
Where tapers gleamed at close of day
The sunset sheds its transient ray,
And carols the belated bird
Where once the vesper hymn was heard.
Slowly the sylvan mount I climb,
Like bard who toils at some tall rhyme;
And now I reach the moat's broad marge,
And at each pace more fair and large
The antique pile grows on my sight,
Though sullen Time's resistless might,
Stronger than storms or bolts of heaven,
Through wall and buttress rents has riven;
And wider gaps had here been seen
But for the ivy's buckler green,
With stems like stalwart arms sustained;
Here else had little now remained
But heaps of stones, or mounds o'ergrown
With nettles, or with hemlock sown.

Under the mouldering gate I pass,
And, as upon the thick rank grass
With muffled sound my footstep falls,
Waking no echo from the walls,
I feel as one who chanced to tread
The solemn precincts of the dead.
There stood the ample hall, and here
The chapel did its altar rear;
All round the spacious chambers rose,
Now swept by every wind that blows.
By those stone stairs, abrupt and steep,
You reach the ramparts of the keep,
And thence may view, as I do now,
Through opening trees or arching bough
The distant town, its bridge and spire,
And hostel, which some most admire;
The valley with its sparkling wreath
Of ripples; the empurpled heath
Of downs o'er which the lark still trills;
The dusky underwoods; the hills,
Some plumed with lofty nodding trees,
And fringed with rich embroideries

Of clover, corn, or woodland flowers,
 Some decked with granges, halls and bowers.
 O, not in all the Western land,
 From Morwenstowe to Kynance strand,
 Can lovelier prospect charm the eye,
 Yet with each rock-bound coast so nigh
 That you can hear the billows roar
 And see the birds of ocean soar.

* * * * *

HENRY SEWELL STOKES.

A very singular custom formerly prevailed at Lostwithiel in connection with Restormel. On Low Sunday (the Sunday before Easter) the freeholders of the town or manor assembled, either in person or by their deputies; and one amongst them, gaily dressed with sceptre and crown and a sword borne before him, represented "the Duke of Restormel." He went with great pomp to church, and afterwards to a feast, where he was served, kneeling, as if he had been a king.

This pageant was in memory, we are told, of the days when Restormel was a royal residence, and a king or prince dwelt in it.

Lostwithiel is a very ancient town, the Shire Hall of which was built by Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, in 1272, as the Stannary Court of his earldom. The bridge across the Fowey and St. Bartholomew's Church both date from the fourteenth century. The latter has an Early English tower and an elegant octagonal lantern, from which issues a decorated spire.

The Parliamentary general Essex billeted his troopers in the church with their horses in 1644.

The singular "whispering valley" of Tregarden is not far from Lostwithiel.

On the Liskeard Road we shall find a house altogether lacking in the picturesque, but full of most interesting memories. It is Boconnoc House, inhabited by the Hon.

G. Fortescue, but the property of Lady Grenville of Dropmore. It was once the headquarters of King Charles I. and Prince Maurice, Prince Rupert's brother. The king was here for nearly a month, from August 9th to September 7th, in 1644, and the ruin of an oak in Boconnoc grounds is connected with a tradition of this visit. Whilst the king was residing here, he had morning service read under the then magnificent oak, and received there the Holy Sacrament. During the service one morning an assassin fired at the king, but the ball struck the tree, and, glancing off, hit a poor fisherman coming up the avenue.

For many years afterwards the oak was said to bear blood-red leaves, as a token of Heaven's anger at the deed. The grounds of Boconnoc are most beautiful, varied by hill and dell, grove and stream. It is not wonderful that Charles, full of artistic and poetic taste, should have liked to worship God in one of His fairest scenes, but it is strange that the oak, so near the gate and avenue, should have been chosen for the solemn rite. An obelisk was raised here by the king to the memory of Sir Robert Lyttleton. The park is of great extent; the lawns cover a hundred acres, and a carriage drive runs for six miles through it.

Boconnoc was purchased by Governor Pitt, who possessed the famous Pitt diamond, and here his celebrated son, the great Chatham, was born.

Here lived, in Queen Anne's reign, the notorious Lord Mohun, who fought the fatal duel with the Duke of Hamilton, in which both were killed. Lord Camelford, the noted duellist, who was killed in a duel in 1812, also once inhabited Boconnoc.

FOWEY;

AND ITS BRAVE LADY.



FOWEY is one of the picturesque old ports of Cornwall, that in former days held nearly as high a position in the maritime world as Plymouth did. It stands at the head of a fine harbour, on the east of the entrance to which, at Polruan Point, is a castle or blockhouse built in the reign of Edward IV., and on the west side a battery of four guns, called St. David's Battery; below it, at St. Katherine's Point, are the ruins of an ancient castle.

There is an old windmill at Fowey—an ancient landmark at sea and guide to the entrance of the harbour—which was built in the thirteenth century. It stands on the west side of the town, 243 feet above the level of the sea at high tide.

Small inlets of the sea run inland from Fowey harbour, and are called locally Pills; and from the termination of the southern rocks to one of these, Caffa Mill Pill, there is a sea-wall.

Fowey was the chief seaport of Cornwall long before Falmouth was built, and was noted for the warlike spirit of its people.

During the Civil War it was made by Lord Essex his headquarters in July, 1644; but Charles I. so skilfully invested it that it had to surrender unconditionally, five thousand soldiers of the Parliament giving up their arms, and Essex making his escape by sea. But Fairfax retook the town in 1646.

The "Gallants of Fowey" had the honour of repulsing the Dutch admiral, De Ruyter, in 1667.

The church of Fowey is most picturesquely situated. It stands 199 feet above

the level of the sea, and is surrounded by trees; its tower is very tall, and has a richly decorated roof of oak. The rebuilding of the church dates from 1336, and it was enlarged in 1457. It is dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron of seamen. In it is a fine monument to Sir John Treffry, who took the standard at the Battle of Poitiers.

The Place or Place House in Fowey dates in some portions of it from 1457. It is on the site of a palace that was said to be the ancient residence of the Earls of Cornwall.

An instance of female heroism is connected with the house.

In 1457 Fowey was assulted by the French, who so constantly, during the earlier centuries following the Conquest, attacked the southern coasts of England. Soldiers had even invaded the Place, when Lady Treffry (her husband being absent) placed herself at the head of her servants, and drove them out; thus preserving her dwelling from plunder. Her husband, after this warning of the danger to which his residence was exposed, built a strong embattled tower to his house, and embattling the walls also, thus made it a castle.

The house and tower were restored by Mr. Joseph Treffry; the tower is 108 feet high. The hall of the Place is lined with polished porphyry from the native quarries that belong to the Treffry family.

Mr. Joseph Treffry, who died in 1850, was a generous benefactor to his native county. He constructed, almost at his sole expense, the breakwater at Par Harbour, the granite viaduct named after him, and the canal and railway connecting the coast with the mining and quarrying districts in the interior. He was very good also to the poor and needy.

BODRIGAN'S LEAP :

THE END OF A GREAT CORNISH FAMILY.



BODRIGAN'S LEAP is a spot on the coast possessing the wild, picturesque beauty of form and position peculiar to these Cornish headlands.

It is near Chapel Point, the north boundary of Mevagissey Bay, and takes its name from Sir Harry Bodrigan, the possessor of great lands at Bodrigan, Restronget, and Newham; both the latter are in Falmouth Haven.

On the Barton of Bodrigan there are to be seen remains of ancient fortifications, and near them is a waste, known by the pathetic name of Woeful Moor.

"At that period of our history," says Gilbert, "when the law of the strongest was the rule, three families in Cornwall were engaged in a series of domestic wars; these were Bodrigan, Trevanion, and Edgcumbe. And when Richard III. obtained sovereign power, on the division that then took place in the York faction, Bodrigan endeavoured to seize the property of Edgcumbe, with little respect, as it would seem, to the life of the possessor; but in the final struggle on Bosworth Field . . . Trevanion and Edgcumbe had the good fortune to appear on the winning side, and subsequently availed themselves to the utmost of belligerent rights against Bodrigan, as he had attempted to do before, against them."

On Woeful Moor these feudal enemies met, and, after a fierce contest, Bodrigan was defeated and fled. He galloped to the cliff that bears his name, threw himself from his horse, and leapt over it, bequeathing, as he leaped, his extravagance to the Trevanions, and his folly to the Edgcumbes.

They thought he had perished, but as they leant over the cliff, they saw him swim to a ship of his own that kept near the shore; thus he escaped. He perished, however, ultimately in exile, and the two families divided his great possessions.

We add the following pretty poem on the subject by Henry Sewell Stokes, as the circumstances of the story, as he tells it, differ from those we have related :—

From Bosworth's gory field, where lay
His king a mangled corse,
With many a dint Sir Harry came,
And spurred his blood-stained horse;
Which all that day in that fierce fray
Had borne him proudly through,
But still for leagues must carry him,
Since fast the foes pursue.

From night to dawn they still went on,
With followers few and faint,
Resting brief while in forest dear,
By well of some old saint;
On, on from day to day they fared,
Shunning each bower and hall,
Until they sight, one starry night,
Bodrigan's Castle wall.

The knight's loud blast is answered fast,
And blithe the warden greets him,
And with a smile and with a kiss
His lady love soon meets him;
And in that high embrasured tower
His war-worn limbs may rest;
For place like that for wealth and power
Was not in all the West.

And many a century it stood
To prove its ancient fame;
Though but some lowly walls now bear
Bodrigan's honoured name.
Its princely hall, its bastions strong,
Its chapel turrets fair,
Are gone like cloud-built palaces
And castles in the air.

Not long the respite; on his track
The Tudor bloodhounds follow;
And soon from Cornwall's rocky glens
Echoes the fierce view-hollo;
And now they gather round the walls,
Nor care for kith or kin;
Certain if they can seize the knight,
His ample lands to win.

Ay, take the lands, but not the man !
 He knows their purpose stern,
 And not with his heart's blood that day
 Shall they their wages earn.
 Down by a secret way, the knight
 Has left his home for aye,
 And for the cliff he makes, that hangs
 Over the Goran Bay.

Fast, fast they spring upon his path,
 He hears their footsteps nigh ;
 Bold from the cliff he leaps, while shrill
 The baffled hunters cry.

In the dark sea they think him drowned,
 As on the giddy steep
 They stand and look, and only see
 The waters wild and deep.

They looked and jeered, and made the shore
 Ring with their savage shout,
 And still they looked, perchance to see
 His dead bones tossed about ;
 And then they saw a boat dash through
 The surge, and as she went,
 The rescued knight above the roar
 His parting curses sent.

FALMOUTH AND ITS CASTLES.



IN our voyage down
 the Channel on our
 way to the East,
 we first saw Fal-
 mouth from the sea
 —as it ought to be
 seen; — and even

lovely Dartmouth Harbour
 yielded, in our opinion, to the
 noble view of this castle-
 guarded shore, with stately

Pendennis on one side, and St. Mawes on the other, guarding the entrance. It was a bright May day when our Peninsular and Oriental steamer entered the harbour, and the fresh sweet breeze—the animation of the scene, for many vessels and boats were moving about in the harbour, by the shore or round the ships lying at anchor—gave a great charm to the prospect. Falmouth Harbour is large enough to contain the whole British fleet. The town, nestling under wooded hills, with its evidently pretty surroundings, and the creeks running into the land, was to be our last glimpse of an English haven, and thus had a half-pathetic charm.

Falmouth is not one of the ancient Cornish towns ; it was built in the reign of Elizabeth ; only a few houses and the two

castles of Pendennis and St. Mawes existing here previously. It is said that Sir Walter Raleigh suggested the enlargement of the tiny town to the queen ; for having lodged his crew here on a return voyage, and been entertained himself at the home of the Killigrews—Arwenack—about which we have a tragic story to tell, he had perceived the importance of the site and of the harbour. In the reign of Charles II. the town received a charter of incorporation, and the name of Falmouth was given to it. It had always been very loyal, and dedicated its church to King Charles the Martyr.

Pendennis Castle is older than the town it guards, for it was built by Henry VIII., but strengthened and enlarged by Elizabeth. The circular tower built by Henry VIII. is remaining, and became the residence of the lieutenant-governor. Pendennis is fortified on the N.E. and N.W. by bastions and connecting curtains. It is situated on a cliff, 198 feet above the sea-level, and has been greatly strengthened of late years.

Queen Henrietta Maria resided here for a short time in 1644, and here she embarked for France.

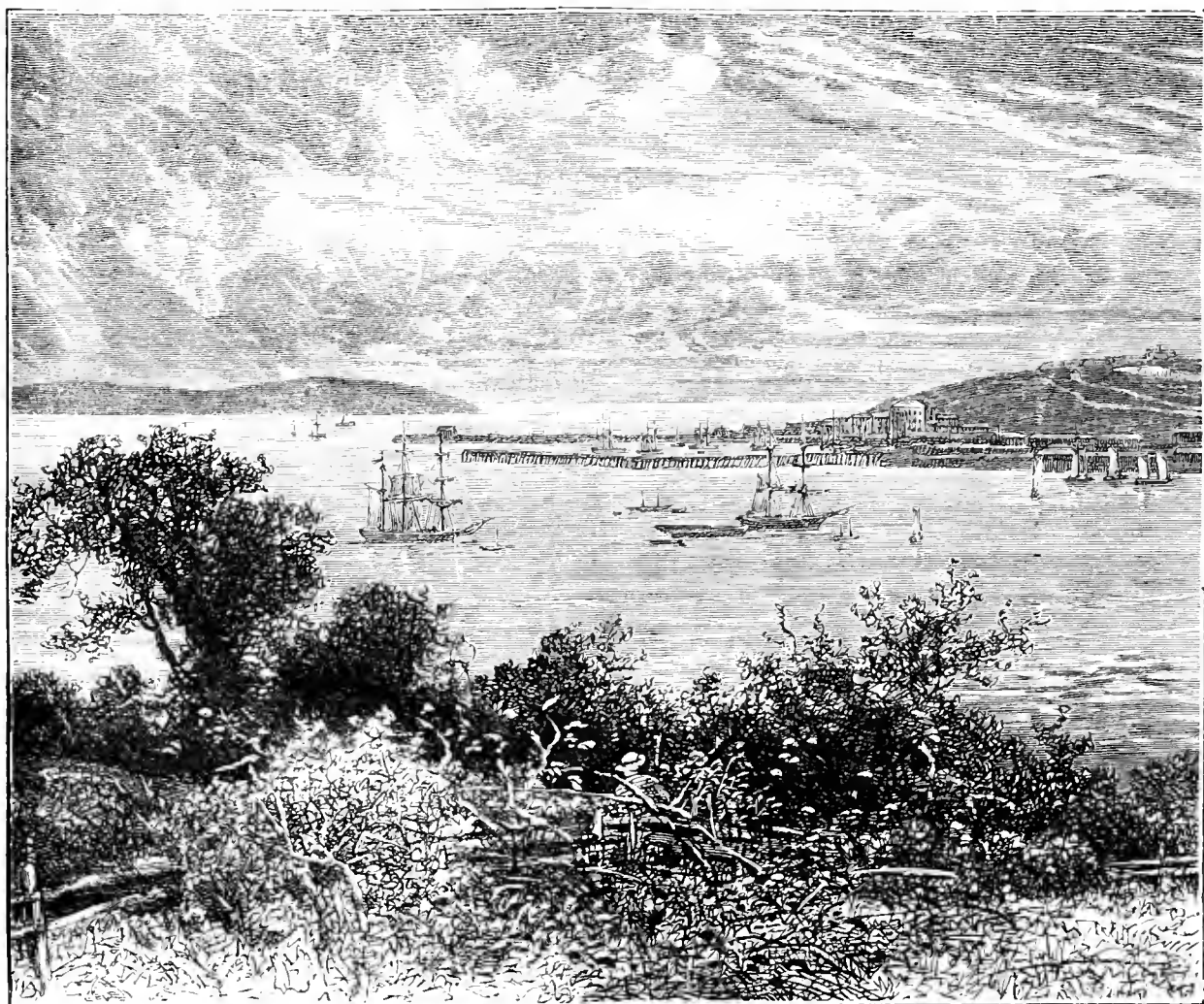
The castle was held loyally for King

Charles during the civil war, and gallantly held out against the Parliamentary troops in 1646, when it was besieged both by land and sea. Its governor, the gallant Sir John Arundel of Trerice, though he was eighty-six years of age, refused to yield, till famine compelled him to do so ; for they had only a day's provisions left when he surrendered, and then it was upon favourable terms.

“ With the exception of Raglan Castle, it was the last fort which held out for King Charles ” (*Timbs*).

The view from the ramparts of Pendennis is most magnificent, sea and coast uniting to form a most charming prospect.

St. Mawes Castle, on the opposite side of the harbour, was erected by Henry VIII. at the same time that Pendennis was, but



VIEW OF FALMOUTH HARBOUR.

being commanded by a neighbouring height was of much less value for defence than Pendennis was.

And now we will tell the story of Arwenack House, situated close to Falmouth Harbour, and of the Lady Jane Killigrew, who probably entertained Raleigh. She was the widow of Sir John Killigrew, and mother of two sons ; but she ruled

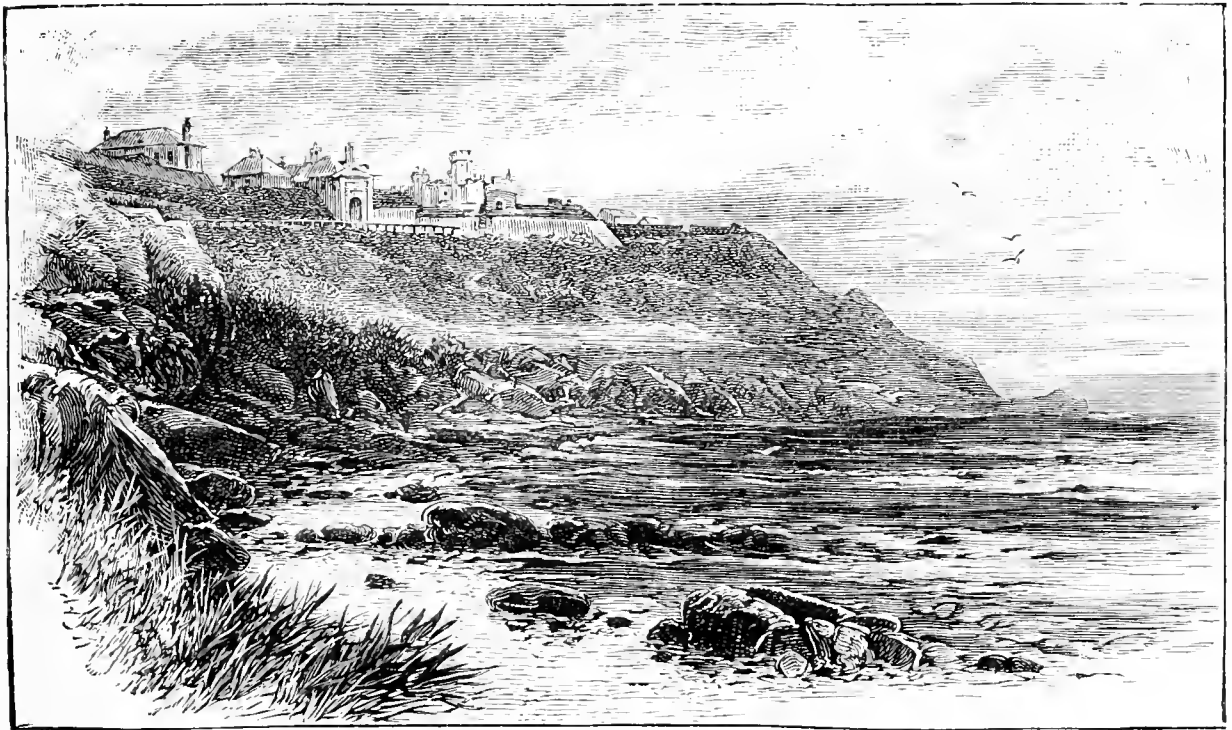
supreme in their hereditary home, for she was a woman of dauntless spirit and great resolution ; utterly without principle, and served by a set of retainers who were utter ruffians—wreckers and plunderers.

A severe storm had raged for many days, and the dangerous Cornish coast was strewn with wrecks. Lady Jane sat at one of the windows of her house, gazing on

the waters of the harbour, which were still troubled, though the wind was subsiding ; and she saw two Dutch ships enter it slowly and with difficulty, for their sails were torn in fragments.

But they reached the shelter of Pendennis, and anchored in tolerably smooth water. It was usual for the Killigrews to send their boat to board ships that arrived there, and learn whence they came, and what news there was from the Spanish Main. This was now done ; and when the

boatmen returned, they reported to the lady that the vessels were belonging to the Hanse Towns, and were laden with valuable merchandize for Spain, which was in charge of two Spanish factors. This fiend-like woman at once proposed that they should rob the ships of their treasure, or exact a large sum as ransom from them, offering to lead the enterprise herself. Her retainers shouted applause ; gathered as many men together as the largest boat in the harbour would hold, and armed them-



PENDENNIS CASTLE.

selves with pikes, swords, and knives. Lady Jane took her place in the stern of the boat, and with a wild shout they started. The lady was lifted on to the deck of one of the Dutch vessels, and a party of her men went with her. The boat then pushed off, carrying the remainder to attack the second vessel.

The Dutch crews, taken by surprise and unarmed, were easily overpowered ; but the Spanish factors refused to give up their treasure, and were murdered, it was said, by Lady Jane's orders. Their bodies were cast into the sea. The gang of ruffians rifled

the ship, taking whatever they pleased, and assigning to Lady Jane two hogsheads of Spanish pieces of eight—her share of the plunder.

As one of the Spanish factors was dying, he lifted his hands to heaven in prayer, and then turning to his murderess said, "My blood will be avenged upon your own sons."

One can scarcely conceive, gazing on Falmouth Harbour now, that it was once possible for such a crime to be committed in it.

But even in those days such a deed could

not be allowed to go unpunished. There was at the time peace with Spain, consequently the Spaniards were "foreigners under the queen's protection." The Spanish minister represented the wrong done to his country to Burleigh, and Elizabeth ordered the Sheriff of Cornwall to arrest and bring to trial the cruel Lady Jane and her band of ruffians.

They were tried, proved guilty, and condemned to be hanged, and all the men were executed on the walls of Launceston Castle; but at the solicitation of Sir John Arundell and Sir Nicholas Hals, the queen consented to pardon Lady Jane. What became of her we do not know. Her sons

and descendants were wild and dissolute men, who wasted her ill-gotten treasure; and the last Killigrew was killed in a sudden quarrel with a Mr. Vincent, in a tavern at Penryn, the young man having defended the character of the wretched Lady Jane, of whom Vincent had spoken disparagingly. Thus the death of the last Killigrew might be ascribed to the effect of her crime. Mr. Vincent was tried for murder, but acquitted; he had acted only in self-defence; but he was so distressed at having thus slain a fellow-creature, that he never recovered it, but died of a wasting atrophy suddenly in the Bishop of Exeter's palace.

THE PENRYN TRAGEDY.



WE cannot connect the idea of anything tragical happening at this smiling and picturesque town, on its lovely hill-side, surrounded by apple orchards and gardens, and descending to the silver waters of an inlet from Falmouth Harbour, inlets from which creep up amongst its woodlands, and glitter amongst the hills. Yet its near neighbourhood bears this gloomy memory.

But let us speak first of the picturesque Cornish town itself. It is placed so as to command the beauty of both land and sea; for it stands in a rich and fertile spot amidst embowering groves, yet everywhere commanding a sea view of unequalled beauty, all softened and made more charming by the always slightly misty atmosphere that gives aerial beauty to most of the Cornish landscapes.

St. Gluvias's Church, surrounded with grand old trees, looks towards the hill on which Penryn stands, and almost faces its one long street.

It is an old town, in which a singular incident occurred in James I.'s reign. In the growing darkness of a misty evening, a Spanish ship of war stole into the harbour unseen. The crew, well armed, took to their boats, and with muffled oars pulled up to Penryn, and landed with the intention of plundering, and then burning the town. They were marching into the main street, when suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of drums and trumpets, and a great shout. Believing that they had been seen, and were to be met by the militia, they were seized with fear, and fled precipitately to their boats. But all the time the Cornishmen were in happy ignorance both of their danger and of their escape, the martial sounds having proceeded from a temporary theatre, in which a party of strolling players were perform-

ing. What was the play? Was it one of Shakspeare's, in which a battle occurs? King John, or Henry V. or VI., in which "chambers" go off, and there is the bustle of a sham fight with shouting? What other could it have been in the reign of King James I.? We fully believe that it must have been one of Shakspeare's tragedies, and that our great poet thus accidentally saved an English town from pillage and fire.

But Penryn is remarkable chiefly for the terrible tragedy that without any doubt occurred near it, and gave a great dramatist the subject for a drama.

In the reign of James I. there lived in the parish of Gluvias, and the farm of Bohechland, a farmer and his wife in prosperous circumstances, their only care at that time being the fact that their younger son had taken to the sea, and become the captain of a privateer, or rather a pirate, for he made war on all vessels that he met on the high seas that he saw any chance of capturing.

He was very successful in his evil trade, and at last ventured into the Mediterranean, where the same good fortune attended him, till one day engaging a Turkish ship, an accident destroyed his vessel; the magazine blew up, and the pirates were all scattered in the air and on the sea, some dead, some living. The Cornish lad was naturally a skilful swimmer. He had escaped without injury from the explosion, and he swam till he reached the shore of the island of Rhodes, having rare jewels—the spoils of his former victories—in a belt round his waist. He was soon compelled to use these treasures for his subsistence, and took one to a Jew for sale. The man recognised the gem, from its setting, as one he had sent to the Dey of Algiers, and at once detained the stranger. He was arrested, tried, and, as a pirate, sentenced to the galleys.

Here the daring Englishman gained great influence over the slaves in his galley, and concocted a clever plot, by

which (after murdering the officers) they escaped.

The young Cornishman got on board an English ship, and came safe to London.

Here he was in great poverty and misery, and engaged himself as a servant to a surgeon, who was going to the East Indies. His master found that the young man had studied medicine,—he had been intended for a doctor by his father,—and could be an efficient help to him; he therefore employed him as an assistant, and by-and-by the assistant practised for himself, was successful in curing a Rajah, and made a great deal of money.

Then, as time went on, he grew to remember and long for his native land, especially for the rugged rocks and fair heights of Cornwall, and at last he sailed for England in a small ship bound for the West. But she was cast away upon the coast, and once more his wonderful skill in swimming helped him to reach the shore.

During the fifteen years of his absence, however, many changes had occurred in his family. He found his sister married to a mercer in Penryn; a match much beneath her former station. He called on her first as a humble stranger, but pleased with her kindness, revealed himself to her in private, and showed her the jewels and gold he had concealed in a bow-case about him. She was delighted, and told him that their parents had lost nearly all their former fortune, and were overburdened with debt and its dangers. The brother congratulated himself on being able to free them from all troubles, and make their old age happy.

He told his sister that he would go at once to his parents, but would keep up his disguise till the next morning, when she and her husband should come there, and the discovery make them all happy.

That evening the old farmer saw a ragged, weather-beaten sailor at his door, begging for food and an hour's shelter. It was readily accorded him. He was

soon seated by the kitchen fire, and there amused the old couple with travelling tales of his past life, that kept them up as by a spell, till it was so late that they offered him a bed under their roof, and the old farmer went to rest himself. Their guest and his wife sat lingering by the dying fire, and by degrees the woman told him her own sad story, and lamented that soon they would not have a roof to shelter them, and might even die in a jail, after enduring all its horrors. As she spoke, the guest, touched by her tears, gave her a piece of gold, and when in the room to which she led him, showed her his girdled wealth, "sufficient," he told her, "to relieve her husband's wants, and yet leave some to spare for himself." Then being very weary, he lay down, and fell fast asleep. He had not noticed the greedy gleam in the woman's eyes when he exhibited his golden store.

The wife hastened to her own room, awoke her husband—told him how rich their guest was—how easily he might be robbed—and if killed they would never be suspected, for no one knew that he was in their house. At first the farmer refused again and again with horror to commit such a crime; but she only urged him the more. Did he remember their debts? Did he not know that they would soon be homeless, and suffering the horrors of a jail? Would he see her starve or perish in the winter storms? She wept and entreated, and at last he reluctantly consented to do her evil will. They went to the stranger's room; murdered him in his sleep; and then covered the body with the bed-clothes till they could find an opportunity of burying it, which in that lonely place they might easily do the next night.

But early morning brought their smiling daughter to the farmer's house, and she was scarcely seated, before she asked where

the sailor was who had visited them the night before.

"No sailor had been there," they said, pale with fear.

"But," she said, "he must be here. He said he would go to you. He is my brother, your long-lost son. I recognised him by the scar on his arm from a sword-cut when he was a boy,—you remember it?—and by all he told me. And he is rich. He comes to help you—to make you happy."

The mother sank on a chair in silent horror; the father, with a muttered oath, ran upstairs; examined the body; recognised the scar; and gazed in agonised despair on his murdered son; then taking up the knife that had slain him, killed himself. The wife had followed him an instant after, and found the father and son dead on the same bed. It is not wonderful that the wretched instigator of the crime plunged the fatal knife in her own breast.

"The daughter," says Mr. Gilbert, "doubting the delay of their absence, searched for them all, whom she found too soon; with the sad sight of this scene, and being overcome with horror and amazement of this deluge of destruction, she sank down and died; the fatal end of the family. The truth of which was frequently known, and flew to the court in this guise; but the imprinted relation conceals their names, in favour of some neighbour of repute and kin to that family. The same sense makes me therein silent also."

This terrible reality gave Lillo the subject of his tragedy of the "Fatal Curiosity." The tale is of quite unexampled horror, yet is always declared to be true.

In another account of this murder, we are told that the old woman, before expiring, confessed her crime—by which means only the deed and its cause could have been accounted for—and that the daughter lived.

TRURO AND ST. PERRAN:

THE STORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF TIN.



TRURO, the Bishop's see of Cornwall, lies, like Fowey, on the sea. Of the creek of Truro, Leland says, "The creke

of Truro afore the very town is divided into two parts, and eche of them has a brook cumming down and a bridge, and this towne of Truro betwixt them both." It is

bounded on the east by the Allen, a mere rivulet, and on the west by the Kenwyn.

The "creke of Truro" is a branch of Falmouth Harbour, and at high tide presents a fine sheet of water, deep enough for vessels to load and unload at the quays.

Truro is an extremely neat, well-built town, with good public buildings and fine churches. It is the seat of the Stannary Court, and has a productive trade in copper ore and bar tin.

The Earls of Cornwall had a castle here, but only the terraced mound on which it stood remains.

It was occupied by Sir Richard Hopton in 1642 and 1646 during the Civil War.

The church of St. Mary was built in 1518, and contains a nave, chancel, and south aisle. There are two east windows, separated by a decorated niche, and there is some fine stone carving on the outside walls.

There are three other churches, a Grammar School, Museum, and County Library.

An excursion may be made from Truro to St. Piran's Church on the north coast, and thence along a picturesque road to St. Agnes.

St. Piran or Perran was the most popular

of the Cornish saints, and was, if the legends attached to his name be true, the most useful to his adopted countrymen; he was an Irish saint. The legend says he was, and that he had been enabled by his prayers to sustain the Irish kings and their armies for ten days on three cows!

In spite of this extraordinary service rendered to them, he was persecuted by the very men he had helped, and for his belief in Christ, condemned to be thrown off a precipice into the sea, with a millstone round his neck.

The sentence was carried out in the presence of a huge crowd of wild Irish, on a stormy day. But no sooner did the saint on the millstone reach the sea, than the wind ceased, the waves were still, and St. Perran floated on the millstone as if in a boat. This miracle converted all who saw it to Christianity. The saint floated safely to the Cornish coast, and landed on the sands that still bear his name, on the fifth of August. We omit the year, because dates vary considerably about St. Perran.

He is especially the miners' saint, and his banner, bearing a white cross on a sable field, has become the standard of Cornwall.

Mr. Hunt has given so pleasing a description of this saint—free from miracles—that we must give an extract from it.

"St. Piran or Perran," he says, "leading his lonely life on the plains which now bear his name, devoted himself to the study of the objects which presented themselves to his notice. The good saint decorated the altar in his church with the choicest flowers, and his cell was adorned with crystals which he could collect from the neighbouring rocks. In his wanderings on the seashore, St. Perran could not but observe the numerous mineral veins running through

the slate rocks forming the beautiful cliffs on this coast. Examples of every kind he collected; and on one occasion, when preparing his humble meal, a heavy black stone was employed to form a part of the fireplace. The fire was more intense than usual, and a stream of beautiful white metal flowed out of the fire. Great was the joy of the saint; he perceived that God, in His goodness, had discovered to him something that would be useful to man."

It is quite possible that the metal may have been thus discovered; but the account is quite apocryphal. St. Perran is said to have been born in 352; but we know that the merchants of Tyre traded with Cornwall in the days of Solomon. Perhaps

the love of the people for St. Perran may have caused them to ascribe the discovery to him. The saint, we are told, communicated his secret to St. Chiwidden, who was learned in many sciences, and at once recognised the value of the metal. He and St. Perran called the Cornishmen together, and communicated their important intelligence. From that time tin was obtained in the county. The rumour of the discovery reached Tyre, and brought merchants to the Cassiterides. Then the Britons began to build their hill castles and fortify their cliffs, carrying on their trade on the islands, and on St. Michael's Mount, in fear of their wealth tempting the cupidity of the merchants, and leading to an invasion of their country.

HOLY WELLS OF CORNWALL.



AMONGST the picturesque sites of Cornwall we must include the Holy Wells, some of which are remarkably beautiful in point of situation and surroundings. Water has always a strong attraction for the eye; and the quiet loveliness of a well, surrounded by trees, when its waters glitter in the sunlight or sleep in the shade, is at once acknowledged.

The situation of these hallowed spots is also generally picturesque; as, for instance, that of St. Ludgvan; it is on the summit of the hill on which the church stands, overlooking the most beautiful of bays. Tradition says it owes its existence to St. Ludgvan, an Irish missionary—many of the Cornish saints came from Ireland—who, kneeling near the church stile, prayed for

water. His prayer was heard, and a crystal spring welled up on the spot. He washed his eyes with it, and the sight improved; he drank it, and gained greater power of speech.

At the first baptism in the hallowed water, a devil which had taken possession of the infant brought to the font, was cast out; but in revenge ruined the power of the water to cure the eyes, or give eloquence. It remained, nevertheless, and is to this day, a chalybeate spring; and the place is called Collurian.

In the water of this picturesque well many a babe has been christened; for it was endowed by the saint with the wonderful power of preserving any one baptized in it from being hanged with a hempen cord. Its water was always, therefore, placed in the font for baptisms, and the parishioners had a comfortable faith in its efficacy for preserving them from the gallows.

Great, therefore, was their dismay when a

woman living in their parish was hanged ! She had poisoned her husband (who was supposed to have died of cholera), and married again a few weeks after his funeral. Suspicion was thus aroused, and it was remembered that she and the dead man had been on bad terms. The corpse was therefore disinterred, and a quantity of arsenic was found in the body. The wife was accused, tried, and hanged. And then the parish was sorely troubled, for it seemed certain that she had been baptized in the water from St. Ludgvan's Well, seeing that her parents were natives of the place. It is a fact that the register was searched to discover if she had been baptized there ; but her name was not found in the book ; it was ultimately discovered that she had been baptized in a neighbouring parish. The holy well was thus vindicated, and became more popular than ever ; its water being eagerly sought for baptisms, and even bottled and carried to other places, as of great spiritual importance.

St. Cuthbert's Well—called Holy Well, because it was discovered on All Hallows' Day—stands in a dark cavern of the sea-cliff rocks, beneath the full seamark, at spring tides.

"From the top of the cavern," says Mr. Gilbert, "fall down or distil continually drops of water from the white, blue, red, and green veins of these rocks. And accordingly, in the place where those drops of water fall, it swells to a lump of considerable bigness, and then petrifies to the hardness of ice, glass, or freestone of the several colours aforesaid, according to the nature of those veins in the rock from whence it proceeds, and is of a hard brittle nature, apt to break like glass.

"The virtues of this water are very great. It is incredible what numbers in the summer season frequent this place and water from countries far distant."

It is a singular place to find a pure fresh well in, close by the rolling waves, but it is evidently a dropping well like that of Knaresborough.

The Well of St. Keyne has been made familiar to us by Southey's ballad. "Situated in a thickly wooded district," says Mr. Hunt in his "Romances of the West of England," "the Well of St. Keyne presents a singularly picturesque appearance. Four trees of divers kinds grow over the well, imparting a delightful shade, and its clear waters spread an emerald luxuriance around." Southey writes :—

"A well there is in the West Country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the West Country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow ;
And a willow from the bank above,
Drops to the water below."

The trees made an arch over the limpid water, but they were blown down by a violent storm ; and Mr. Rasleigh, the owner of the land, planted in their stead two oaks, an ash, and an elm ; but the arch of branches is of course gone.

St. Keyne was, we believe, an Irish saint who lived in the sixth century. She bestowed on this well a strange virtue. The first of a newly married couple who drank of the water would rule the home, whether it were the wife or the husband. This is, as our readers no doubt remember, the subject of Southey's ballad.

St. Madron's Well had once a chapel built over it ; but a fanatic named Ceely, a major in Cromwell's army, destroyed it. The well is on the moor.

Here maidens seeking to know the future dropped in a pebble or two, or crossed straws fastened by a pin, and then watched and counted the bubbles that rose ; for their number told the years that must elapse ere the girl married. This well had, it is believed, great healing virtues.

There is another peculiarity believed by the superstitious to belong to St. Madron's Well. On approaching the water, each visitor was requested to throw in a crooked pin, and if doomed to be lucky he or she would see all the other pins at the bottom rise up to meet it !—an absurd fancy !—but

that the well possesses some medicinal properties is quite possible, as it is said to have cured cripples with rheumatism.

Gulval Well is in Foses Moor. It is picturesque and renowned for supernatural powers, as St. Keyne's is. Hals thus describes it:—

“In Foses Moor, part of the Manor of Lanesly in this parish, is the well-known fountain called Gulval Well. To this place great numbers of people time out of mind have resorted for pleasure and profit of their health, as the credulous country people do in these days,* not only to drink the waters thereof, but to inquire after the life or death of their absent friends. When being arrived, they demanded the question at the well whether such a person by name be living in health, sick, or dead. If the person be living and in health, the still quiet water of the well-pit, as soon as the question is demanded, will instantly bubble or boil up as in a pot, clear crystalline water; if sick, foul and puddled water; if the party be dead, it will neither bubble, boil up, nor alter its colour or still motion.”

The well had medicinal virtues; its supernatural ones we may well doubt; and probably it is no longer believed in as it was; but old superstitions are tenacious. Only a few years ago, my cousin was told by the gardener at Goodameavy, that he had himself seen the Whist or Wist hounds, that are supposed to hunt round the Dewerstone Rock, hunting at midsummer over the moor!

* A long time ago. We do not know if the superstition still exists.

Altar-Nun Well, or St. Nun's Well, is situated in the western side of the beautiful valley through which flows the Trelawney River, and near Hobb's Park, in the parish of Pelynt. The front of the well is of a pointed form, and has an entrance about four feet high, roofed by a single flat stone; through it we pass into a grotto with an arched roof. The walls inside are covered with fern-fronds, spleenwort, and harts'-tongue. It is a lovely nook. At the further end is a stone basin; round its moulded brim are ornamental rings, each enclosing a cross or a ball. The water falls into this basin from an opening behind it, admitting the spring, which escapes from the bottom of the stone bowl again.*

This well is said to have been blessed by Nuanita (St. Nunne), the mother of St. David, and she bestowed upon it the singular power of curing insanity.

St. Gundred's Well, at Roach Rock, ebbs and flows with the sea. In the Hermitage Chapel here a leper once took up his abode; he was fed by his daughter with devoted care, and the well, from which she took the water for his use, was named after her St. Gundred's Well.

There are several more of these holy wells, besides those we have mentioned. Amongst them are St. Perran Well, Red Ruth, Chapel Euny, etc., etc.; but it would be monotonous to linger over descriptions that must necessarily so closely resemble each other, the wells differing only in being more or less picturesque.

* T. L. Couch in “Notes and Queries.”

BRITISH CASTLES AND CROMLECHS;

AND THE STORY OF THE LOGAN STONE.



NE of the finest views in Cornwall is to be obtained by ascending Tre-crobben Hill, close by the picturesque village of Lelant.

From it looking seawards we gaze on the Mount's Bay, nearly enclosed in the embrace of two arms of land. On its glittering water is St. Michael's Mount, and nestling as it were beneath it is Marazion; while on the western side is Penzance, set in green meadows and woods. To the south-east are the great hills of Tre-goning and Godolphin. Eastward Carn-Brea Hill, with its ancient castle. Gazing over the towns of Camborne and Redruth, with their miners' cottages and tall chimneys, we see the granite hills that rise beyond St. Austell stretching northwards; amongst them are the two highest hills in Cornwall, Rough Tor and Brown Willy.

Turning northwards, we see on the other side of the peninsula the waters of St. Ives Bay, the creek of Hayle, and the hills of blown sand between them and the sea, marked by the lighthouse of Godrevy. Then, glancing along rugged shores we see St. Agnes's Beacon. From this the cliffs stretch northward to the bold promontory of Trevoze Head and its lighthouse. On the top of Tre-crobben is the site, still very distinct, of a British encampment. Here the fabled giants of Cornish tradition had a castle, the four great entrances of which long remained.

There are several of these hill castles, in which, no doubt, the ancient British inhabitants of Cornwall sheltered themselves

from invaders. They are built with huge stones, and are absolutely Cyclopean.

Castle-an-dinas is on the summit of a hill in the parish of Ludgvan, 735 feet above the sea level. On the same hill is a modern watch-tower, called Roger's Tower, built apparently of stones taken from the encampment. The ruins consist of two circular stone walls, built one within the other, of great height and thickness. There was, also, a third outer wall. Within the walls are little circular enclosures, about seven yards across, with little walls round them of two or three feet high; they may have been small dwelling-places, or rooms for the garrison.

The castles of *Caer Bran* and *Bartinney* are on adjacent hill-summits, west of *Sancreed Church* tower. The former has an outer vallum of earth round it, about fifteen feet high in some parts. This vallum is protected by a ditch, and at an interval of about twenty yards is an inner wall twelve feet thick.

Bartinney Castle has a vallum, now overgrown by furze. Three circular enclosures can still be traced; one has a diameter of nine yards, the other two are only seven yards across. Who dwelt in these apartments we know not; probably, though, the Britons who garrisoned the castle, a strong fort in its day. From its great elevation they could see the approach of foes on all sides, for it is 689 feet above the sea, and it is the only spot in England where the sun can be seen both to rise and set in the sea on December 21st.

The castle of *Chûn* is, however, in the best preservation. It is situated on the summit of a hill rising above the Atlantic, and overlooking *Botallack Mine*. A ditch,

twenty feet wide, extends round it; then come two concentric walls, the space between them being filled with another ditch, thirty feet wide; within is a central area of nearly circular form. The walls are of the time that the Cornish peasant ascribes to the giants; they consist of loose granite stones piled on each other without any use of cement. The entrance is cleverly contrived. Mr. Timbs has well described it, therefore we will give his words:—

“The opening through the outer wall on both sides is bounded by immense slabs of unwrought granite. Thence turning to the left, a passage nearly forty feet in length conducts us to the opening, through the inner wall, where two jambs, each about five feet high, still remain on the innermost side. This second entrance has a due west aspect, and measures in its widest part sixteen, and in its narrowest six feet, splaying outwardly. For further protection, another wall was built from the right-hand side of the outer entrance to within three feet of the inner wall, where it turned at right angles towards the inner entrance. Besides this, one of the three transverse walls before mentioned was so adjusted as to extend from the left-hand side of the inner entrance to the outer wall. The whole of this work, the neatness and regularity of the walls, providing such security for their entrance, flanking and dividing their fosse, shows a military knowledge superior to that of any other works of this kind seen in Cornwall.”

Treryn Castle, an ancient British fortress, can still be traced on the Treryn promontory near the Logan Stone, some of its Cyclopean walls and its outer earthwork remaining. The tradition respecting this fortress is, that it was raised by enchantment out of the sea, for the giant who possessed it was a great necromancer. It is kept in its present place also by a spell. The giant placed the magic key of the castle in the hole of a rock known as the “Giant’s Lock”; it is a large round stone, and whenever it can be taken out of the

“lock,” Treryn and its castle will disappear in the sea. But as the path to the lock is perilous in the extreme, it is not likely that the effect of its removal will ever be tried.

Penzance is a pretty seaside town, where the pilchard fishery is carried on—“the Holy Headland,” so called from a chapel to St. Anthony that stood on the point adjoining the pier. The view from Penzance is beautiful in the extreme; the bay has St. Michael’s Mount on one side, and the Lizard coast on the other. But we name Penzance here chiefly because from it we have a most picturesque drive to the Logan Rock. This great stone rises on one of the ridges that cross the grand headland of Treryn, where stands the entrenchment and traces of the castle of the enchanted key, of which we have just spoken. The rocks here are covered with lichens, and in places very vividly coloured. The turf in spring is also covered with blossoms of the blue scilla.

The Logan Stone—the word means “rolling or vibrating stone”—is a block of granite of great size, that oscillates at a touch, but was supposed to be immovable by force, till it was taken down by Lieutenant Goldsmith, in 1824. He slid it from its support; but so great was the anger of the people at the deed, that the Admiralty were obliged to make Mr. Goldsmith replace the stone, the money for the necessary apparatus being found by Mr. Davies Gilbert.

The Logan Rock had been believed to cure children rocked on it of their diseases; but the charm has been broken by the removal of the stone.

There was another famous Logan Stone named Mincamber, of enormous size, once near Penzance; but in the time of Oliver’s Protectorate it was undermined and thrown down by one of his men, named Shrubsall, “in fanatical rage, to the great grief of the country.”

It was singular that Merlin, who was said to have blessed this stone, had pro-

phesied that it should stand "until England had no king."

Not more than two miles from Penzance is the celebrated Cromlech of Lanyon—often pronounced Lanine. Beyond the village, on a down covered with golden furze, stands the Mên-an-tol, or holed stone. It was, undoubtedly, Druidical; and it was believed in the old days that if a child afflicted with scrofula was passed (naked) three times through the hole, *against the sun*, that it would be cured. If two brass pins were crossed on the edge of the stone, it was supposed to answer questions addressed to it by the motions of the pins. In many parts of Cornwall circles of stones are found. Tradition has declared that they were all men or maidens transformed thus for breaking the Sabbath. In the parish of Buryan are some stones called "the Merry Maidens," and near them are two pillars called "the Pipers." These were supposed to have been village girls who insisted on dancing on Sunday, and to whom two evil spirits became pipers. It has been said that it is more probable that these maidens and "Nine Maidens" in Stithians, or the nine stones set perpendicularly in the earth, were put up in memory of nine religious sisters or nuns, before the fifth century, or they may have been Druidical remains.

At the entrance to Penzance there is a hill with a very remarkable earthwork on its summit. It is called Castle Lesgudzhek, or "the Castle of the Bloody Field."

It is recorded by tradition that this castle belonged to a British king of the third or fourth century. He was besieged here by a rival prince from the eastern

part of the county. The besiegers were driven off, raised the siege, and retired to Gulval. Then the besieged king issued from his stronghold, and gave his foes battle on the plain between Penzance and Marazion.

The Penzance chieftain gained the victory, and the rival prince was slain. Over his grave is raised a stone, nine feet high, "*because that was his height.*" It bears an inscription, and is therefore called the Mên-Scryfa. *Rialobran Cunoval Fil* is engraved on it—probably his names. Table-Mên is a great stone, eight feet long and three feet high, at a short distance from Sennen Church. This is said to have been the table stone on which seven Saxon kings once dined. These kings were said by Daniell the historian to be Ethelbert V., King of Kent; Cissa II., King of the South Saxons; Kinigils VI., King of the West Saxons; Sebert, King of Essex, or the East Saxons; Ethelfred, King of Northumbria; Penda, King of Mercia; Sigebert V., King of the East Angles. But the peasants of Sennen say that it was King Arthur who dined on it, after defeating the Danes at Vellan-Drucher.

There are many other stones and huge boulders on the Cornish plains and hills, said to have been thrown, either in sport or in anger, by the mythical giants of the prehistoric period. We have not space for fuller notice of them, but we must just mention that in 1876 the Mayor of Penzance entertained the Archæological Association on the famous table-stone on which the monarchs of old had feasted; where his guests enjoyed not only a good dinner, but a view unequalled in picturesque beauty.

PICTURESQUE BEEHIVE HOUSES AND CAVES.



THE western portion of Cornwall is remarkable for the number and variety of its prehistoric remains, and for the singular lines of fortification that traverse so many headlands, and which are no slight adjuncts to their picturesque appearance; for they vary the landscape, filling it with mystic interest and the charm given by an aroused imagination.

"There is scarcely a headland in Cornwall that is not traversed by lines of fortification," says Timbs; "there is scarcely a hill which is not crowned by its 'caer'; there is scarcely a down that is not strewn with circlets, and cromlechs, and ruined villages, of which not only the owners, but the very names themselves, have long passed away, or are known only to the peasants at this day by some such vague appellation as 'Old Men's Working'!" *

These remains of an ancient people are generally found in clusters or villages, surrounded by a low wall or bank of earth, probably erected for defence. Some of these huts are round, some oblong. The roofs may have been of turf, though some of the circular ones are domed with granite, and are true "beehive huts."

Beneath three of these villages,—those at Chysoister, which is situated high on a rough hill, overlooking beautiful Mount's Bay—Bodinnar, and Chapel Euny,—subterranean chambers have been found, and many more may hereafter be discovered.

Mr. Edmonds found in a hollow of the ground at Chapel Euny traces of "beehive" habitations, thus proving that these chambers were not storehouses nor mere hiding holes, but actual dwellings of the Ancient Britons.

"Following up the discovery of Mr. Edmonds," says Mr. Borlase,* "I have thoroughly explored one of these caves, and the discoveries I have made since fully confirm me in the opinion which the beehive construction at once suggested.

"Many other caves are to be found within the distance of a few miles, which, although judging from the similarity of their construction, we cannot but assign to the same people, yet are found in localities where there is no trace of a village ever having existed. Such caves—inasmuch as they are almost invariably found under heaps or large banks of earth—I shall venture to place in a separate class and term 'hedge caves.'

"Two of the most remarkable of these caves are the one at Pendeen and the one at Bolleit in the parish of Buryan.

"If on a Christmas morning a stranger should visit the cave in Pendeen, in the parish of St. Just, he would meet there a lovely lady, dressed in white, with a red rose in her mouth, who has come all the way from Ireland, through the submarine recesses of the cavern, and who will confide to him the last news from her native isle.

"The cavern at Bolleit, in the parish of Buryan, was so large and perfect in the time of the Great Rebellion, that a party of Cavaliers were concealed here by Mr. Levellis, of Treewoof, who fed them and

* "Abbeys and Castles."

* Quoted in "Abbeys and Castles."

kept them safely till they could rejoin the army of the king.

"These caves consist of one or more passage-chambers, averaging from four to seven feet in height; faced, in most cases, though not invariably so, with granite, and spanned with roofing stones of the same material. The entrances to the chambers, at Padeen especially, are very low. What the design of the inhabitants really was in building structures of this kind, we have no evidence to show. Whether they were intended for dwellings (as those under the villages certainly were), or whether they were simply retreats for the inhabitants in case of invasion, or for marauders from fear of justice, is a question which, hitherto, investigation has failed to explain.

"Scarcely a mile to the west of the Parish Church of Sancreed, and on a slope commanding a magnificent view of the whole district of Penwith, stand the few isolated cottages that form the hamlet of Chapel Euny."

In the valley beneath is a picturesque crystal spring, with a few pieces of a broken arch by its side, showing that it must have been a baptistery, and that probably a chapel existed here. The scene around is most interesting.

In the west is a heap, on which once stood Chapel Carn Brea, a lonely hermitage of some Irish saint. On the north-east lie the ruins that once were Castle Bran, now mere mounds of grass-grown stones. More to the north is the hill of Bartinné (the Hill of Lights), surmounted by a vallum enclosing three circles of stones.

Mr. Borlase describes the cave as a small enclosure levelled artificially out of the side of a rocky hill, and overgrown by fern and furze. In it may be seen four circular huts; and several mounds of upright stones outside, mark the site of a large village.

"In one instance the circular walling was distinctly visible, and in the other what

appeared to be the entrance into a chamber leading towards the circular one; the walls of which were formed of rough granite blocks, rudely but solidly fitted together without mortar; and the roofing stones, four in number, were occasionally supported by an upright stone inserted in the wall. The floor was composed of the hard sub-soil of the country, called by the Cornish 'rabman,' and through the centre of it ran a small drain covered with paving stones.

"This circular chamber must have been quite twelve feet in height, constructed of large granite blocks, each overlapping the one below it, and so gradually approaching each other as they neared the top. The diameter of the chamber was about fifteen feet."

Branching from the passage-chamber was another long chamber. The floor consisted of several strata, the uppermost being of decomposed vegetable matter; the following ones were of ashes, burnt stones, small pieces of baked clay, and finally a black slimy deposit. From the lower strata the following objects were taken:—

One small piece of beautiful red pottery, possibly Samian. An iron crook resembling a pot-hook, much corroded. An iron spear-head $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, ornamented at the side with a semicircular device, and containing a fragment of wood in the socket. A circular perforated stone; an annulet or spindle wheel one inch in diameter; numerous whetstones, mullers, ashes, teeth of animals, red pottery, very coarse, and black pottery of three kinds, very rude and apparently all portions of vessels of domestic use."

We have taken these heads of antiquarian research from "Abbeys and Castles," quoted there from the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquarians, 1868.

They are very curious as affording us a glimpse of that old life which has left its traces everywhere in this sublimely beautiful land of caves and rocks and waters.

THE LIZARD;

AND ITS LEGENDS.



THE great promontory of the Lizard, grandly raising [its] black frowning cliffs above the waves of the British Channel, is nearly separated from the shore, being united to it only by a narrow neck of land, or isthmus, scarcely two miles wide.

The Lizard is the most southern point in England. Three great headlands here project into the Channel waves, black and frowning, and beneath them rises a black crag called the Bumble Rock. The headland to the west is named the Old Lizard Head; the middle one is above the small port of Polpeor, and on it are the light-houses that warn mariners of their approach to this dangerous coast, where many a good ship has met her fate. The eastern point has a telegraph station on it, where the Portuguese cable ends.

Above the cliffs, on the greensward, a singular chasm opened in 1847; it is now called the Lion's Den, and is a funnel-shaped gulf, at the bottom of which is an archway of broken rock opening to the sea. It had always been a cave, no doubt, but the roof falling in presented this terrible chasm to the view; it is a great danger to the unwary cliff explorer.

The wild beauty of the Lizard surpasses all our powers of description. The great frowning cliffs; the broken crags; the rocks scattered on the waves beneath it; the sparkling sea, that smiles up at the great headlands in summer; the mighty roar of the waves that dash in fury against it in winter storms, are all of sublime or exquisite beauty. The top of the promontory is broken into dells and rising ground,

and occupying a large portion of it is a great deal of waste land.

On the neck of land that joins the Lizard promontory to the mainland, stands Helston, a small town, once of importance, and guarded by a castle that has long vanished. The place is said by a legend to have received its name from a huge boulder, once the gate of the infernal regions, which was cast down by the Fiend when he fled from the Archangel St. Michael, after a terrible conflict with him. The boulder dropped by Lucifer was built into a wall of the "Angel" Inn, but is now to be found in the walls of the Assembly rooms. In memory of the archangel's victory a festival is held at Helston on the 8th of May, called the Furry.*

To the west of Helston is a large sheet of water called Loo Pool. It is at the embouchure of the river Cober, but is divided from the sea by a bar of pebbles. The stream thus confined can consequently only escape by percolating through the rocks; therefore when the Pool is full to overflowing, permission is asked from the lord of the manor to cut a breach through the pebbles, 1½*d.* being offered for the purpose in a leathern purse. This fatal bar of pebbles, on which the *Anson* frigate was lost in 1807, is said to be due to Tregeagle, the spirit that haunts all the west of Cornwall. "Who has not heard of him?" says Mr. Hunt.

* "The word is supposed by Mr. Polwhele to have been derived from the old Cornish word *fer*, a fair or jubilee."—*Every-Day Book*.

The revellers dance through the streets, collecting contributions from house to house; then they go into the country to gather flowers, with which they return and again dance with garlands through the town. Hone thinks the Furry is only a remainder of the Floralia observed by the Romans on the fourth of the calends of May, in honour of Flora, goddess of flowers.

"He haunts equally the moor, the rocky coasts, and the blown sandhills of Cornwall. From north to south, from east to west, this doomed spirit is heard of, and to the day of judgment he is doomed to wander, pursued by avenging fiends. Who has not heard of the howling of Tregeagle? When the storms come with all their strength from the Atlantic, and urge themselves upon the rocks around the Land's End, the howls of the spirit are louder than the roaring of the winds."

Our readers will probably be altogether ignorant of this unhappy spirit. We will therefore inform them that Tregeagle was an extremely wicked steward, who had gained great wealth by fraud and other crimes. It was said that he had murdered his sister, and that his wife and children perished, victims to a long course of his cruelty. At length this monster lay on his deathbed. Conscience and fear awoke, and he sent for the brethren of a neighbouring monastery, and offered to leave them all his wealth if they would save his soul from the fiends. The Churchmen undertook the task. By powerful exorcism they kept back the demons from the departing soul, and buried Tregeagle in St. Breock's Church, where they sang chants and said prayers perpetually over his grave.

But he was not fated to remain at rest in it.

A dispute between two wealthy families arose respecting the ownership of some lands near Bodmin. It was caused by the frauds of Tregeagle, who had been steward to one of the claimants, and had destroyed ancient deeds, forged others, and made it appear that the lands were his own. Then it was that one of the claimants, the defendant in the trial, succeeded in breaking the bands of death, and brought the wicked spirit of Tregeagle into the court as a witness. Horror seized the court when the ghastly witness entered the box. Obligated now to tell the truth, he, in answer to the defendant's counsel, acknowledged a system of frauds of which the de-

fendant had been the victim, and the jury consequently gave a verdict in his favour.

The judge then commanded him to remove his witness. But, alas! it is easier to raise evil spirits than to lay them. They could not get rid of Tregeagle.

The monks were called in to aid. They declared that by long trials he might repent, and his sins be expiated. They would not and could not give him over to the fiends, but they could only keep him from them by giving him tasks to execute that would be endless; for if he paused for a moment in work he would be lost. The first task given him was to empty Dosmery Pool, supposed to be bottomless, with a perforated limpet shell! Here, however—pausing in his endless work during a storm—he was nearly seized by the demons; but he fled, and saved himself by dashing his head through the window of Roach Rock Church. Here his terrible cries drove away the congregation, and the monks of Bodmin and the priests of the neighbourhood had to meet in order to concert what had better be done, as no service could be held in the church.

They decided that Tregeagle, guarded by two saints, should be taken to the north coast near Padstow, and fixed by powerful spells to its sandy shores. Here he was to be employed in making trusses of sand, and ropes of sand with which to bind them. But the mighty sea rose continually, and swept away the trusses of sand, and tore away his rope. His cries of fear and despair were awful. The people of Padstow had no peace night or day, and they hastened to beseech the aid of St. Petroc, the great Cornish saint. The saint heard their petition, and by the earnestness of his prayers he subdued Tregeagle, and chained him with bonds, every link of which had been welded with a prayer. He took him to the south coast stealthily. At that time Ella's town, now Helston, was a good port, where merchant vessels put in, and, landing their cargoes, took back tin in exchange, so that Ella's town prospered.

St. Petroc placed Tregeagle at Bareppa, and condemned him to carry sacks of sand across the estuary of St. Loo, and to empty them at Porthleven until the beach was clean to the rocks. Tregeagle laboured at this task long, but in vain. The sweep of the tide round Trewavas Head always carried the sand back again. His cries and wails gave the fisher families no rest; but a mischievous demon unintentionally bestowed relief on them. Tregeagle, laden with an enormous sack, full of sand and pebbles, was wading across the estuary of St. Loo, when the imp tripped him up. The spirit fell and upset the sack, its contents fell over the estuary and made the bar of sand that ruined the harbour of Ella's town.

The townspeople, in great wrath, went to the priests and besought their aid. Once more bonds were placed on Tregeagle, and he was, by the power of bell, book, and candle, sent to the Land's End, where he would find few people to be startled by his cries. His appointed task was to sweep the sands from Porthcurnow Cove, round the headland called Tol-Peden-Penwith, into Nanjisal Cove.

At this task Tregeagle is still labouring, and his wails and moans are still borne on the breeze that sweeps over the Land's End.

The summit of the Lizard south of Helston is, as we said, in great part a waste, and generally a dreary place; but in August and September it is gay with the beautiful Cornish heath (*Erica Vagans*). This heath is exquisitely lovely; the flowers are bells resembling those of lilies of the valley, and are either of a delicate shade of pink, or of waxen white. The plants grow to a height of two feet. This heath is only found where the beautiful serpentine rock is to be seen; and there is much of this stone about the Lizard. In fact, the villages round have quantities of objects for sale, such as vases, obelisks, paper knives, etc., made of it. It is sometimes of a rich, mottled red, sometimes of a greenish black with golden stars,

and may almost compete with Derbyshire's Blue John.

The people of the Lizard are a fine race of tall, powerful men. There is a tradition that its original inhabitants were small, and went on all-fours! till a ship brought some colonists to the cape, who were the ancestors of the present people. The climate of the Lizard is simply delicious, and appears to be almost life-giving, as the natives of the place live to extreme old age.

About half a mile from the coast are two villages: one, called Lizard Town; the other an eastern one, Landewednack. The principal inhabitants of these villages are fishers, employed in the pilchard fishery.

The coast continues grand and broken, and with many caves in it. At Cadgwith are serpentine quarries, and a chasm called the Devil's Frying-pan, resembling that of the Lion's Den. Passing Poltesco Glen, Kennach, Carn Sparnack, and the great crags of the Blackhead, we shall see Crouza Down, on the opposite side of a small bay. At the foot of it is St. Keverne, named after a Cornish saint, about whom and the stones on Crousa or Crowza Down there is a strange legend.

Not far from the Lizard headland St. Keverne had fixed his hermitage. In Penwith lived St. Just.

The latter resolved one day to visit his brother saint at the Lizard. St. Keverne gave him a cordial welcome and the best food his larder afforded. Above all, he let his guest drink from a splendid silver chalice, the gift of his disciples.

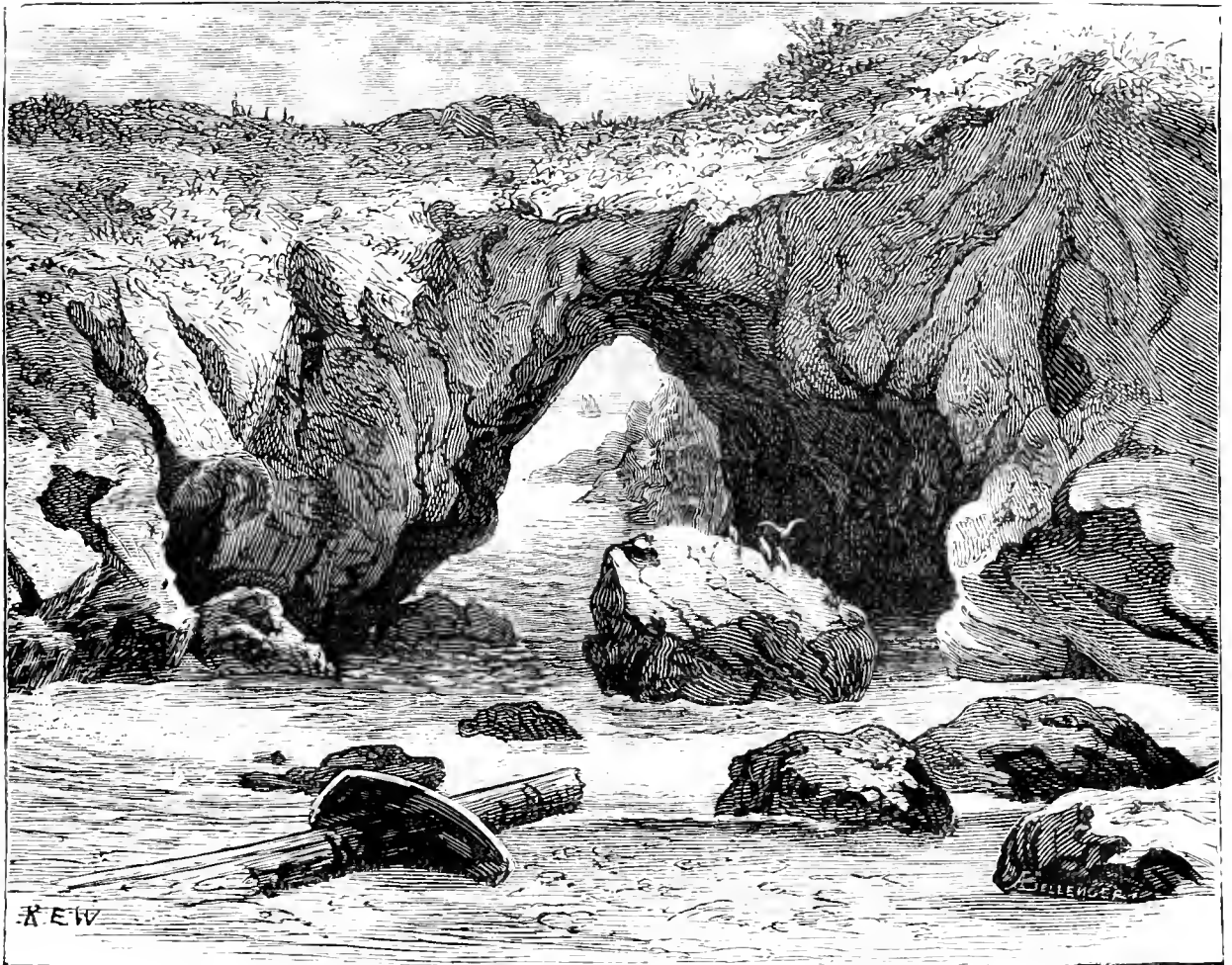
It was with reluctance that St. Just at length resolved to tear himself away from St. Keverne's picturesque hermitage, but he was obliged to return to his flock; and he therefore bade his brother saint a tender farewell. But he had not been gone long before the Lizard saint missed his silver chalice, and could not find it in any part of his dwelling.

At length he came to the conclusion that he had been robbed, and set off at once in pursuit of his dishonest guest.

Passing over Crouza Down, the iron-stone boulders that lay scattered on it met his eye, and he instantly picked up some, put them in his pocket, and hastened onwards.

When he was very near Tre-men-keverne, he saw St. Just ascending the hill. He called loudly to him to stop ; but the robber was deaf to his cries, and walked on a little faster. At length St. Keverne, greatly dis-

pleased, took a stone from his pocket and threw it at St. Just. It fell by the latter's side ; and, convinced that he had a determined enemy, he dropped the cup from his girdle, and ran off at his best speed. St. Keverne saw his chalice glittering on the ground, picked it up, and not desiring any contest with his false friend, turned homewards. But first he took the great stones from his pocket, and threw after the retreat-



THE FRYING-PAN.

ing St. Just. They remain there to this day to prove the truth of the tale ; for they are not like any of the stones around them, but are Crouza stones.

The saint must have possessed miraculous strength, for they each weigh several hundred pounds.

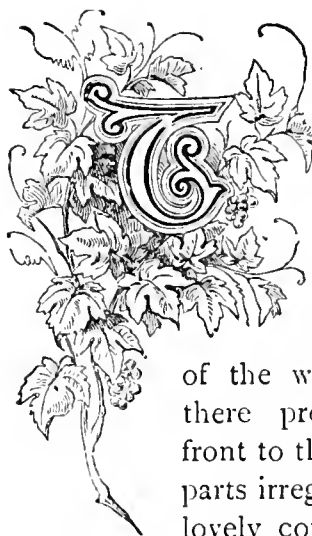
These singular legends of the saints appear to have been first recorded of Cornwall's famous giants.

Inland are the Goonhilly Downs, a bleak

waste or moorland, said to be haunted by the ghost of a vessel ; for in the midst of it is a large piece of water named Croft Pasco Pool. A more dreary or weird spot can hardly be imagined, and it is believed by the Lizard folks that over it, in the still moonlight or starlight, a ghostly vessel is seen to glide with lug sails spread. It is a sign of misfortune, of course, to see this unlucky bark, for whose appearance no reason is ever given.

THE CORNISH COAST;

AND THE SMUGGLERS.



THE coast of Cornwall is one of the most picturesque in the world. Its giant cliffs, occasionally broken into strange shapes by the action of the waves, yet here and there presenting a compact front to the sea, while in other parts irregular and divided by lovely coves, are full of sub-

jects for the brush of the artist.

Of all its coves, however, Mullion is perhaps one of the prettiest. A pathway down the hill brings us to a hollow dividing the lofty crags that breast the ocean, and we are near some fishers' dwellings. Within a few yards of the land rises a rocky pyramid, and in front of the glen is an island; to the left a range of cliffs of the exquisite serpentine,—a species of rock found only in Cornwall, Wales, and Scotland, but nowhere else in England.

There is a cave in these cliffs that is of some extent, and was probably in old days a resort and hiding-place of smugglers, who were rather abundant in this wave-washed county, which had also an evil reputation of being the abode of wreckers. There were many smugglers' caves or holes on the banks of the Helford river, and several have been discovered on the coast about St. Keverne by the falling in of their roofs. In one near Penzance a skeleton was discovered with its clothes on, lying beside two or three kegs of spirits.

Of these smugglers there was, during the close of the last century, a native of Breage named Carter, who was called the King of Prussia from some fancied resemblance to the Great Frederick, whose name

at one time was a household word in England. This man became the leader of the Cornish smugglers. He chose for his home and his smuggler's hold a rocky cove about two miles east of Marazion, which still bears the name of Prussia Cove, where his gang cut deep channels in the hard rock, which are still visible, to allow of the near approach of their boats.

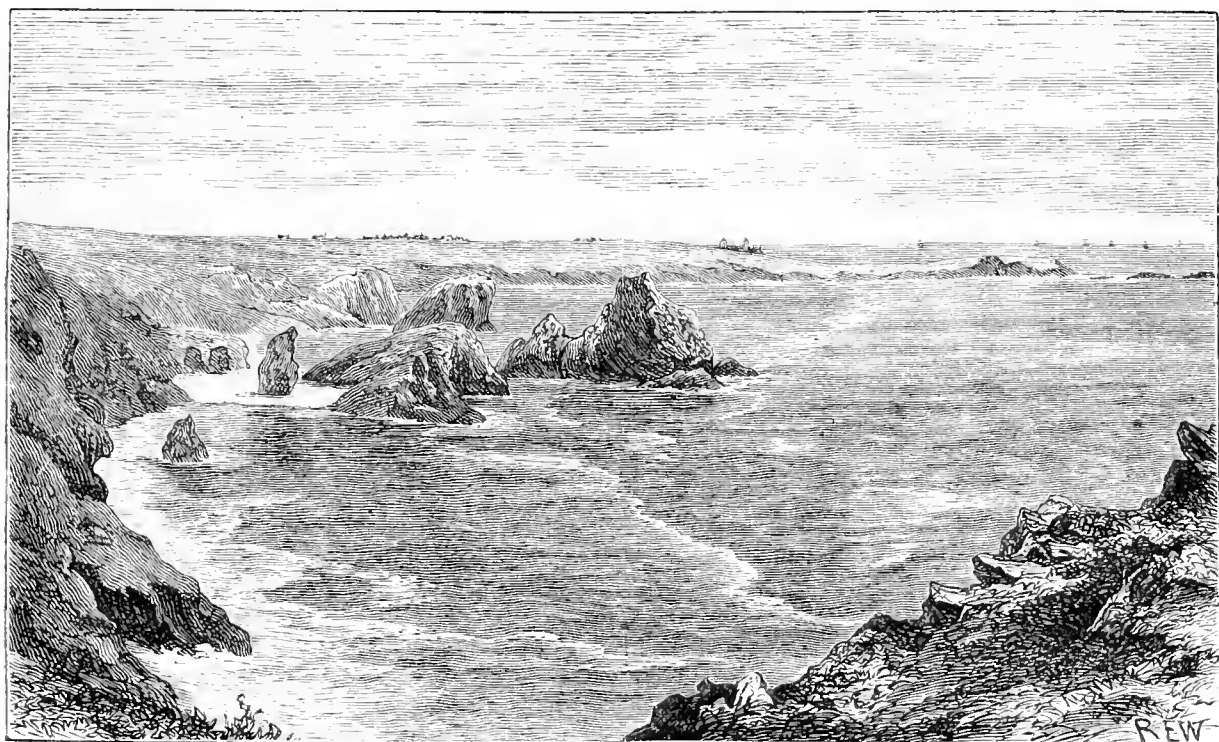
The "King of Prussia" was exceedingly clever at avoiding the excise officers, always removing his stores in time. Amongst them were some old cannon, the possession of which probably induced Carter to run the risk that might have brought him to destruction. From the cliffs one moonlight night he watched his boats approaching the landing-place laden with a rich booty of smuggled goods, but at the same moment appeared the revenue cutter *Fairy* under all sail in swift pursuit, for her crew had also distinguished them. The king's vessel gained rapidly on the boats. The old smuggler stood gazing anxiously at the chase. Then with sudden determination he bade the men with him "fire the guns." They had been placed at the edge of the cliff, loaded, and were discharged at the cutter, which could not elevate her guns high enough to reply, and was obliged to sheer off; the boats meanwhile landing. Of course early dawn saw the white sails of the cutter again off the cliffs, and the captain and his crew landed, and mounted the hill. There was no sign of cannon there now! The officer went to Carter's house for an explanation, and was met by the smuggler, who at once attacked him about "practising the cutter's guns at midnight, and disturbing the neighbourhood," utterly denying all knowledge of the firing himself. No evidence of who had fired the cannon

on the cliff could be obtained, though the smuggler was well known, and the matter was let drop.

Carter, however, did not prosper to the end of his career, and was at last detected and punished. He died at a great old age, a very poor man.*

The ranges of cliffs south of Mullion are very fine, and there are two pretty coves in them. Vellan Head is especially grand, with the sea breaking at its base, to which it is impossible to descend from the top on the seaward side. Passing the crags

called the Rill we at length reach the loveliest cove on this part of the coast—Kynance. Here the cliff wall is much broken; there are rocks scattered in the water near the shore, and small islands; between them and the sandy shore is a tall rock called the Steeple; to the south an island called the Lion Rock. The spot is as wild as it is beautiful, and only a few fishers' cottages are to be seen to prove the presence of man. The islands can be reached from the shore on foot at low water by crossing the sand, on which are



KYNANCE COVE.

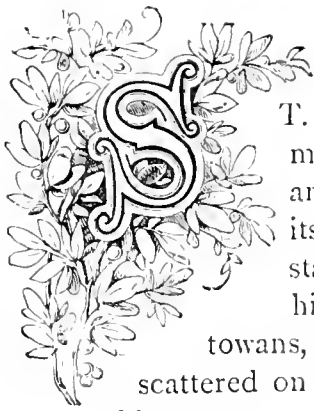
cast great boulders of rock. The caves of serpentine are well worth exploring, but at high tide the sea intervenes between the island and the land, and renders a visit to the caves impossible. Sometimes it is smiling and tranquil; at others rushing in and dashing in fury against the cliffs.

One of the "sights" or wonders of Kynance are the rocks called the Post Office and the Bellows; they may be seen at half-tide on the landward side of As-

paragus Island, a few feet above its base. The upper one is an orifice or slit. A sheet of paper must be held before it, from the side; a sudden gust of air at once carries it away into the slit, and then in less than a minute, with a loud roar, a burst of water issues angrily from the hole—the answer to our letter! This singular effect is said to be caused by the action of the waves beating against the now slight wall of rock, and the draught caused when they fall back. The Bellows Rock is below the Post Office, and also at intervals sends forth a sudden jet of water.

* This incident is told on the authority of Mr. Hunt, who heard it on the spot.

ST. IVES;



AND THE LADY OF THE LANTERN.

ST. IVES is situated most picturesquely,—and, from the sea, is itself picturesque. It stands on the west hillside of a large bay; towans, or sand heaps, are scattered on the shore; and the blue waters that dance over the sands in summer, or dash in fury in winter, are bounded only by the horizon. From the high hills to the south we can see both Bristol and its channel. But when we land, the picturesqueness of St. Ives vanishes. The narrow, crooked, dirty streets—the mean old houses—the poor shops—and everywhere the smell of fish—render the town quite unworthy of its beautiful position. It is, in fact, devoted to the pilchard fishery; and from July to October its quay certainly presents a lively picture of fish, fishermen, and fishwives, at which an artist may rejoice.

St. Ives' Church was begun in Henry V.'s reign, and finished in Henry VI.'s. It has a tower 120 feet high, a chancel, nave, and north and south aisles. There is a Norman font in it. The town was incorporated in 1639, with a mayor, four aldermen, and twelve councillors.

There is a pathetic ghost story attached to the St. Ives' sands. It was a year of storms at the close of the last century, and many wrecks were seen on the rock-bound coast, when one evening the St. Ives' people perceived a large ship, close to the fatal rocks. The crew perceived their danger, as well as the townsmen had, and did their best to save themselves.

But all their efforts were vain. The ship parted her anchors, swang round, struck violently on a rock, and her mast went by the board. The waves swept

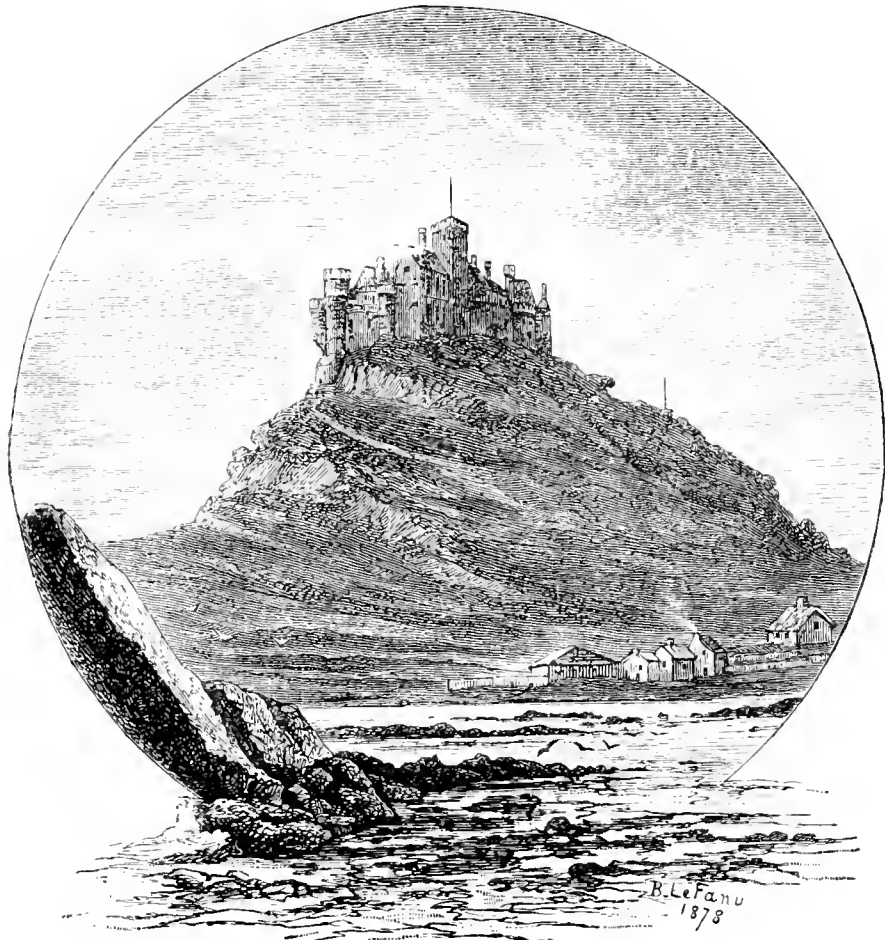
over her; but the brave and kindly fishermen of St. Ives at once went to her assistance, through the driving storm.

They succeeded in getting near the ship, but not alongside, and they called to the sailors to throw them ropes, by the aid of which several escaped, and were hauled into the boat.

But on the deck there stood a lady with an infant in her arms. They begged her to give the child to a strong man, while they tried to pass her to the boat. But she refused, and tightly clasping her babe, she was lowered into the sea, and the fishermen drew her rapidly into the boat. But she had fainted during the transit, and the infant had been washed from her arms and lost. With the lady, and as many of the crew as they had saved, the fishermen returned to the shore. But when the mother recovered, and found that her child was lost, she sank under the blow, and died. She was buried in St. Ives' churchyard. Soon afterwards a spectral form was seen passing from the churchyard wall, and walking towards the Island. Then it appeared to be diligently searching the sands. When nights were tempestuous and dark, the same form was seen, still earnestly searching, but with a lantern in its hand; it is the mother seeking for her child, who might have been saved if she had let the seaman take it. Death cannot quench a mother's love and remorse.

This appearance is called "The Lady with the Lantern." It is always seen moving over the rocks which run into the sea from the eastern side of the point called the Island, and is supposed to predict stormy weather.

May there be a scientific reason for such a wandering light appearing before a storm?



MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.



THIS most picturesque and romantic Mount lies off the south coast of Cornwall, opposite to the little market town of Marazion, or Market-Jew—the name referring probably to its ancient Jewish inhabitants; in fact, some of the old smelting houses in its vicinity are still called Jews' Houses.

Marazion is delightfully situated on the inner shore of Mount's Bay, and has a magnificent prospect before it, a wide and

glorious expanse of waters; to the westward the Rundlestone, to the east the Lizard's Point, and in front St. Michael's, "the Guarded Mount," a towering peak of greenstone. It was, as legendary lore tells us, a part of Lyonness in the days of King Arthur; a vast forest—then six miles distant from the sea—enviored it, and it was the haunt of wild beasts. Here Arthur fought one of his many battles.

The Cornish name for the Mount is in accordance with the legend that it once stood inland in a forest, for they call it "Caraclowse in Cowse," *i.e.*—"The Grey Rock in the Wood." The inroad of the sea that insulated the Mount took place,

according to the Saxon Chronicle, in 1099.

St. Michael's Mount had early a sacred character, for it was said that here St. Michael himself had appeared to a holy anchorite who dwelt upon it, and so sacred was it hence esteemed that St. Keyne made a pilgrimage to it in 490.

The Mount does not look as high as it really is, because the vast expanse of sea round it diminishes its apparent size.

It is, however, 231 feet above the level of the sea, exclusive of the buildings on its summit. It is reached from Marazion at low water by a paved causeway 1,200 feet long; but at high water the rock is insulated. It is a mile round; on the right is a pile of greenstone on clay slate called the Chapel Rock.

A little fishing village lies at the foot of the Mount, with a harbour of sufficient depth of water for vessels of 500 tons; above it towers precipitously the great grey rock. The ascent was commanded by a cross-wall pierced with embrasures, and by a platform having two small batteries.

The castle must have been a strong building.

At present the monastic remains are occupied as a country seat by the proprietor of the Mount, Lord St. Levan; it is a delightful summer residence. The dining-room was the refectory of the monastery, and contains a curiously carved frieze of hunting subjects; it is called by the people the Chevy Chase room.

At one of the angles of the tower on the Mount is to be seen the stone lantern in which, during the fishing season, or in tempestuous weather, the monks kept a light to guide seamen. This lantern is vulgarly called St. Michael's Chair. "Only one person can sit in it, and the attempt is not without danger, for the chair, elevated above the battlements, projects so far over the precipice, that the climber must actually turn the whole body at that altitude in order to take a seat in it." The superstition

is that if a married woman sits in it before her husband has done so, she will rule him; if the husband enters it first "the awful rule and right supremacy" of his position will be his.

The monks who in early time occupied the Mount were Benedictines. Some time after the Conquest the Gilbertines took their place, and their cell was attached by Robert Earl of Cornwall to the Abbey of St. Michael, on Mont St. Michel, off the coast of Normandy; for both France and England possess a St. Michael's Mount.

While Richard Cœur de Lion was in captivity in Austria, Hugh de la Pomeroy, an adherent of John's, seized the Mount, expelled the monks, and fortified the place for that rebellious prince. On the return of Richard, however, Pomeroy, dreading his vengeance, fled to his castle of Berry Pomeroy, and some say had himself bled to death, others, that mounting his favourite charger, he leapt from the edge of the rocks at Berry Pomeroy, and was thus killed.

Shortly after the lost battle of Barnet, John, Earl of Oxford, a Lancastrian noble, sailed hither, disguised himself and some of his followers as pilgrims, gained an entrance to the castle (which belonged to Canterbury at that time), overpowered the garrison, and held the stronghold for Henry VI. The Yorkists besieged the Mount for several months ineffectually, and Oxford, when he surrendered, obtained honourable terms of capitulation and a full pardon.

Perkin Warbeck possessed the castle for a time, and left his beautiful wife, "the White Rose of Scotland," here for safety; but she was taken from it by Lord Daubeney, and carried to Henry VII.'s court. He treated her with marked respect, and gave her a place about the queen.

Upon the suppression of the monastery, St. Michael's Mount was given to Humphrey Arundell of Lanherne, but as he placed himself at the head of the Cornish insur-

rection in 1549, it was taken from him as the forfeiture of treason, and he was beheaded. He had obstinately contested the possession of the Mount with the royal forces.

In Charles I.'s civil war, the fortress was held for the king by Sir Francis Bassett,

who was, however, compelled to surrender to the Parliamentarians in 1646.

Charles II. visited the Mount; and in 1846 Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort honoured it with their presence. The print of the Queen's foot on the pier is marked by an inlaid brass.

PILCHARDS, AND PORTHCURNO.



PERHAPS one of the most picturesque scenes in Cornwall is that of the pilchard fleet going out in search of that welcome visitor to the Cornish shores. Imagine a July sunset glowing in crimson and saffron on Mount's Bay, and illumining the hulls and sails of the fishing boats starting on their expedition—a long line extending seaward till they disappear in dim perspective. They have started from the villages of Mousehole and Newlyn on the western side of Mount's Bay, and on the beach stand their wives and children wishing them good-speed. A lovely picture might be made of this departure.

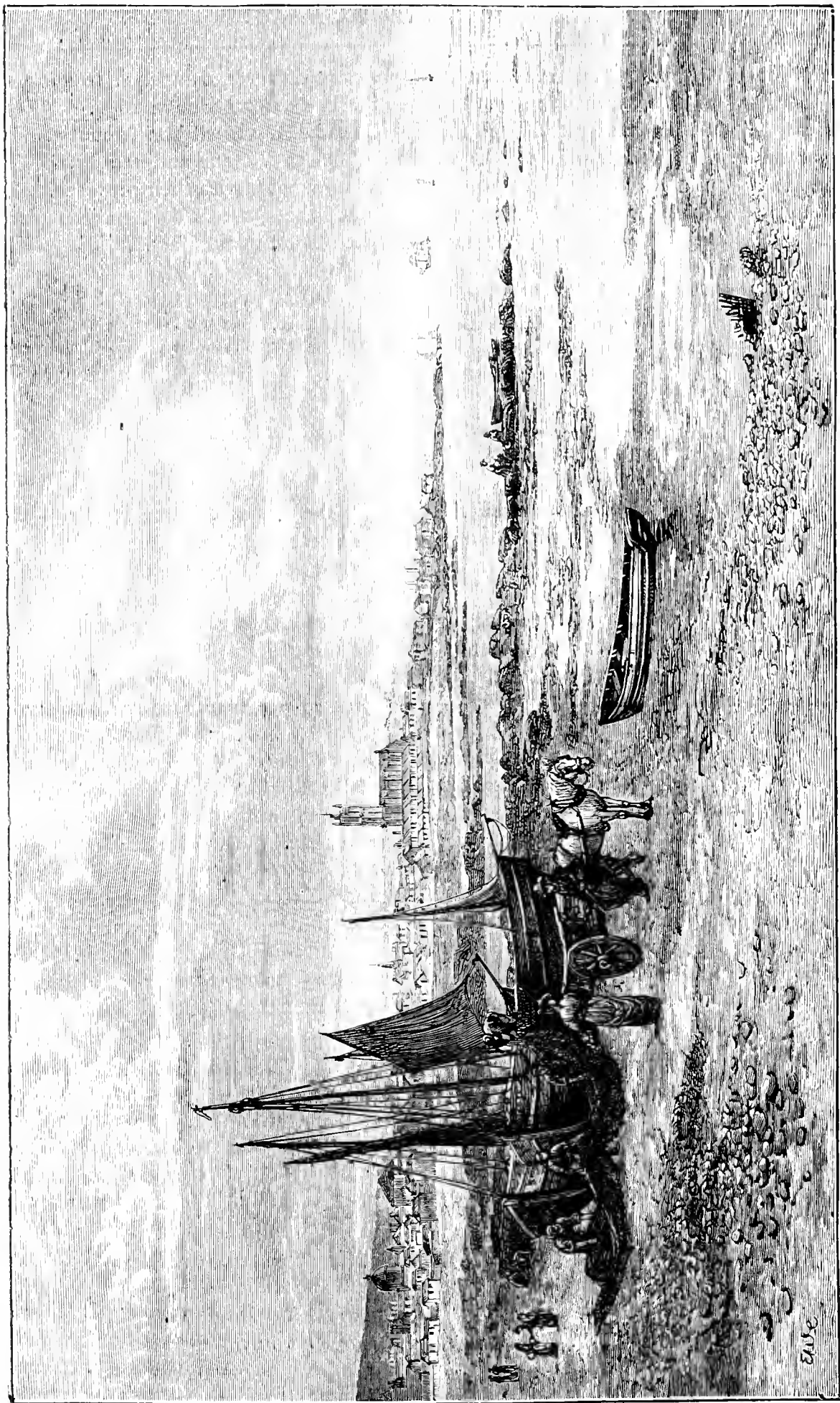
The pilchards are the especial treasure of the Cornish fishermen; and when tidings come of vast shoals of "the silvery fish having passed the Land's End like a marine army, led by its chief, King Pilchard," the men of the coast are eager to meet them. Immense quantities are taken, and bring comfort to many a seaside home. There are even superstitions attached to these piscatory guests. If, when they are packed side by side after salting, a loud noise is heard—the breaking of the air-bladders in the fish—it is a good omen; they are thought to be calling to more pilchards to

follow them. It is also considered unlucky to eat a pilchard from the head; it should be eaten from the tail, say the fisher folk of Mousehole and Newlyn.

The enormous shoals generally go, one in the direction of Mount's Bay, the other to St. Ives' Bay, where we are told a single haul was once made of 245,000,000 pilchards. Mousehole is a most picturesque village in a shadowy hollow, which has also charmingly fantastic rocks, and a fine bay in front of it, with two pieces of granite running out from it. St. Clement's Isle lies off the harbour; once there was an oratory dedicated to St. Clement on its rocks. Mousehole was formerly a market town, and was called Porth Enys. Its present strange name is said to be a corruption of *Môz Hêl*, the Maiden's River.

There is a cavern there of some size well worth visiting, and a quay was built here in 1392. Here, rather more than a hundred years ago, died Dolly Pentreath, at the age of 102, the last person supposed to have been able to speak the old Cornish dialect. She is buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, a village close by Mousehole, and Prince Lucien Buonaparte erected in it a monument to her memory.

Not far from Mousehole is Lamorna Cove, a most lovely inlet of the sea, and the valley is charmingly picturesque. Climbing the ascent Bolleit is reached, a battle plain



PENZANCE AND MOUNT'S BAY.

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on which Athelstane defeated the Britons in a last desperate struggle for their freedom. On the right of this road are some of the stones we have already described. Athelstane, after he had subjugated Cornwall (even to the Scilly Islands), founded a college for Augustine canons at Buryan. From thence we reach the noble promontory of Treryn, crowned by the triple vallum and fosse of the Giant's Castle, of which we have already spoken. From thence we ascend to the Logan Stone, of which also we have spoken.

A little to the west of the Logan Stone, and beyond Treryn (pronounced Treen), is Porthcurno Cove, one of the most picturesque of Cornwall's many lovely little bays. It runs into a rock-piled coast, with golden sands before it (which are really not sands, but minute shells), and with moors rising above it, which are adorned with furze and purple with heath in summer, and veiled in gloom and mist in winter. There was once a small chapel or oratory dedicated to St. Levan in this cove (as there generally was in the others), but only a little square enclosure now remains of it.

Looking up the valley, a few trees and the chimney-tops and part of the roof of an old house are to be seen. It is Rastra House, once the largest mansion west of Penzance; built, tradition says, by the Tresillians, a grand old Cornish family, who, before it was finished, had, it is said, run through their patrimony, and had to sell it and the lands for less than the building had cost them.

This valley (called the Bottoms) is a very weird, melancholy-looking place, with much marshy ground in it; and few people care to cross it at night, it is so lonely and dreary; it also bears the reputation of being haunted, as Croft Pasco Pool is, by a ghostly vessel, and till quite of late years the tale was believed by the fisher folk.

The apparition appeared on the sea about nightfall, when mists were rising from the marshes in the Bottoms. It sailed through the breakers that foam over the

dangerous rocks that fringe the shore, glided over the sands, and sailed on a long way up the valley to Bodelan, or Bodellen, where St. Levan formerly dwelt; it then directed its course to Chygwiden, and there utterly vanished. It was a black, square-rigged, single-masted barque, and had usually, but not always, a boat with it. No crew were ever seen; it is supposed they were down below. It is said to be an ill omen to see this ghostly vessel, and that the sight of it forebodes misfortune.

The reason of its appearance is, according to tradition, that a stranger, many a long year ago, returned from sea and took up his abode at Chygwiden. He had with him a foreign servant, dark and evil looking, who never spoke to any one but his master, being probably unable to speak English. It was whispered that the pair had been pirates or buccaneers. They kept a boat in the cove, and would start in it at day-break, disappear out at sea, and never return till it was night; nay, sometimes they remained out all night if the weather were stormy. At times they remained on shore and hunted, generally, however, at night, and in storms, when the cry of the hounds, ringing out at midnight, would startle the sleeping country.

The stranger died, and his coffin was carried by the peasants to the churchyard, the servant and the dogs following it. But when the earth was thrown into the grave, servant and dogs all disappeared, and were never seen again. At the same moment their boat disappeared from the cove. Ever since that time the ghostly vessel sails at certain periods in awful silence and mystery to the pirate's grave.

Pursuing the same course as the phantom ship, and finally ascending some stone steps, we reach the church of St. Levan, at the head of the green valley, standing on the same spot as that where the saint had his cell. By his power the dreary valley became, during his lifetime, a garden; for where his footsteps fell, grass and flowers sprang up. He used to go fishing daily at

the headland of Pedn-mên-an-mere, to which a footpath through the fields leads from the church. There is a legend that one Sunday morning St. Levan was passing over the stile to get some fish for dinner, when a woman named Johana, who was in her garden by the pathway gathering potherbs, reproached him for fishing on Sunday. The saint replied that mass was said, and that there was no more harm in his getting his dinner from the sea than there was in her gathering potherbs for her own. In fact, the saint never caught more than one fish, which sufficed for his frugal meal.

He called her "foolish Johana," and said that if another of her name were ever baptized in his well, she should be still more silly than Johana. On this account no child of that name was ever christened at St. Levan's, but those who wished to thus name their daughters took them to Sennen for baptism.

On the south side of the church, to the east of the porch, is a rock broken in two, the fissure being full of ferns and wild flowers that grow in it, while tall grass encompasses it. On this rock St. Levan was wont to sit and read and meditate, or listen to the far-off moan of the sea.

He appears to have had a giant's strength, for one day he gave the stone a blow with his fist and split it in two; then, bending over it, he uttered this prophecy:—

"When with panniers astride,
A packhorse can ride
Through St. Levan's Stone,
The world will be done."

The fissure does not seem to have opened much since the saint's day. There is therefore no immediate chance of his prophecy being fulfilled.

Though St. Levan's Church is somewhat decayed, a little of the ornamental work that adorned it is still to be seen. It consists of some curious carving, which evidently at one time recorded the events in the life of the saint. There are repetitions of one especial device; it is that of two fish on a hook. We have already

mentioned that St. Levan, when he had caught one fish, did not attempt to take more: his fishing was for food, not for sport. But one evening, when he was catching his supper, there was a strong pull on his line, and on drawing it in he found two breams on his hook. The good saint needed only one; but wishing to be impartial, he would not keep either, but threw them both back into the sea. Again they came on the hook, and were again thrown back; but when they appeared on it a third time, St. Levan thought that there must be some reason for so singular an occurrence, and carried them both home. When he reached his hut at Bodellen, he found his sister, St. Breage, and her two children come to visit him, and he was glad that he had caught two fish. They were cooked for supper. The children had walked far, and were very hungry. They ate fast and carelessly, and a bone stuck in the throat of each, and choked them. Since that time the bream has been called by the fishermen of St. Levan "choke-child."

The ruins of the old well of St. Levan remain on the side of the stream that now flows over it. It must have been his original baptistery.

There is a fine cross in the churchyard.

On this part of the coast are the finest groups of rocks in the country. Tol-Pedn-Penwith is wonderfully picturesque. It is a grand mass of granite, broken and shattered, and full of chasms, the rocks taking the most fantastic shapes. Seen from the beach, it is magnificent. The cliffs from here to Paidenick are wonderful, and the whole coast is of quite unrivalled sublimity.

The parish of St. Levan is named after the saint who built its church, and dwelt among his people. Probably he cultivated flowers, and lived by fishing; and this was ground enough for an affectionate and imaginative people to concoct the legends that have gathered about his name.

The church of St. Just is on the northern coast of Penwith. Penwith is the name of

the whole Land's End district, and includes all this western part of Cornwall. The old grey towers of this church and of St.

Sennen's, rising amidst the moors and combes, are very picturesque objects in the landscape.

THE LAND'S END.



THE Land's End is romantic and beautiful in the extreme, and the prospect from it is one of indescribable magnificence. Tradition says that it formerly was connected by land with the Scilly Islands. The sea has carried away the ridge of rocks and point of land which is said to have been the fabled Lyonesse that now lies beneath the waves. All Cornwall is full of King Arthur, who was born on and lies buried in its soil; and as we gaze along the reef of rock that projects beyond the vast irregular bluffs, we think of Tristram and Lancelot, of Galahad and Percival, and of their great leader. What a charm hangs about the Arthurian romances! We are glad that they have been the subject of a great poet's genius, for the stories are full of great deeds, of noble ideas, of chivalrous feeling; a grand foundation for the character of a nation.

But we must turn to the view from the Land's End. It is magnificent, as we have said; two channels here commingling with the sea, which stretches far beyond our sight, heaving and sparkling in the sunshine.

The billows roll in and break with thunderous sound at the base of the cliffs, throwing up high jets of sparkling rainbow-tinted spray in summer, and in winter

masses of angry water. Who that has not seen it can even by imagination picture the Land's End in a storm? The scene is sublime, the mighty waves lashing the cliffs in fury, and tossing their white foam nearly to the summits; and the sound of the sea in wrath—it is like and yet not like thunder; it is the voice of a terrible element, before which every other sound is faint. "The voice of the great Creator, heard in tempest on the Cornish shore, is acknowledged with profound awe."

The waves have made a great opening through the buttress of rock below where we stand, from one side to the other. They rush foaming through the mighty hole, and will some day separate the mass of rock from the land.

There is a curious lump of cliff here, named Dr. Johnson's Head, which really does resemble in some degree the profile of the London sage.

The Land's End was the Bolerium of ancient geographers; it is an immense mass of granite, sixty feet high. About a mile and a half from the shore rises the tall Longships Lighthouse, built of granite by Mr. Smith, in 1796—a most needful building on such a coast as this, especially as Cornwall, a hundred years ago, still had wreckers on the shore, who showed false lights and wrecked many a good ship on the deadly rocks. Beyond, against the western sky, in a line with the ridge of rocks, lie the Scilly Islands, indistinct and shadowy. To the north is the bold curve

of Whitesand Bay; and Cape Cornwall, apparently extending even farther west than the Land's End.

A Cornish poet has thus described this extreme point of England:—

On the sea
The sunbeams tremble, and the purple light
Illumes the dark Bolerium—seat of storms.
High are his granite rocks; his frowning brow
Hangs o'er the smiling ocean. In his caves
There sleep the haggard spirits of the storm.
Wild, dreary are the schistine rocks around,
Encircled by the wave, where to the breeze
The haggard cormorant sleeps; and far beyond,

Where the great ocean mingles with the sky,
Are seen the cloud-like islands, grey in mist.

—SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

Near the Land's End is Carnbrea Castle. It is very small, scarcely sixty feet long by ten wide, and is built on a ledge of rock; in some parts it is three storeys high, in others only one. Part of this castle is very ancient, and of rude architecture. Strange stories are told by the country people of Carnbrea. They say that a mighty giant—Cornwall abounded in giants—lies buried



BOTALLACK MINE.

beneath it, and that a block of granite indented into five nearly equal parts is his hand, which, protruding through the surface, became fossilized. Carnbrea Hill is said also to have been the scene of a combat between the devil and a troop of saints. The demon was vanquished, and tumbled from the heights. In this fight the missiles were rocky boulders loosened from their foundations. The hill abounds in antiquities: there is an ancient camp on it, some cairns, and strange shapes in rough stone.

Round the coast near the Land's End are the following headlands and rocks: Pednmen-dhu, *i.e.*, the black headland—the rock at its base is called the Irish Lady; Sennen Cove; and a village of the same name; Vell-an-Dreath, the mill in the sand; Carn Towan, the sandy carn—(*towans* are heaps of driven sand); Carn Barges, the kite's carn; Carn Mellyn, the yellow carn; Polpry, the clay pit; Carn Liskez, the carn of light, where the Druids were wont to kindle their sacred fires; Carn Glos, the grey rock; Cape Cornwall,

which is 230 feet above the sea. Off Cape Cornwall (a grand object itself from the ocean) are two dangerous rocks, called the Brisons, or Sisters, about sixty-five feet high. Here is a submarine mine called Little Bounds; and inland, about a mile to the north-east, is the famous Botallack mine.

This extraordinary mine is 1,050 feet deep, and some of the galleries extend 1,200 feet and more under the bed of the ocean. The roar of the sea overhead in this mine is so terrific that even the miners are at times terrified, and escape as quickly as possible to the land. The descent can only be made twice a day—at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m.

When you cross the brook which divides St. Leven from Sennen, you are on the Treville estates.

Tradition says that William the Norman gave this estate to his wine-taster, a relative of the ancient Counts of Treville, who named his estate after himself. The race is, we believe, now extinct. A peculiar appearance always foreboded the death of a Vingoe. Above the deep caverns in the Treville cliff rises a cairn, from which, whenever a member of the family was about to die, chains of fire were seen ascending and descending, accompanied by loud and terrible noises. These tokens, it is said, have not been heard since the last male heir died a violent death.

There is another Cornish traditionary story of Sir John Arundell, who dwelt on the north coast of Cornwall, at a place called Efford, on the coast near Stratton. He was a very honourable, excellent man, and a just magistrate. One day a wild shepherd, who professed to possess supernatural powers and to be a seer, was brought before him for having in some way broken the law; this man also possessed a dangerous influence over the people, and Sir John committed him to prison for a short time. On his release, at the expiration of his term, he repeatedly waylaid the knight, and looking threateningly at him, muttered,—

“Thou shalt die by human hand
Upon the yellow sand.”

Arundell was not above the superstitions of the age. He also believed that the seer might fulfil his own prophecy by murdering him. He therefore removed from Efford, which was close to the sands, and went to Trevice, where he lived for some years, and saw nothing of his old enemy.

But Richard de Vere, Earl of Oxford, seized St. Michael's Mount. Sir John Arundell was at the time sheriff of Cornwall, and he at once gathered together his own retainers and a large body of volunteers, and attacked the Lancastrians. The retainers of Arundell were encamped on the sands by Marazion. The followers of the Earl of Oxford one day made a sally from the castle, rushed on the sheriff's men, and in the fight Arundell received his death-wound. “Although he had left Efford to counteract the will of fate, the prophecy was fulfilled; and in his dying moments, it is said, his old enemy appeared, singing joyously :—

‘When upon the yellow sand,
Thou shalt die by human hand.’”

For the above incidents, and for some other legendary stories, we are indebted to Mr. Hunt, who collected and published them in his “Popular Romances of the West of England.” From these and from other sources we have also learned from what the rock called the “the Irish Lady,” near Pedn-men-dhu (the headland of Black Rock), takes its name. It is a pathetic story. In a terrible storm an Irish vessel was one night wrecked on this rock. Only one of her passengers—none of the crew—escaped; and this was a lady, who was seen the next morning sitting on the top of the rock. The fishermen would have been rejoiced to rescue her, had it been possible; but it was not. The wind and waves rendered the rock inaccessible while the storm lasted, and it continued for two days and nights. When at last it ceased, the lady had disappeared; she had probably fainted from exhaustion, and had been washed away by the waves. What her feelings must have been, sitting

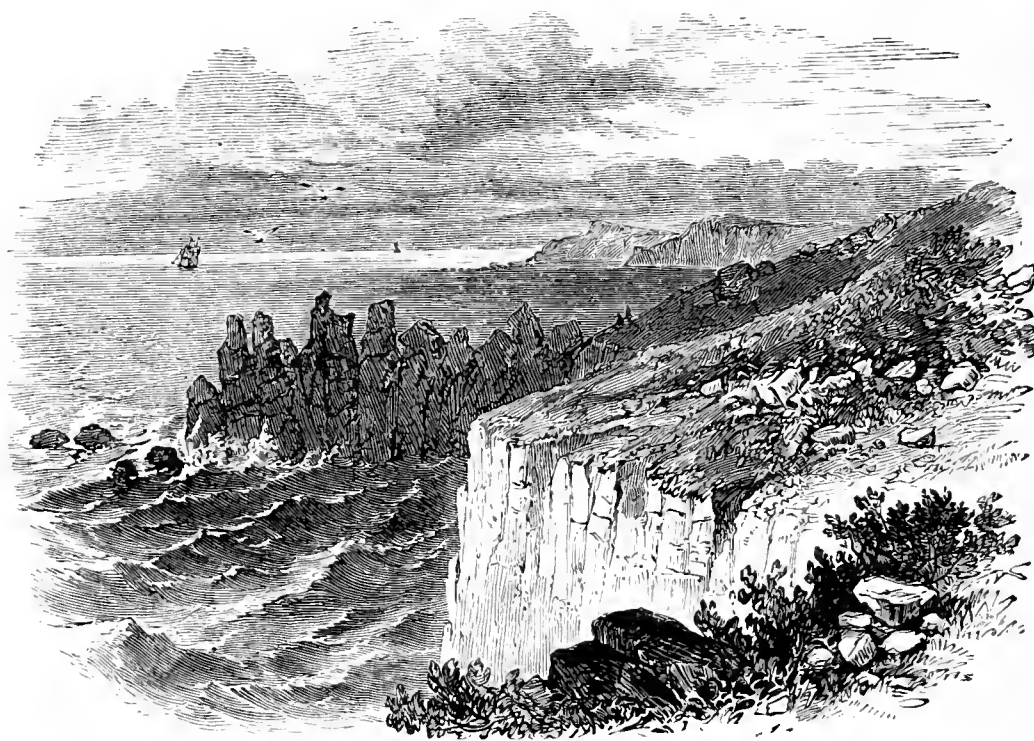
there in sight of land, and of human beings powerless to help her, we can only dimly imagine. Long afterwards the fishers of the Land's End used to declare that they saw her seated on the rock, and heard her wailing cry, whenever the storm was at its height.

Sir Humphrey Davy wrote a poem on this tragical occurrence.

At low water there is to be seen off the Land's End a ridge of dangerous rocks, against which the Atlantic, the English, and St. George's Channels beat in fury. One of these rocks is still called the Armed Knight, because it once had on its summit an iron spike, which was thrown down in a tempest in 1647, and the rock was broken by it into three pieces. No one could explain how the spike came to be placed on such a spot.

The fine rocks of Tol - Pedn - Penwith have on the top of them a stone, which is called "The Chair." Here it is said a famous witch and wrecker named Madge Figgy used to sit and practise her magic arts to raise storms and wreck vessels. That she caused several wrecks by the display of false and misleading lights, there is no doubt.

There is scarcely a spot in Cornwall, in fact, that is not haunted by some old memory, ghostly or magical; and this is in a great measure the case—with some differences—all over England. The history, traditions, and poetical fancies of the people are found everywhere connected with the land, as the preceding pages have shown; but in no part of it have romance and tradition so firmly bound their fetters on the soil as at the Land's End.



THE LAND'S END.

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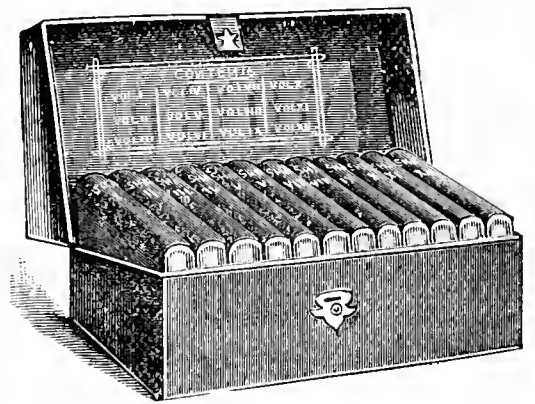
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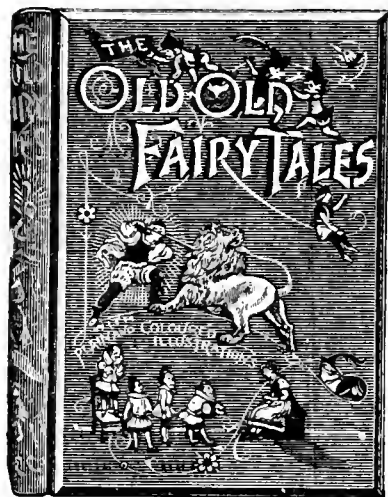
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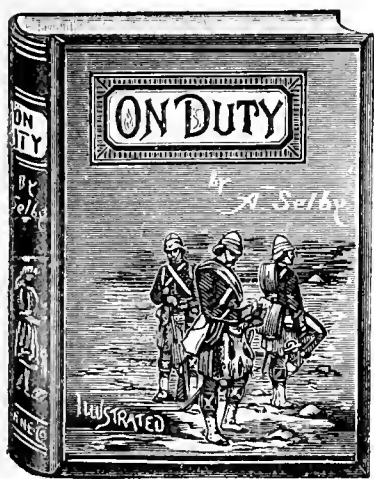
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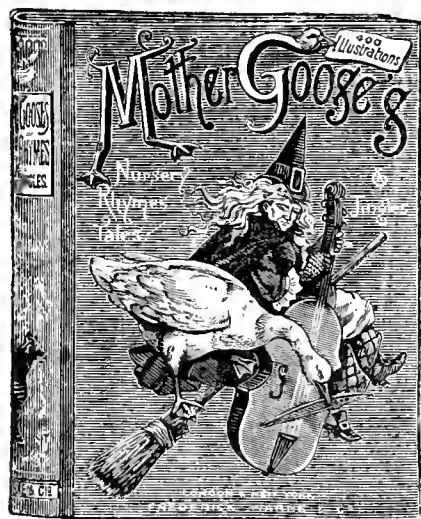
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